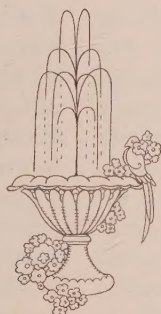


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Staking a Larkspur

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AS a matter of fact (one has often to take one's stand on fact when thinking about Vera), it's I who am the gardener; it's I, that is to say, who draw the plans and compute the cost and give the orders and see that the men carry them out. I often lend a hand at carrying them out, too, for I love planting seedlings and staking plants and tweaking out weeds here and there when I've the chance. That wonderful blue border Vera had on the south terrace last summer,—it was just going over when the war broke out,—I put in all the new blue larkspurs myself, three hundred of them,—the larkspurs that Mrs. Thornton was to remind me of,—and I designed and planted and with my own hands helped to lay out the dream-garden, Vera's special garden. It was she, certainly, who had had the idea, standing on the site of the little, old, abandoned sunken garden in its circle of stone wall and cypresses, and saying, "I see a dream-garden here, Judith; a place where one can come and sit alone and dream dreams." She often has charming

ideas, Vera, but she knows nothing about gardening. I sound already as if I were crabbing her, I know; and perhaps I am. Certainly I never think of her relation to her garden without a touch of irony, and this story, which begins in the dream-garden, is n't to her advantage. It was there that I felt my first definite irascibility in regard to Vera and little Mrs. Thornton, and felt the impulse, as far as I was able, to take Mrs. Thornton under my wing.

It's a rather clipped and confined wing, and yet I can do pretty much as I choose at Compton Dally; I don't quite know why, for Vera does n't exactly like me. Still, she does n't dislike me, and I think she's a little bit afraid of me; for I am as definite and determined as a pair of garden shears, and my silence is often only the good manners of the dependent, and Vera knows it.

I am her cousin, an impecunious cousin, my mother a sister of her father's, old Lord Charleyford, who died last year. Vera herself was very impecunious until she married Percival Dixon; impecunious,

but always very lovely and very clever, and she was on the crest of every wave, always, and never missed anything except ready money and a really good offer even before Percival Dixon came along—he came via South Africa—and gave her all the money that even she could spend, and bought back Compton Dally for her. Compton Dally had been in the family for hundreds of years, and it was our grandfather, Vera's and mine, who had ruined us all and finally sold it. It was everything for Vera to get it back, even if she had to take Percival Dixon with it; and I confess that for Compton Dally I could almost have taken Percival Dixon myself; but not quite, even for Compton Dally.

Well, she has always been fairly decent to me; not as decent as she might have been, certainly, but more decent than I, at all events, expected, whatever may have been poor mother's hopes and indignations. I always thought mother unfair; there was no reason why Vera should go out of her way to give me a good time, and it showed some real consideration for her to have suggested, when mother died and while Jack was reading for the bar, that, until he and I could set up housekeeping in London together, I should come and be her companion and secretary and general odd-job woman; and for people like Vera to show any consideration is creditable to them. I am five years older than Jack, and our plan has always been to live together. I intend, of course,—though Jack at present does n't, dear lamb!—that he shall marry; but until then I 'm to live with him and take care of him and help him with his work. All this if he ever comes back again. He is fighting at the front as I write, so that it remains to be seen whether I 'm to go on always with Vera. If Jack does n't come back, I sha'n't find it more difficult than anything else. We have always been all in all to each other, he and I; but that is quite another story and one that will never be written. This one is neither about Jack nor me, but about Vera and her garden and little Mrs. Thornton and her husband and her clothes.

Vera had thrown open Compton Dally to wounded Tommies and wounded officers, and the Thorntons came in that way. He 'd only been back from the Boulogne hospital for a week, was badly crippled, and had a very gallant record. Most of Vera's officers before this had been colonials who had no homes to go to. The Thorntons were n't colonials, but they had no home and were very poor, so that the arrangement for them to spend six weeks or two months at Compton Dally while Captain Thornton got back his strength—as far as he was able to get it back, poor man!—seemed an admirable one.

They came on a hot June afternoon, very tired both of them, while we were all having tea on the west terrace. The Tommies—there were over a dozen of them, with two Red Cross nurses to take care of them—had their tea in the billiard-room, which is made over to them for their games and meals and almost constant gramophone, and the accurate laughter of Harry Lauder is wafted out to us on various music-hall strains at most hours of the day. He was laughing loudly and richly as the Thorntons arrived. After tea Vera led them about the garden. Vera's garden is merely a part of her toilet, and plays almost as important a part as her clothes in her general introduction of herself; and that she intended to introduce herself gracefully to Captain Thornton was evident, and that I was to pilot Mrs. Thornton. I had known after Vera's glance at her imitation Panama hat, her blue linen skirt, of an obsolete cut and a bad one at that, and her white blouse, shrunken in washing. Vera placed her swiftly as dull and dowdy, and it was my part always to pilot the dowdy and the dull.

I don't mind that, however; even now, after three years of it, I always enjoy going over Compton Dally and the gardens with new-comers. It's such a beautiful old place, so grave and so serene, its splendid Tudor front lifted high on stone terraces, and its courts and corners behind breaking out into all sorts of unexpected and enchanting antiquities. It symbolizes,

if you begin with the Saxon arches in the cellars, the whole history of England, and means so much more than any person who has ever lived there, or who ever will live there, can ever mean. It 's worth the sacrifice of generations of younger sons and myriads of marriageable daughters. What could they all do better than to keep it going? I always recalled this when I wondered how Vera could have married Percival Dixon, and felt almost as much satisfaction as she could feel in the fact that two robust little boys, still at their preparatory school, stood reassuringly behind her and Percival, the elder, too, a thorough Compton, with hardly a trail of Dixon apparent on his ingenuous young countenance. I have the whole history of Compton Dally at the tips of my fingers, and if people give me an opening and show that they care about it, I can talk to them for hours as I take them round, feeling, for my little part and share in it, that, even if Vera were n't as decent as she is, I should put up with a great deal to stay in it and help take care of it.

We did n't go about the house to-day. The Thorntons saw the big herbaceous border and the rose-garden, the rock-garden, tinkling with its little rivulet, the moat, and the lime-tree alley; and then Vera, trailing her gossamer draperies along the flagged path between the cypresses,—for Vera, even at this epoch of shortened petticoats, manages always to trail,—murmured, as I 've heard her murmur, when she 's at Compton Dally, at least once a week, "And this is my dream-garden, where I come and sit alone and dream dreams."

She led Captain Thornton down among the cypress boughs. He had a splinted leg and an unaccustomed crutch, and found the steps a difficulty; but Vera put a hand under his elbow and let him lean heavily on her shoulder, and he reached the dream-garden without, I hope, too many twinges.

It is really very lovely. I don't like hearing it called a dream-garden, naturally; but I do feel always, when I come into it, that it is like sinking into the stillness and magic of a happy dream. The

gypsophila was n't out yet, but it made a mist like drowsiness; white peonies, gray santolina, white roses and silver sea-thistle, the dreamy spires of white fox-gloves, low, purple pansies, and tall irises, white and gray and purple—these, in their twilight colors, were massed against the gray stone walls, and there were four bay-trees in stone urns at the corners. The beautiful old stone seat (I found it in Brompton Road, but it might have been made for Compton Dally three hundred years ago in Italy) was heaped with gray and purple cushions. In the center rose the fluent shaft of the fountain, falling with a musical rustle and murmur into the stone basin where pale goldfish move among water-lilies.

We sat down, and Vera went on to say, as always:

"The other gardens are for friends. I plan them for them. I see them there. This is for loneliness, for my very self; and to me it is the heart of the whole, as solitude should be the heart of life."

Vera, as a matter of fact (you see, the phrase recurs constantly), is never alone. If she is wan and strange and wistful, it is n't from dreaming dreams, but from not having enough sleep and doing five times too many things and seeing five times too many people in the day. Vera, too, I may say it here, is n't in the least an ass, though she may, on occasions she finds suitable, talk like one. Occasions are often suitable, so that, as I once told her, she 's in danger of making a habit of it. She looked at me, when I told her this, with the pausing, penetrating, ironic gaze she is so capable of, and finally, with a slight grimace, said, "I 'll be careful, Judith."

I have moments of feeling fond of her and this was one of them. She is careful; I 've very rarely heard her talk like an ass when the occasion was unsuitable; but so many people are stupid that these are rare, and I foresee that, as she gets on and sinks by degrees into the automatism that overtakes so many artificial people, it may become a habit, just as the touch of rouge on her pale lips is already becoming more emphasized.

Captain Thornton, I saw at once, as she did,—for she saw most things,—was not stupid; but he was very simple. There was a certain bewilderment on his handsome, sturdy face, wistfulness rather than delight, such as a soul newly arrived in paradise might feel, unable to forget the passes of death and the companions left behind in suffering. He was n't forgetting; I felt that as I looked at him. So many of them forget. Vera, I am sure, hardly ever remembers what it all really means—all these wounded heroes. Perhaps it is natural that she should n't; she has no one near in it.

Captain Thornton gazed about him quietly, and from the garden looked back at the angel who had led him there. Of course Vera must have looked like an angel to him. I have n't described Vera, and she is difficult to describe. To say that she is pale and dark, with attenuated features and dwelling, melancholy eyes, is only the beginning of it. Of course she is getting on now,—she is nearing forty-five,—but she 's still lovely; her smile makes me think of a pearl dropped in wine, and behind the melancholy of her eyes is that well of waiting irony. She looks as soft, as tenderly encompassing, as a summer night; but she is really sharp, sharp, sharp. Thwart or vex her, and out leaps the stiletto; or, rather, it would be more exact to say, out come the claws. But women of the Vera type will always, to young men like Captain Thornton, be angels pure and simple. I don't suppose, for one thing, that he 'd ever talked intimately with anyone quite like her. He came, I was to learn, from a remote country rectory where the great ladies of the neighborhood had been unfashionable, matter of fact, and clothed for the most part in tweed and leather, and none of them would have been likely to make much, before the war, of a young soldier. Vera was making much of him, and a fashionable angel is an angel doubly equipped. He would not know what it was that made her so strange in her sweetness; but fashion of that achieved and recondite kind is like a soft incense wafted around a woman. She

is first, everywhere, always, without an effort; and people who are first, if they also look like angels, win hearts as easily as they run and twist their fingers among their ropes of pearls, as Vera was doing now. She always wore her pearls; they fell together in a milky heap in her lap, and long ear-rings glimmered in the shadows of her hair.

Vera's way of talking, too, is like a spell. Her voice is rather like the fountain, so low, so inarticulate, yet so expressive. She murmurs rather than speaks, with now and then a pause that is almost a soft gurgle. Sometimes it exasperates me to hear her, but sometimes even cross-grained I am charmed.

The voice purred and rippled and gurgled over Captain Thornton now. He sat on Vera's farther hand, and Mrs. Thornton sat between Vera and me. Already, at tea-time, Mrs. Thornton had interested me. She had remained silent without seeming shy. Superficially, no doubt, she was dowdy, and superficially she looked dull, or, as I saw it, dulled; and dull and dowdy is what at tea they all put her down for. It 's curious how, in a group of highly civilized people, a newcomer, without a word or glance exchanged between them, is in a moment assessed and placed and relegated. Everybody was going to be very kind to Mrs. Thornton, that I saw, and everybody was going to relegate her; only the highly civilized can manage the combination.

Mrs. Thornton, from one point of view, had a pallid, podgy little face, with wide lips and short nose and a broad, infantile brow above eyes singularly far apart. All the same, and the more I looked at her the more I saw it, it was a delicious face; squared here, stubborn there, sweet by turns and glances. And she was of the loveliest color, with a skin silver-white and thick, shining, pale-gold hair, and eyes of a deep, dense, meditative blue. All her attributes, however, were invisible to Vera, and I was fully prepared for the glance with which, over Mrs. Thornton's imitation Panama, she presently said to me:



“What if she were to spoil you for him?”

"Darling, do take Mrs. Thornton round the water-garden. It's so lovely at this hour. Captain Thornton must wait for it till to-morrow. He's too tired to go farther now."

Mrs. Thornton got up at once, with her air of vague acquiescence in anything proposed, and I led her up and out and down the lime-tree alley and through the copse, where Vera, in spring, has her wild garden, to the banks of the river, the clear, wandering little stream, bridged and islanded, golden in the afternoon light under its willows and reflecting irises and meadow-sweet.

"Now we can sit down," I said, and on a bench under a willow we did sit, Mrs. Thornton with an involuntary sigh of weariness. "I expect your husband will soon get all right here," I said presently. "It's such good air. Is his leg badly damaged?"

"Well, you see, he can already get about quite well with it," said Mrs. Thornton; "but I'm afraid he'll never be able to do any of the things he most cares for again—riding and cricket, and his soldiering, of course. He will have to give up the army. I am afraid it's afterward one will begin to feel all the things that one must give up. Just now all that I can think about is that he has come back alive. Have you any one out there?" she asked.

I told her about Jack and how he had got a commission at the beginning of the war and gone out in January.

"It must be even more of a wrench to have them go when they are n't already in the army," said Mrs. Thornton. "A soldier's wife ought not to feel it so much of a wrench. I'm afraid I did, though."

I saw already that Mrs. Thornton had taken to me. It was natural that she should. I had taken to her quite tremendously, and she must have felt it; and, besides, a great many women do feel confidence in me at once. I, to be sure, look like anything but an angel, though I, like Vera, have small, pale features and dark hair. But mine's not a melancholy or mysterious face. My eyebrows dip together over my nose, and my mouth is at

once placid and irascible. I look, in my straight, austere clothes,—the silver buckles on my shoes and the fob of old trinkets at my waist for all adornment,—like a cross between a young priest in his soutane and a Blue-Coat boy; and I think it is the boyish woman, curt and kind and impersonal, who gains the confidence of other women.

"I don't know that it was more of a wrench," I said. "I expect that you and I felt pretty much the same sort of thing on that Victoria platform when we said good-by to them. What do you and your husband intend doing, now that he has to give up his profession?"

"Well, we had thought of having a chicken-farm somewhere. We are both so fond of the country, and I've a cousin who has a chicken-farm, and I've helped her with it, and she has made it pay. Even if Clive's leg stays so bad, I am very strong. But we've had, really, no time yet to talk things over."

"You don't look very strong," I observed, "but that may be because you are over-tired. You look very tired. I should say that you got up at six this morning, and raced around London shopping in the heat, and packed, and had no lunch, and a journey on top of it all. So no wonder you are tired."

"How clever of you!" Mrs. Thornton cried, laughing. "That is exactly what I have been doing. And I've been in a Belgian refugee hostel ever since Clive went, and that is tiring, though it keeps one going, too. Don't you find it difficult just to go on from day to day?" She was leaning forward on her knee now to look up into my face while I knitted. "I mean, when one wakes in the morning, for instance, to think that one has to get up and brush one's teeth and do one's hair and all the rest of it. It seems impossible when what one is feeling is that one wants to be chloroformed till it is all over. It's then that the hostel was so sustaining; one had to get up whether one felt like it or not."

"I know; yes," I said, nodding. "I've work, too, though it's not so sustaining as a hostel. I'm my cousin's secretary,

and we have all these Tommies now; they take up a good deal of time. It must be curious, having it all over, all that weight of anxiety."

"It is, it is," said little Mrs. Thornton, eagerly, with her look of gratitude for finding some one with whom to talk about it. "It's almost like losing a limb. I feel crippled, as well as Clive. Is n't it absurd? But it's almost like loss. And one is dazed with the relief of it."

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Only a year and a half," she told me, and that Clive's mother and hers had been great friends, and that she had often gone to stay with his people in the country, so that she had always known him. Her mother had died when she was a child and her father only two years ago. She had lived in London with her father, who had been an artist. She was just twenty. And after she had told me about herself, she asked me about Jack, and I found myself telling her all about him and about those plans of ours for living together in London if he ever comes back.

THE party at Compton Dally was small, and they were all there, except Sir Francis, who was an old family friend and who was paying a long visit, to help Vera with her Tommies. The only other officer besides Captain Thornton was poor Colonel Appleby, a pale, frightened, middle-aged man invalided home with nervous shock. At dinner that night Lady Dighton, who is the embodiment of lassitude and acquiescence, had him, and Mrs. Travers-Cray had Sir Francis, and Vera had Captain Thornton, so that Percival fell to the share of Mollie Thornton, and I wondered how she liked him. If she was already feeling herself out of it, to have Percival at dinner would n't make her feel herself in; quite the reverse. Percival's appearance is always summed up to me by the back of his head: the wedge of fat, red neck above his high collar, the sleek, glittering black hair, and the rims of his red ears curving forward on each side. The back of his head seems really as

characteristic as the front, though that is jovial and not unkindly. Percival looks sly over his food, and looks over his wine like the sort of man who is going to tell a story that no one else will find at all amusing. He told Mollie several such stories that night, I inferred, though she was evidently neither shy nor shocked; it was in the quality of her quiet, observant little smile that I read her tolerant endurance.

Milly, Vera's girl, just seventeen and just promoted to late dinner, sat on Mollie's other hand and did not, as far as I observed, address her once during the meal. But, then, Milly never makes efforts unless they are plainly useful. All Vera's beauty has been spoiled in her by the Dixon admixture, and yet she is a most engaging-looking little minx, with broad, bold, black, idle eyes and a blunted nose and auburn hair and a skin of roses and carnations. Vera had seen to that. Poor Vera is quite fond of the child, a ten-vexed, half-ironic, constantly rebuffed tenderness. But Milly says to me, "Mother is such a bore, you know," and likes me far better, who make no claim upon her and who, she must feel, like her very little. She will soon take flight, however, when a sufficiently advantageous occasion presents itself. The war has been a sad blow to her projects, and what I like in Milly is the fact that she has never uttered a word of complaint as to the shattering of her girlish gaieties. However, to get back to Mollie Thornton, I don't think she could have enjoyed her companions at dinner.

After dinner I go and amuse the Tommies and talk to the nurses until bedtime, but, before I went, I observed that Vera, after her wont with the detrimental belongings of a guest, had placed Mollie in a corner with a book and the urgent, smiling murmur: "By a friend of mine. Quite, quite beautiful. I know you'll love it." It is a book called "Spiritual Control," with a portrait of its author, who is a stock-broker, a sleek, stalwart, satisfied person whom Vera characterizes, why I can't think, except that she had him once to stay after hearing his lecture, as

her "friend." A great many people find the book inspiring; Vera, as a matter of fact, does n't, and she found Mr. Cuthbert Dawson a terrible bore. I inferred from her giving poor Mrs. Thornton "Spiritual Control" to read where she placed her.

When I came back an hour later she was still in her corner with "Spiritual Control," but she was n't reading it. She had drawn the curtain at the window where she sat, and was looking out at the splendid, dramatic moonlight. Sir Francis and Colonel Appleby were reading the evening papers, Lady Dighton and Leila Travers-Cray talked together while they knitted, Milly had disappeared, and at the farthest end of the great room, on its farthest sofa, Vera, pale and pearly, was talking to Captain Thornton.

"Well," I said, "how is your spirit? Is it more controlled?"

Mrs. Thornton looked up at me, and after a moment her smile of understanding merged into one of friendly enjoyment.

"How do you manage," she said, "to be so austere in the daytime and so splendid at night? You make me think of a Venetian princess in that brocade."

"It is nice, is n't it?" I said. "And made by the littlest of dressmakers. I'm clever at clothes. But tell me how you like Mr. Cuthbert Dawson."

"Well, he is very cheerful and sincere," said Mrs. Thornton, kindly; "but I don't seem to get much out of it. I'm really too tired and stupid to read to-night."

"And it's time your husband was in bed," I said. "One of the nurses is coming for him."

Mrs. Thornton looked down the long room at her husband.

"If only I'd had the Red Cross training," she said, "I could have taken care of his leg then. I suppose I must n't ask to be allowed to. Is n't it quite early?" she added. "He's enjoying the talk with Lady Vera."

"It's half-past ten, and we are strict with our invalids. Here is nurse now. I'll come up with you and see that you are comfortable."

No one could have said that there was any creature comfort lacking in Mrs. Thornton's reception at Compton Dally. Captain Thornton, as the invalid, had a larger room, but Mrs. Thornton's room, next it, was quite as charming a one, pink and gray, with old French prints and hangings of *toile de Jouy*. She went up to the prints for a moment of silent appreciation before turning to me with a sigh, half pleasure and half wistfulness.

"How lovely everything is here! Papa would have been in rapture over those Cochins. I shall enjoy my sleep to-night." And then,—it was her only sign of awareness,—"I suppose I'm to be allowed to go and say good night to Clive when nurse has done with him."

My study at Compton Dally, where I type and write and do accounts, opens on the west terrace, and from my bureau I seemed, at most hours of the days that followed, to have a view of Mollie Thornton's little figure wandering, as it were, on the outskirts, not plaintive,—there was never a touch of plaintiveness,—but passive. With her sewing or knitting or a book she sat a good deal under the shade of the cedar that stands at the corner of the terrace, and she spent a good deal of time drifting up and down the vistas of the lawns and park watching birds, a binocular in her hand. She was certainly a most comfortable person to relegate, since she never looked melancholy and usually contrived to seem occupied, and Vera, when she passed behind her on the terrace on her way to the dream-garden, Captain Thornton beside her, would pause and put her hand on her shoulder and say, "Happy, dear?" in the most dulcet tone. And when Mrs. Thornton, lifting those meditative eyes, answered, "Yes, thank you," Vera, all bland benevolence, would say, "*That's* right," and pass on. Leila Travers-Cray and Lady Dighton sometimes exchanged a few friendly remarks with her, and she read the morning papers to Colonel Appleby when his eyes hurt him; but she was relegated far, far away as completely as

any human being could be who could in any way count as a guest.

I was very busy and had not much time to be with her, though all the time I had was hers; but I knew accurately what she was feeling. I related it always with that dreadful Victoria platform, with those moments of pain and yet of rapture which we had both known, when we had felt ourselves, in our suffering, stand for England, and lifted up in accepting sacrifice to the august and beautiful spirit that claimed our dearest. One would expect, after that transcendent suffering, to find as transcending a joy; but how was joy possible to a young wife caught into what might be to her husband a fairy-land or a paradise, but to her a cruel and complicated machine where her only part was to turn round with the other wheels and pretend to like it? I knew that it must not be taken too seriously. It was only to last for six weeks, and then she would have her Clive back again; yet while it lasted it must make the months of suffering passed through seem happy by comparison. There had then been nothing between them but distance and the fear of death; and now everything was between them—everything Vera stood for; her house, her friends, her smile, her pearls, her dream-garden.

On morning after morning I saw Vera leading him away to it, with her armful of books, and Chang, her Pekingese, trotting at her heels. I perfectly understood Vera's state of mind in regard to Captain Thornton. There was no occasion for commonplace jealousy. He merely made her feel cheerful and rejuvenated. Everything she had to show and tell him was new to him. She became new to herself, poor old Vera! and gained from the quiet regard of his sane and simple eyes—handsome eyes under straight, dark brows—a sense of freshness and worth in everything. She liked him better than any of the wounded heroes she had yet had. Some of them had been merely stupid, and one or two had been gloomy, sardonic men—men of her own world, to whom nothing she had to say would seem new. Clive Thornton was neither stupid nor sardonic,

and he was simple enough to accept Vera's fancy tricks—her talk of dreaming dreams and solitude—as part of an angel's manner, and he was just clever enough to be able to appreciate anything she had to say. I could quite see how endearing Vera must find his steady gaze and his considering silences. Even with my vigorous espousal of his wife's side I never felt angry with him. His not seeing that she was unhappy was part of the same innocence that made him not see that Vera was a cat. Mollie, besides, took quite as much care to conceal her unhappiness as Vera to behave like an angel. It never crossed his mind that his wife was relegated; it never crossed his mind that they were separated. He did not feel separated; they were both, as far as he knew, in fairy-land together. And yet I knew it might not all be so trivial and transient as it seemed. A new standard was being formed for him; a new idea of what it was to be an angel. It was possible that all unconsciously he would no longer think of Mollie as one when he left Compton Dally; and when I took this in I began to gather up my weapons.

I found Mollie one afternoon sitting on the bench under the willow-tree where we had had our first talk. She had her knitting, but her hands were still, and she was gazing before her at the water. If she were not a tragic figure, it was only because there are some things sadder than tragedy. She had faced everything, been through everything, she had gone down into the Hades where so many of us were still living, and now she found herself balked and menaced by commonplace daylight. Tragedy is, in some ways, an easy thing to bear.

"Well, what are you doing here by yourself?" I asked her, advancing. There was a look on her face, startled and steadied, that showed me what she had been thinking about in the fancied security of her solitude. But she managed at once the vague smile that concealed so much, and said that she had been, as usual, resting. "I seem to find out every day more and more how tired I was," she added.

"You did n't care to go with the others, motoring?" I took my place beside her. "You 'd have liked Marjoram. It 's a lovely old place. Some people think it beats Compton Dally, though, naturally, I 'm not one of them."

"I 'm sure you 're not," said Mollie, laughing a little. "That was one of the things that first struck me about you—how you loved it. I felt that you were a fiercely loyal person."

"I think I am—narrow loyalties, but fierce ones," I said. "But you have n't answered my question."

"About motoring? I don't care much about it, you know. And there really was n't room enough for me."

I knew there had n't been; but I was deliberately eschewing tact.

"Has Captain Thornton gone?" I inquired, knowing, also, that he had n't.

"No; Lady Vera is reading to him in the flagged garden," said Mollie in the voice that showed me how little she had to learn about spiritual control. "Lady Vera is going to take him out for a run in her two-seater before dinner. He enjoys that a great deal more than the big motor."

"It 's far pleasanter, certainly," I agreed. And I went on: "They are reading, you mean, in the dream-garden. You must n't forget that it 's a dream-garden—where one goes to be alone."

She looked round at me quickly, and after a moment I saw that she faintly colored. She said nothing, leaving it to me to follow up my graceless gibe. I was quite ready to follow it up.

"As a matter of fact," I said, knitting the loops along the side of my heel, "Vera hardly ever is alone there. It 's always, with Vera, a *solitude à deux*. She 's not at all the sort of woman for real solitude. She is the sort of woman who likes to feel, or, rather, to look lonely and not to be alone."

To this, after a pause, Mollie said:

"She is very charming; Clive finds her very charming." And, forced to it, apparently, by my crudity, she added, "Are n't you fond of her, then?"

"No, I 'm not; not particularly," I said. "Especially not just now. Vera is not at her best, to my mind, when she is being angelic to young married men."

Mollie Thornton now blushed deeply. "I am perfectly contented that she should be angelic to Clive," she said.

"You are very loyal," I returned. "But you 'll own that he is getting more out of it than you are. It 's a place, Compton Dally, for wounded heroes rather than for a wounded hero's wife."

"Do you mean," she asked after a moment, "that I ought n't to have come?" She had indeed owned to everything in the bewilderment of the question. I laughed at it.

"Ought n't to have been with your husband at a time like this! Even Vera could hardly ask that, could she? And that 's my quarrel with her; that it 's the time of all times that you should be together and that she never lets you see him, practically."

She looked away, and after a moment I saw that her eyes had filled with tears.

"He has n't an idea of it," she said at last.

"That fact does n't make you happier, does it?"

"He thinks I 'm as happy as he is. He thinks that we are together in it all, and that she is an angel to me, too," said Mollie. "She always is an angel to me when she sees me."

"All men are rather stupid when it comes to knowing whether their wives are happy," I remarked. "I think your Clive is a great dear; but I like you best because you see things and he does n't. You, for instance, see that Vera is n't an angel, though she may look like one."

"He has no reason to think anything else, has he?" said Mollie, and I saw that I had brought her to the point to which I had intended to bring her. "I don't let him guess that I 'm not happy; it would be horrid of me if I did, for it would only mean that he 'd feel at once that we must go away, and all this loveliness would be over for him. A stuffy little flat in Bayswater is n't a very alluring alternative;



“‘It ’s my one corner. My one place to be alone. I don’t see people here unless I ’ve asked them to come’”

and that 's where we 'd have to go—to my aunt's—till Clive was better."

"How you 'd love the stuffy flat! How glad you 'd be to be there with him! And, to do him justice, how happy he 'd be there with you! He will be in a month's time. The only question is, the month. No, Vera is n't an angel. If she were an angel, she 'd have seen to it that you were happy here, too. But when it comes to being nice to other women,—really nice, I mean,—she can be a cat. And what I 'd like very much to see now is what she 'd make of it if you could show her that you could look like an angel, too. It 's so much a matter of looks."

"Make of it? But I could n't look like an angel."

"You could look like a rival; that 's another way of doing it. You could look like another woman of her own sort. You could make her see you. She simply does n't see you now. I suspect that if Vera saw you and saw that you were charming, she 'd show her claws. I 'd like Captain Thornton to see her showing her claws."

In silent astonishment, her blue eyes fixed upon me, Mollie gazed.

"No, I don't hate Vera, if that 's what you 're wondering," I said. "I like you, that 's all, and I don't intend that she shall go on making you unhappy."

"But I don't want Clive made unhappy," Mollie said. "I can't imagine what you mean; but, whatever it is, I don't want it. I could n't bear all this to be spoiled for him. I could n't bear it not to be always, for him, a paradise."

It was my turn to gaze at her, and I gazed penetratingly.

"And what if it all came to mean that you yourself, because of it, were never to be more to him than a second-rate paradise? What if she were to spoil you for him?"

I brought out the cruel questions deliberately, and for a moment Mollie faced them and me.

"Why do you say that? How cruel to say that!" she murmured, and then suddenly she bowed her head upon her hands. "It 's been my terror. I 've been ashamed

of myself for thinking it. And now—you see it!"

I put my arm around her shoulders.

"I 'm not cruel. I only want us to see things together. I don't really think they 'd ever come to that; and, at all events, he would never know that they had."

"But I should," Mollie said.

"Yes, you would. And it 's horribly true that real things can be spoiled and blighted by false things. I 've often seen it happen. You do see the danger, and you must take up the burden, my dear, of being cleverer than your husband, and save him along with yourself. If Vera were what she looks and seems to him, he might be right in feeling that he found in her something he could n't find in you. You must show him that she is n't what she looks and seems, and you must show him that you can be a first-rate paradise, too."

"In a little flat in Bayswater! On a chicken-farm! No, it can't be done. Paradises of this sort don't grow in such places," poor Mollie moaned.

"You can keep up the real paradise on them—the one he has already—when you get there. The point is that you must show him now that you can look like this one here. And the way to look it is to dress it. I 'm sure you 've realized the absolutely supreme importance of dress for women of the paradise type—the women you see here, all these sweet ministering angels to the Tommies and the young husbands. I don't mean to say that, with the exception of Vera, they 're not as nice as you are in spite of being well dressed; but I do mean that if they dressed as you do they 'd not be women of the paradise."

Mollie's hands had fallen, and she was gazing again with eyes childlike, astonished, and trusting.

"But, Judith, what do you mean?" she asked. "Dress? Of course you all dress beautifully. Have n't I loved simply looking at you all, as if you 'd been the most exquisite birds? But how could I do it? I have n't the money; I never have had. If one has no money, one must be either

esthetic or dowdy, and I've always preferred to be dowdy."

"Yes, I saw that; I liked you for that. There's hope for the dowdy, but none for the esthetic; the one is humble, and the other is complacent. Your clothes express renunciation simply—and the summer sales. But though it is a question of money, some women who have masses of money never learn how to dress. They remain mere dressmakers' formulas; and others, with very little, can't be passed by. They count anywhere. You've noticed my clothes. I've hardly any money, yet I'm perfect. All my clothes mean just what I intend them to; just as Vera's mean what she intends, and Mrs. Travers-Cray's and Lady Dighton's, and Milly's, for Milly already is as clever as possible at knowing her thing. But you've abandoned the attempt to intend. You've sunk down, and you let the winds rake over you. You've always made me think of a larkspur, that blue and silver kind, all pensive grace and delicacy; but you're a larkspur that has n't been staked. Your sprays don't count; they tumble anyhow, and no one sees your shape or color. Last night, for instance—that turquoise-blue chiffon little dress. You must n't wear turquoise-blue chiffon; not turquoise, and not that sort of chiffon."

"I know it. I hated it," she said.

"Of course you did, and so does any one who looks at you in it."

"But I could n't afford the better qualities," she appealed. "And in the cheaper ones I could n't get the blue I wanted, the soft Japanese blue."

"No, you could n't. And you thought it would n't show if you had it made up on sateen. It always does show. No, it needs thought and time and computing, too much time, too much thought, to say nothing of too much money for many women, of course; for them it would n't be worth it. There are other things to do than to live in paradise. But for you it is worth it; to show him that you can look like an angel, and to show him that Vera can look like a cat. No, *I'll* show him; mine is the responsibility. It's worth it,

at all events, to me. I'll put in the stakes, and tie you and loop you and display you. You'll see. I told you I'd a clever little dressmaker. That's an essential. And we'll scrape up the money. You shall be dressed for once as you intend."

She was bewildered, aghast, tempted, and, on the top of everything, intensely amused. Her face was lighted as I'd never seen it before with pure mirth, and it looked like still, silver water that becomes suddenly glimmering, quivering, eddying, and sunlit. She was charming thus lighted. It was a sort of illumination of which Vera's face is incapable; her gaiety is always clouded with irony.

"It is all too kind, too astonishing, too funny for words," Mollie said. "Of course I should love to be well dressed for once, and I can't see why I should n't avail myself of your little dressmaker now, —especially now, since, as you tell me, I offend through my dowdiness. And I do really need some new clothes. I'm wearing out my trousseau ones, you know. Yes; was n't it a horrid little trousseau? But, don't you see," and the sunlight faded, "I can't be real; not a real angel, not a real paradise. It's much deeper. It's a question of roots. It's the way they smile, the way they walk, the way they know what they want to say and what they don't want to say."

I nodded. "You know, too, and you'd say it, if people saw you and cared to hear what you said."

"That would help, of course. I've never felt so stupid in my life as here. But, oh, it's deeper!" said Mollie. "I don't belong to it. How they all make me feel it! I'm an outsider; and why should I pretend not to be?"

"It would n't be pretending anything to dress as you'd like to dress. No one who *sees* is an outsider nowadays, if they can contrive to make themselves seen. That's the whole point. And there's nothing you don't see. You see far more than Vera does. Don't bother about the roots. Take care of the flowers, and the roots will take care of themselves; that's another modern maxim for you. Your flow-

ers are there, and all that we need think of now is how to show them. Wait. You 'll see. We 'll go up to London to-morrow," I said; "and this very evening we 'll have a talk about your hair."

YOU may be sure that I was on the spot to see a week or so later my larkspur's début as an angel. We were all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, and she was a little late, as I, not she, had intended that she should be. It was precisely the moment for a mild sensation. The day had been hot and long. Everybody, apart from being anxious,—for everybody was anxious, Sir Francis and Mrs. Travers-Cray with sons at the front and Lady Dighton's husband in the Dardanelles,—apart from that ever-present strain, everybody to-day was a little jaded, blank, and tired of one another. There reigned, as a symptom, that silence that in the moments before dinner falls sometimes upon people who know each other too well for surmise or ceremony. They stood about looking at the evening newspapers; they picked up a book; they sat side by side, knitting without speaking. Vera, sunken in a deep chair near my sofa, yawned wearily. No one, in fact, had anything to look to before bedtime except the stimulant of the consommé or a possible surprise in the way of sweets.

I had known that I could count upon Mollie not to be self-conscious when she appeared in her new array, but I had n't counted upon such complete and pensive simplicity. Her eyes were on me as she entered, her husband limping behind her, and they seemed to ask me, with a half-wistful amusement, if she came up to my expectations. She far surpassed them. I never saw a woman to whom it made more difference. "It," on this occasion, was blue—the blue of a night sky and the blue of a sky at dawn, the blue, too, of my larkspurs, lapping at the edges here and there, as delicately as filaments of cloud crossing the sky, into white. And it flowed and fell, and it curved and clung, and it made one think, soft, suave triumph that it was, of breezes over the sea at

dawn and of a crescent moon low on a horizon and of white shores and blue Grecian hills; at least it made me think of these things, it and Mollie together; and with it went the alteration of her hair—bands of folded gold swathed round and round her little head. No one but myself had ever seen before that Mollie had the poise and lightness of a Tanagra figure nor that the shape of her face was curious and her eyes strange and her skin like silver; but I knew, as she advanced down the long room, that Vera, sunken in her chair, saw it all at last, drank in every drop of it, with an astonishment that, though it expressed itself in no gesture, I was able to gage from her very stillness, her concentration of stillness, as she watched the relegated belonging, visible at last. It's not pleasant for anybody to have to own that they've been blind and made a mistake, and Vera was specially fond of discovering oddity and charm and of claiming and displaying and discussing a discovery. And here was oddity and charm which she had not only failed to discover, but had helped to obscure. Mollie was indeed visible, and every eye was on her as she drifted quietly forward in the evening light and sat down beside me. She was mine, and no one else's; that was quite evident, too.

That Captain Thornton had received something of a revelation was also evident, though it had not probably amounted to more than seeing, and saying, that Mollie looked awfully well to-night; but it expressed itself in the fact that, instead of joining Vera, as was his wont, he came and sat down next to Mollie on my sofa. We began to talk, and, though the watching pause was prolonged for yet another moment, the others then began to talk, too. It was as if, not quite knowing what had happened to them, they were all a little cheered and exhilarated; as if they'd had their consommé and as if the sweet had been altogether a surprise. A spectacle of any sort has this effect upon a group of jaded people. Only Vera kept her ominous silence.

Dinner was announced, and we all got

up. Percival, with a new alacrity, approached Mollie,—he almost always had Mollie,—the others paired off as usual, and Vera rose to Captain Thornton's arm. It was then that she said, smiling thoughtfully upon Mollie:

"Are n't you doing your hair in a new way, dear?"

I saw from Mollie's answering smile that she was still ingenuous enough to hope that she might win Vera's approval with that of the others, the hope, too, that while Clive might think of herself as a first-rate angel, he should never see Vera as a cat.

"It is new," she said. "I 've just learned how to; Judith showed me. Do you like it?"

Leaning on Captain Thornton's arm, Vera, with gently lifted brows, rather sadly shook her head.

"I suppose I don't care about fashions. It's very fashionable, is n't it? But I loved so that great, girlish knot. People's way of doing their hair is part of their personality to me. Judith cares so much about fashion, I know. Do you care about fashion, Captain Thornton? Do you like this fashionable way? You know, I can't help always thinking that it makes women's heads look like cheeses; in napkins, you know—Stiltons."

It was the first scratch. Mollie, though with a little startled glance, took it with all mildness, making no comment as Percival led her away, Percival remarking that it was, he thought, a ripping way of doing her hair; and I, as I went out manless, heard Captain Thornton, behind me, saying, in answer to Vera's murmurs:

"Yes; I see; I see what you mean. But, do you know, all the same I think it's most awfully becoming to Mollie. It brings out the shape of her face so."

"What a *dear* little face it is!" said Vera, rapidly leaving the cheese.

It all worked like a stealing spell. There was nothing marked or sudden in it. No one, I think, except Vera was aware that his or her attitude to little Mrs. Thornton had changed. She had become visible, that was all, and they be-

came aware that she was not only worth looking at, but worth talking to. At dinner that night old Sir Francis fixed his eye-glass to observe her more than once, and after dinner he joined her in the drawing-room and talked with her till bedtime. It turned out then that he had known her father and actually possessed one of his pictures; had been a great admirer. Next morning he was walking with her on the terrace before breakfast, Mollie in a blue lawn as sprightly as it was demure, her casque of golden hair shining in the sunlight. Lady Dighton asked her that afternoon to come motor-ing with her and the Tommies, and in the evening I heard Mrs. Travers-Cray, while she and Mollie wound wool together, telling her about her two boys at the front. The only person who did n't see more of Mollie was Captain Thornton; but that, I felt sure, was because Vera was determined that he should n't.

It was not for a day or two that I was able to compare notes with Mollie.

"Well," I said, joining her on the terrace before dinner, "*ça y est.*"

"It's extraordinary," said Mollie. "Everything is different. I myself am different. I feel, for one thing, as if I'd become clever to match my clothes. It would be almost humiliating to have the mere clothes make so much difference and every one change so to me unless I could really feel that I'd changed, too."

"You're staked. I told you how it would be."

"And I owe it all to you. It's a wonderfully sustaining feeling to be staked, secure, peaceful. Such a funny change, Judith, is little Milly! Have you noticed? She came up to me when I was walking this afternoon and linked her arm in mine, and in ten minutes was confiding in me all about her perplexed love-affairs, as if we'd been old friends."

"Yes, she would. She loves to tell people about her love-affairs."

"But I could n't have imagined that she was really so ingenuous; for, in a sense, she is ingenuous."

"Exceedingly ingenuous when she is n't

exceedingly sophisticated; I think one often sees the mixture. The only thing you must be prepared for with the Milly type is that in a week's time she may forget that she ever confided in you and, almost, that she ever knew you. Her ingenuousness is a form of presumptuousness."

"Yes, I think I saw that. I'm beginning to see so many things—far more things than I'll ever have use for on a chicken-farm, Judith." And Mollie laughed a little.

"And what does your husband say?" I asked.

"Well, I've not seen much of him, you know. But I'm sure he likes it awfully, the way I look."

"Only Vera won't let him get at you to tell you so."

"Oh, he sees enough of me to tell me so," said Mollie, smiling; "only it takes him time to come to the point of saying things, and it's true that we have n't much time."

"And she has n't given you any more scratches before him?"

"Not before him." Mollie flushed a little. "It *was* a scratch, was n't it? I don't think he saw that it was."

"He will see in time. And it's worth it, is n't it, since it's to make him see?"

"Yes, I can bear it. She's rather rude to me now when he is n't there, you know; but it's really less blighting to have some one see you enough to be rude to you than see you so little that they are affectionate. Yet I hope she won't be too rude."

"She can hardly bear it," I said.

It was next morning that Vera showed me how little she was able to bear it. She had kept me singularly busy, as if afraid that I might wave a magic wand even more transformingly, and she came into the study where I was writing invitations for a garden-fête in aid of the Red Cross fund, and after giving me very dulcetly a long list of instructions, she went to the window and looked out for some silent moments at Mollie sauntering up and down with Sir Francis under the blue bubble of her parasol.

"I suppose you dressed her when you took her up to town that day," she then remarked.

I had wondered how long Vera would keep under cover, and I was pleased to see her emerge.

"Well, hardly that," I said, marking off with my pen the names of the people on my list who were away and not to be counted on for help with the bazaar. "She badly needed some clothes and could n't afford expensive places; so I took her to my little woman. She was able to carry out Mollie's ideas perfectly. She has charming ideas, has n't she? She knows so exactly what suits her."

"Carry out her ideas? She has n't an idea in her head. Carry out yours, you mean, you funny creature. I can't conceive why you took the pains to dress up the deadly little dowd." Vera drummed with her fingers on the window-pane. Mrs. Travers-Cray had joined Mollie and Sir Francis, and they sat down in a shady corner of the terrace. Mrs. Travers-Cray, sweet, impassive, honey-colored woman, was one of the few people for whose opinions and tastes Vera had a real regard.

"Oh, you're mistaken there, Vera, just as you've been mistaken about her looks," I said, all dispassionate limpidity. "She has heaps of ideas, I can assure you, and I saw it from the beginning; just as I saw that she was enchanting-looking."

"Enchanting! Help! help! That little skim-milk face, with those great calf's eyes! Who is the poor dear martyr thing who carries her eyes on a plate? St. Lucia, is n't it? She makes me think of that—as much expression. You may have succeeded in making her less of a dowd, but you'll never succeed in making her less of a bore."

"Well, Mrs. Travers-Cray does n't find her a bore," I remarked, casting a glance of quiet, satisfied possession at the group outside.

"Oh, Leila always was an angel," said Vera, "and your little protégée has made a very determined set at her."

"Sir Francis is an angel, too, then. He delights in her; that's evident." It was

perhaps rather indiscreet of me to goad Vera like this, but I could not resist taking it out of her and rubbing it into her, and I knew that Sir Francis would vex her almost as much as Mrs. Travers-Cray. "And look at Milly," I added. "You can't say that Milly is an angel. The fact is that Mrs. Thornton is a very charming young woman, and that if you don't see it, you are the only person who does n't."

"Another person who does n't see it is her husband," said Vera. She was determined not to show that she was angry, but I could see how angry she was. "Sir Francis, of course, old goose, thinks any one charming if they are young and dress well and look at him with appealing eyes. It is her husband I'm really sorry for. It's evident that he never spoke to a civilized woman in his life till he came here. He does n't show much sign of finding his wife interesting, does he? Poor fellow! It's pitiful the way men fall into these early marriages with the first curate's daughter they find round the corner. And now that she's pushing herself forward like this, he is done for." Vera, I saw, was very angry to be goaded so far.

"Surely she is the more interesting of the two," I blandly urged. "Neither of them has a spark of ambition, if it comes to pushing; they'll be quite happy on their chicken-farm. But if it were a question of getting on and getting in with the right people, it would, I imagine, be she rather than he who would count. This last day or two has made that evident to my mind. In her soft, strange way little Mollie is unique, whereas he is only an honest young soldier, and there are thousands more just like him, thank goodness!"

Vera at this turned her head and looked at me for a moment. After all, even if I was n't angry, I, too, had given myself away. And it evidently pleased her to recognize this—to recognize that she was n't being worsted merely by Mollie's newly revealed charm, but by my diplomacy as well. And it is rather a good mark to Vera, I think, that I don't believe it ever crossed her mind for a moment that she

had the simplest method of speedy vengeance in her hands—had simply to send me packing. Of course we should both have known that to use such a method would have been to reveal oneself as crude and vulgar; yet a cattish woman who is very angry may easily become both. Vera did n't. There are things I always like about her.

She took up now one of my lists, and while she scanned it said, smiling with cousinly good-humor:

"Ah, but you can hardly expect me to look upon you as a judge of that, Judith darling—how much a man counts, I mean, and how much he does n't. You are so essentially a woman's woman, are n't you? I suppose it's just because you are so crisp and clever and unromantic that men don't feel drawn to you, foolish creatures! So that you never get a chance, do you, of finding out anything about them except their way of brushing their hair and the color of their ties. You're a first-rate woman's woman, I grant you, and you're very clever and you've succeeded in foisting your little friend on silly Sir Francis and on Leila Travers-Cray, and it's all rather dear and funny of you, and I've quite loved watching it all and seeing you at work; but you won't succeed in foisting Mrs. Thornton on her husband, and he'll hardly give you an opportunity of finding out whether he's anything more than an honest young soldier. I have found him,"—and Vera now spoke with a simple candor,—“quite, quite a dear; with a great deal in him—sensitiveness, tact, flavor. So much could have been made of him! I, in my little way, could have taken him up and started him. But what can one do for a man who has a wife who does n't know how to dress without help and who will push herself forward? No; I'm afraid Mrs. Mollie, after she's left your hands, Judith dear, will tumble quite, quite flat again. *Would* you mind, darling, getting all the invitations off to-day? We must n't be slipshod about it. And don't forget to write to the merry-go-round man, and to Mark Hammond to see if he'll sing.” So, having delivered

what she hoped might be a somewhat stinging shaft at my complacency, Vera trailed away.

If I had n't so goaded her I don't believe, really, that she 'd have taken the trouble that she did take to prove herself right and me wrong. There had been, before this, little conscious malice or intended unkindness. But now the claws were out. During the next day or two it at once justified and infuriated me to watch the manifold little slights and snubs of which poor Mollie was the victim, the dexterity with which, while seeming all sweetness, Vera essayed to belittle and discompose her, to display her as ignorant or awkward or second-rate. Only a woman can be aware of what another woman is accomplishing on these lines, and though Captain Thornton once or twice showed a puzzled brow, her skill equaled her malice, and he never really saw. I was prepared for it when Mollie came to my study one morning and shut the door and said:

"I 'm afraid I can't stand it any longer, Judith."

"It has been pretty bad," I said. "She 's been so infernally clever, too."

"Our time is really nearly up," said Mollie, "and I 'm trying to think of some excuse for getting Clive to feel we 'd better go before it comes. Only now she 's telling him that I am jealous of her."

Pen in hand, I leaned back and looked up at my poor little accomplice. This, I recognized, was indeed Vera's trump-card, but I certainly had n't foreseen that she would use it.

"Has he told you so?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he would n't. He could n't, could he? But I know it. Men are very transparent, are n't they, Judith? He is always urging me to see more of her, and telling me that she is so kind, so clever, such a dear, and that I 'd really think so, too, if I 'd try to see more of her. And when I say that I 'm sure she is, and that I hope I shall see more of her, he thinks, I can see it, that I 'm only playing up, and between us, her and me, he is rather wretched and uncomfortable. What shall I do, Judith? You saw the way at tea

yesterday, when she was talking about pictures, she was really sneering at father's, and when I tried to answer,—because I felt I had to answer about that,—making me seem so rude and sullen. Clive knows nothing about pictures; so he did n't understand. And it 's all the time like that. I have to pretend not to see and be bland and silent; or, if I try to answer, she turns everything against me."

"Be patient. Give her a little more time," I said. "She 'll run to earth if you give her a little more time."

"But it is so horrid, between Clive and me, Judith. If I say what I think to him, he will only see it as jealousy; so even with him I have to pretend, and it makes me feel as if I were growing to be like her, and I can't bear it."

I meditated while poor Mollie dried her eyes, to which the irrepressible tears had risen. "Ask him if he can't arrange for you to see more of her," I said presently.

She looked at me with a general trust, yet a particular skepticism.

"But she will make that seem as if I were trying to force myself on them; because she 's always with him, is n't she?"

"Only now because she keeps him, not because he wants to stay. I 'm quite sure that he wants to be more with you. I think you can manage it, Mollie. Just say, when he next urges: 'Oh, but I 'd love to, Clive. Only you must tell me when. Perhaps sometime you 'd take me to the dream-garden when you think she 'll be there and that she 'd care to have me, and then, when you get us started, you could leave us. You could go and take Judith for a stroll.' Something of that sort." She eyed me sadly and doubtfully.

"I 'll try whatever you tell me to try, but I feel afraid of her. I feel as if she cared, really cared, to do me harm."

"She 's been proved wrong," I said, "and I 've rather rubbed it in; but at the worst, Mollie, she can never harm you now as there was danger of her doing. It 's better, far better, you 'll own, for your husband to think you 're jealous and

a naughty angel than for him to think you 're a second-rate one." With this aphorism, for the time being, she had to be contented. I myself felt sure that the hour of reckoning was to come.

It was next afternoon, after lunch, Vera being engaged in the drawing-room with visitors, that I met Captain Thornton on the lawn with his wife. Mollie was very large-eyed and rather pale, and I inferred from her demeanor that she had taken a step or made a move of some kind.

"Do come with us, Miss Elliot," said Captain Thornton. "I 'm just taking Mollie along to the dream-garden. She wants to have a little talk, all to herself, with Lady Vera, and Lady Vera told me to wait for her there till these people were gone; so it 's just the thing. And you and I can leave them together, do you see? People never get really to know each other unless they are alone together, do they?"

"No, they don't," I replied. "Though sometimes they never get to know each other when they *are* alone together," I could n't resist adding; but as I saw a slight bewilderment on his honest face I indulged in no further subtleties, and made haste to add, "Does Vera know that you were going to arrange a meeting?"

"Oh, not a bit of it. That 's just the point," said the guileless young man. "I want her to think that it 's all Mollie's doing, you know; because she 's got it into her head that Mollie does n't really care about her. Funny idea, is n't it? As if Mollie could be like that to any one who 's been as kind to us as Lady Vera has! But I 'm sure that if they have a few quiet talks it will all come right. Mollie is so undemonstrative; I told her that. It needs time for her to get used to anybody."

Mollie, her arm within her husband's, cast across his unconscious breast a grave, deep glance upon me as he thus quoted his defense of her. What was she to do with Vera, the glance perhaps asked me, too, now that she was to have her? What account of the interview would Vera serve up to Clive? Was not her last state to be

worse than her first? I tried, in my answering glance, to reassure and sustain, yet I myself felt some uncertainty about this fruition of my counsel.

We reached the dream-garden. Vera and Captain Thornton had been there for most of the morning, and books and papers were piled on the seat where the gray and purple cushions denoted attitudes of confident tête-à-tête.

Captain Thornton and I talked about the war, and I saw, with a mild, reminiscent irony, remembering Vera's sting, that he was perfectly prepared to give me every opportunity for judging him. I felt, indeed, though Vera had so absorbed him, that he had never cared to talk about the war with her. She and the other angels were there to help one to forget, but with me he was glad to remember. It was I who heard Vera's swift footfall approaching. Captain Thornton, stooping to mark out with books and pencils the plan of a battle, had, I think, almost forgotten the coming interview, and until Vera appeared among the cypresses, flushed above her pearls, he remained unaware. She stood there at the top of the steps for a moment, looking down at us, at Captain Thornton and me, our heads so close together, and at Mollie in her blue, and with her unrevealing little face, and I saw from her expression, as she took us all in, that she had not been succeeding so well with Captain Thornton as Mollie and even I had feared. It was a smoldering irritation against him that flared up with her anger against Mollie and me.

"Oh!" she said, a dreadfully significant monosyllable on Vera's competent lips. It expressed surprise and weariness and the slight embarrassment of the civilized confronted with the barbarian. "Oh!" she repeated, and she descended the steps, Chang trotting after her with his countenance of quizzical superciliousness. "I 'm so very, very sorry." She did not look at any of us now; her voice was exceedingly inarticulate and exceedingly sweet. "I 'm afraid there 's been a mistake. It 's the other gardens that are for my friends. I 'm charmed always to see

them there. And there are so many other gardens, are n't there? But this is my own dream-garden, my very own; for solitude, where I come to be alone. One must be alone sometimes. I get very tired."

We had, of course, all risen, Clive staring, while, still with those weary, averted eyes, Vera softly beat the desecrated cushions and shook them into place.

"It's my fault," Clive stammered. "I mean—I did n't understand. I thought you and Mollie could have a talk here. She wanted to get to know you better, and I suggested this."

Vera had sunk down in her corner, patting her silken knee, so that Chang sprang up upon it and settled down among the pearls. "I'm very, very sorry," she gurgled, with oh, such vagueness! "It's my one corner. My one place to be alone. I don't see people here unless I've asked them to come." She took up a review and opened it, and her eyes scanned its pages.

We were dismissed,—“thrown out,” as the Americans say,—and we retreated up the steps, Mollie helping Clive, and down the flagged path and out into the lime-tree alley.

It was a display so complete that it left me, indeed, a little abashed by the success of my manœuvres, while at the same time I felt that I must n't let Captain Thornton discern the irrepressible smile that quivered at the corners of my mouth. When we were out on the lawn he turned his startled eyes on me.

"Really, you know, I'd no idea, Miss Elliot—what?" He appealed to me.

"That Vera could lose her temper?" I asked.

Clive continued to stare.

"It comes to that, does n't it? What else can it mean?" He looked now at his wife. "To speak like that to you, Mollie! And when she's been saying she wanted so awfully to make real friends with you."

Mollie, I saw, was dismayed. The triumph had been too complete. She could not keep up with it.

"I am sure that Lady Vera is very badly overwrought about something," she said.

"She wanted particularly to be alone, and she found us there, and it put her on edge." Actually she was trying to patch up his fallen angel for him.

"But she told me to wait there for her. —Sent me off to wait for her when those people came," said Clive. "It seems to me that it was you she minded finding. And yet she's been going on about your never coming to talk to her. She's been going on about it like anything." He caught himself up, blushing, and I saw that Vera was all revealed to him. I hardly needed to pluck another pinion from her, though I did n't resist the temptation to do so, saying:

"You see, Vera is rather jealous. She can't bear sharing things—her friends or her dream-garden. She liked to have you there, but she did n't like to have Mollie there. Did she tell you she wanted to make friends with Mollie? She's never taken any pains to show it, has she?"

"Oh, please, Judith!" Mollie implored.

"But he sees it all now, Mollie, so why should n't I say it?" I inquired. "Her point has been, Captain Thornton, to keep you in and to keep Mollie out, and she very nearly succeeded in doing it."

"Please, Judith! It's not only that. She's been such a real friend to you, Clive! I'm sure she is overwrought about something, and it will be all right when you next meet her." But Mollie pleaded in vain.

"I'm hanged if it will be all right!" said Captain Thornton.

Vera made no attempt to reinstate herself. It was part of her strength never to try to recover what was lost. She kept up appearances, it is true, but that was for her own sake rather than in any hope, or even wish, to regain his good opinion. When we all met at tea she came trailing in, with Chang under her arm, and as she sank into her place, diffusing the sanest unconsciousness, she said to Mrs. Travers-Cray:

"Charlie Carlton's been killed, have you heard? This war is something more than I can bear."

Charlie Carlton, as I knew, was a

cousin of the recent callers and a most remote friend of Vera's; but it was the best that she could do for the occasion, and all that she was inclined to do, though a melancholy smile, as impersonal as it was impartial, was turned more than once on Captain Thornton and Mollie as she inquired whether they liked sugar in their tea or had enough cream. She had made their tea for six weeks now, and after the first week she had never forgotten that they both liked sugar and both disliked cream. But she thus washed her hands of intimacy while keeping up the graces of hostess-ship. They might have arrived that afternoon.

Mollie and her husband rose beautifully to the situation for their last two days at Compton Dally; that is, Mollie rose, for the husband at such times has only to follow and be silent. I don't think that she could have shown a grace and a distance as achieved as Vera's had it not been for those charming clothes of hers. You must have something to rise from if you are to float serenely above people's heads; otherwise you merely stand on tip-toe, very uncomfortably. Mollie and Vera might have been two silken balloons,

passing and repassing suavely in the dulcet summer air. And on the last day Vera's sense of dramatic fitness prompted her, evidently, to the most imperturbable *volte-face*: she showed to Mollie a marked tenderness. To Captain Thornton she was kind, perfectly kind, but that she found him rather dull was evident. It might have been Mollie with whom she had spent all those hours in the dream-garden.

"Must you really go, dear?" she asked.

Mollie said that she was afraid they must. She had heard from her aunt, who was waiting to take them in, and owing to all Vera's kindness, Clive was now quite strong again. Vera did not insist.

"I've *so* loved getting to know you!" she said, holding Mollie's hand at the door of the motor on the morning of their departure. "It's been *such* a pleasure. You must often, often come to Compton Dally again. Good-by, dear!"

But Mollie knew, and Vera knew that she knew, that never again would they be asked to Compton Dally.

Meanwhile, if the war is n't over and Jack has n't come back, I'm to go and stay with them next spring on the chicken-farm.





"The Defense of a House at Champigny"

The Last Works of Edouard Detaille

By ARMAND DAYOT

Inspector-General of Fine Arts, Paris

EXHIBITIONS of military paintings are succeeding one another almost without interruption in London and Paris, the organizers being actuated by the double and altogether praiseworthy purpose of arousing the sentiment of patriotism in the young by the spectacle of heroic deeds, and of being a help to the daily more numerous victims of this atrocious war, let loose by a kind of wild and pitiless fatality that for the moment leads one almost to believe that the life of humanity is on the eve of being extinguished in a deluge of tears and blood.

Among these artistic manifestations, by their very nature peculiarly associated with the tragic events through which we are passing, and appealing, moreover, to a public that would scarcely put itself out just now to visit a collection of the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, there is one which deserves to be specially noticed and which marks a

red-letter day in the history of art exhibitions, if only because it is made up of elements that do not overstep the domain, wide enough, for that matter, of military painting. It is fair to say that this exhibition has been arranged in a manner to satisfy the most fastidious.

The official opening takes place at the very moment when I am writing these lines, and it is in the splendid quarters of the Salle du Jeu de Paume, in the Garden of the Tuileries, that the public has been asked to visit it.

With praiseworthy prudence the organizers have excluded the work of living artists from this exhibition, so as to discourage the over-production of military canvases which are just now being hastily thrown together under the exciting influence of events. They have limited themselves to collecting works borrowed from the national museums and great private collections—works signed with names that

make up a remarkable list. Among these are placed the last works of Edouard Detaille.

A strange and happy coincidence lends to this rapid survey of a portion of Detaille's work a character of genuinely vital interest. Upon the great expanse of wall, well lighted and in the place of honor, which is entirely given up to the regretted master, there are twenty pictures in water-color, gouache, and pencil that to this very day the Parisian public have never had an opportunity to admire, and for the very simple reason that they come straight from the painter's studio, of which they have been in a sense intimate personal adornments, and many of them are scarcely finished. The public's interest will be further sharpened by learning that after the closing of the Tuileries exhibition all these posthumous works, bequeathed by the artist to the state, will be religiously divided among the various state museums—the Musée de l'Armée, the Museum of Versailles, and the Luxembourg—for the required period of twelve years before they are finally placed in the Louvre.



General Lasalle

Among these pictures there are some that are really masterly; as, for instance, the epic figure of General Lasalle, one of the most intrepid soldiers in the army of Napoleon I, charging, pipe in hand, in all the splendor of his gold lace, at the head of his cuirassiers. This canvas, absolutely vibrating with life, is at once of a scintil-

lating warmth in tone and overflowing with an irresistible movement. In it Detaille, although already attacked by the disease which was to carry him off, seems to have wished to give an eloquent contradiction to the too frequently unjust criticisms that accused his art of a deliberate coldness, and refused to see in it any inspiration save one, precious, indeed—that of historical studies and military records.

Perhaps it will interest the reader to learn some of the historical details about the famous soldier whose figure Detaille has immortalized in one of his most heroic postures. The Comte Antoine de Lasalle was born at Metz in 1775. In 1793 he was a sublieutenant of cavalry, and distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Rhine and the Moselle by his impetuosity and courage. In 1795 he followed Kellermann to Italy as aide-de-camp, and



"The Drum-major of Grenadiers"

was taken prisoner at Brescia. Field-marshal Wurmser, charmed by his personality, released the young officer, who shortly after was made a major. During the campaign of 1797 he distinguished himself at Vicenza, at Rivoli, and in the crossing of the Piave. Taken to Egypt by Napoleon, he was placed in command of a brigade after the battle of the Pyramids, and saved the life of Davout on the field of Ramadieh (1799). He took part in the Italian campaign, and had three horses shot under him at Caldiero. Advanced to the rank of general in 1805, he served in the Prussian campaign at the head of the first brigade of dragoons. At the end of the campaign of 1806, during which he was made general of a division, the gallant swordsman of Egypt and Italy, who always charged the enemy pipe in mouth, proved himself equally bold and intelligent as a leader of the advance-guard. He defeated 6000 Prussians, forced Hohenlohe to capitulate at Breslau with 16,000 men, and at the head of two regiments of hussars compelled Stettin to open its gates to him. At Heilsberg (1807) Lasalle and Murat, rivals in bravery, saved each other's lives. In 1808, Lasalle, having

gone to Spain, saved the army at Medelín, breaking through a square of 6000 men. The following year, in Austria, he covered himself with glory at Essling, at Raab, and above all at Wagram, where he was killed, in the midst of a charge, by a ball in the forehead. He was barely thirty-four years old. Such, rapidly summed up, is the story of this heroic soldier, whose premature death sent a thrill of grief through the ranks of the victorious army of Wagram and made the great emperor shed tears.

On the same wall with this striking picture the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by two other superb canvases that also do credit to the great painter and represent the presentation to the emperor of the flags taken from the enemy after the victory of Wagram and "The Funeral of General Damrémont" (October 13, 1837). In this latter work the artist transports us to the scenes of the Algerian war, and it is at the very base of the demolished walls of Constantine, where the brave Damrémont fell mortally wounded, that the scene of the funeral ceremony, touchingly noble in its setting of desolation, unrolls itself.



"The Funeral of General Damrémont"



"Bonaparte on Horseback"

Next one turns to the "Cuirassier in Parade-Dress," as impressive as a medieval knight beneath his breastplate and his prodigious helmet and at first positively terrifying in his long, shaggy beard. Side by side with this, stiffly presenting arms, and as if hypnotized by the approaching footsteps of the "Little Corporal," "The Grenadier of the Guard on Duty," irreproachable in attitude, suggests a caryatid.

Another picture represents "Bonaparte on Horseback," the Bonaparte of the army of Italy, slender, mounted on a gray African charger as spare and nervous as himself. Here truly is the "straight-haired Corsican," with his furrowed cheeks, his fixed jaw, his eyes glistening with fever—the fever of triumphs and conquests to come. Like a famished young wolf he seems ready to fling himself upon the rich prey which he covets.

Studying this finely cut silhouette, with its note of menace, one thinks involuntarily of Raffet's unforgettable figure of the Bonaparte of the Vendémiaire. In this work Detaille has plainly been influenced

by the painter of the "Revue nocturne" and the "Bataillon sacré."

Aside from this, without having passed under the influence of the great paintings of Napoleon, Detaille was in a sense fascinated by the great figure of the hero. The cause of this obsession, which at times assumed the almost feverish intensity of a thing that haunts one, he explained in an anecdote which I had from him.

One day, he said, Napoleon was galloping on horseback through the streets and along the wharves of Boulogne, inspecting all the details of the organization of the fleet assembled for invasion, when a child, eager to see him, got right in his path.

In order to avoid running over the child, the emperor sharply drew up his horse; but so abrupt was his halt that the imperial rider flew out of his stirrups, and, like the most unimportant of mortals, sprawled in the mud close by the astonished child.

"Accursed little imp!" exclaimed the emperor, and hastily remounting his horse, he went on with his inspection. Now, this



"The Lancer of the Civil Guard"

child was none other than the grandfather of Detaille.

"With such a souvenir in my family," the painter concluded, laughing, "it has been very difficult for me not to preoccupy myself with Napoleon."

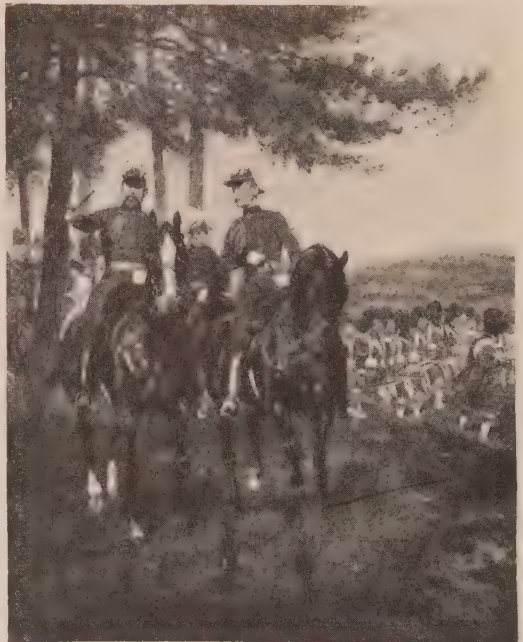
As a matter of fact, he has so occupied himself with equal industry and devotion, for the proud, tragic figure that dominates the whole military history of our epoch holds the most important place in his work. In his Napoleonic paintings Detaille summons before our eyes not only the image of the great leader, the slender general or the corpulent Cæsar, the conqueror of Arcole and Marengo or the triumphant victor of Austerlitz and Jena, but also the countless forms of the soldiers of the *grande armée*.

To complete the enumeration of the works of Detaille that appear in this memorable exhibition before being divided among the state museums, let us mention a few other examples, pencil-drawings, executed with masterly skill, dealing for the most part with military events in Algeria and Morocco and in the war of 1870. These beautiful drawings were unknown not only to the public, but also to the intimate friends of the artist, like some of the caricatures which fell from his pencil and his brush in care-free moments, and to which we have already

devoted an article that appeared in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1898.

Finally, to conclude the series of these remarkable and precious exhibits which, taken together, formed a good part of the contents of the artist's studio, let us mention certain charming canvases that are meeting with a legitimate success, "The Prince of Wales [Edward VII] and the Duke of Connaught in the Camp of Aldershot," "The Drum-major of Grenadiers" (in water-color), and "The Lancer of the Civil Guard."

The first of these works is only a study, but a study executed with as much power as the finished work, which hangs in Windsor Castle. To speak frankly, we prefer the preliminary sketch to the great canvas, which we were privileged to see again a few weeks ago. In developing his subject beyond its original bounds, the talent of the artist, who delighted above everything in firm and delicate lines, has obviously lost some of its force and energy, and the lifelike expression of the two personages betrays a regrettable exaggeration of effort.



"The Prince of Wales [Edward VII] and the Duke of Connaught in the Camp of Aldershot"



"General Bugeaud at Isly"

"The Drum-major of Grenadiers" (of the Revolutionary epoch) belongs to a certain degree, by the excessive and somewhat theatrical exaggeration of the figures, especially the main one, to the humoristic group of Edouard Detaille's works. For, as we have already said, the tragic painter of the "Battle of Champigny" and the "Dream" occasionally, as a sort of relaxation perhaps from somber thoughts and austere labors, was able to perpetuate with his pencil or his brush fancies at times extravagant or absurd, but always beautifully artistic in their joyous fantasy and of a delightful workmanship.

In this respect, indeed, Detaille has very illustrious predecessors, among them the greatest masters of painting, to name only Botticelli and Raphael, the divine Raphael himself, who shows us on the curtain of the Vatican Theater the most grotesque of demons tormenting monks no less grotesque. Need one mention, also, among other masters of more recent fame, Francisco Goya, whose genius, at once regal and fantastic, perpetuated equally for all

time the characters of Charles IV, Maria Louisa, and Ferdinand VII, and the most riotous caprices of his unbridled imagination. Then, still closer to ourselves, our great Puvis de Chavannes, the immortal creator of the "Life of St. Genevieve" and the "Ludus pro Patria," whose classic art and altogether antique nobility were cast off completely at times, as is proved by cartoons discovered in his studio after his death, drawings and red-chalk sketches of the most disconcerting fantasticality.

In "The Lancer of the Civil Guard" we see beneath the rich shadows of some forest or park a handsome cavalier engaged in conversation with a young woman. In this scene the military uniform as well as the lady's costume very accurately denote a certain historical moment, and fix the date as that of the first years of the second empire. This charming canvas is as fresh as a flower and a delight to the eye. The two principal figures are rendered with a rare sureness of touch and a truth of expression which charm the visitor and lead him to say that Detaille



"The Zouaves at Malakoff"

would have succeeded just as well had he specialized less exclusively in the painting of soldiers, and that his work would not have been less interesting if he had devoted more of the hours of his too short artistic career, well filled as it was, to painting the feminine graces and elegances of his time.

Beside these works of Detaille appearing in the above-mentioned exhibition there is one canvas that belongs in a private collection, where it will resume its place when the exhibition is closed.

Two reasons determined the organizers of the exhibition to request the loan of this painting, which forms part of the very rich collection of Dr. F——, the son of a celebrated professor, a member of the Academy of Medicine: first, the artistic value of the composition, one of the most beautiful, powerful, moving specimens of Detaille's work; and secondly, an oddly piquant story connected with it

that was told to me by the owner himself, with the permission to make it public. It has not appeared in print before.

This famous picture is called "Saluting the Wounded," an episode of the war of 1870. It represents a defile of French officers and soldiers, all wounded, marching proudly past a Prussian staff, all of whom, from general to simple sublieutenant, motionless upon their horses, which have been suddenly reined in, gravely hold their hands at the vizors of their helmets as these vanquished ones pass. Standing before this canvas, one experiences, particularly at the present moment, a profound and poignant emotion. The attitudes, the gestures, the melancholy of the desolate and, as it were, saddened landscape that serves as a background for this scene of tragic grandeur, are expressed with the most speaking simplicity, without the least attempt at theatrical effect. It is indeed a work that has a quality of finality alike in conception and craftsmanship. I should be tempted to call it a masterpiece of the painter's art.

As I was admiring it unreservedly in



"In the Trenches at the Siege of Antwerp"



"Saluting the Wounded"

the presence of its fortunate owner, Dr. F——, he said to me with a smile through which shone a very natural satisfaction:

"You are not the only one, my dear sir, to appreciate this painting; and if you like, I will prove it to you. Listen to this edifying story."

I became all attention, and this, with a certain astonishment, I confess, is what I heard:

"A short time before the war I received a visit from a gentleman who had the air of a man of importance, and who, cutting preliminaries short, stated in a pronounced Teutonic accent that he had come to see me in order to buy a picture by Detaille, 'Saluting the Wounded.'

"At first, confronted with this unexpected proposition, I replied that this picture was not for sale. But my visitor, with a bad taste of which I leave you to judge, interrupted in his harsh voice:

"One often says one does n't wish to sell things, but one very quickly changes one's mind at the sight of a thick roll of bank-notes. Come, Doctor, think twice. Name your own terms; your price shall be mine."

"At this demand, I turned toward the bell to summon my servants and direct

them to throw this intruder out of the door; but I thought it best to repress this natural impulse in order to study this mysterious, extraordinary person.

"But, Monsieur, I repeat that no picture in my collection is for sale, least of all the one you mention; for the signature of the painter is preceded by a dedication to my father, of whom Edouard Detaille was an intimate friend."

"A shrug of the shoulders, which made my gorge rise, was the reply to this statement, and the man, still imperturbable, in an unctuous, fawning voice added:

"Not only, dear Doctor, will you have a large sum, a very large sum, but here is an argument that will conquer your obstinacy: this picture will take its place in one of the most famous and beautiful collections in the world, a thing that will be not only flattering for you, but glorious for Detaille."

"This time," the doctor said to me, "it was impossible for me any longer to control my impatience, and I showed my visitor the door. He went out, bowing low and promising me with an evil smile that I should have another visit soon.

"After a hasty and energetic investigation, I found that this persistent person



“Presentation of Captured Flags to Napoleon after the Battle of Wagram”

was an art agent of the kaiser, and that he had received instructions to get possession of my dear picture at any price.

“Think of that!” added Dr. F——, indignantly. “Think of Edouard Detaille’s ‘Saluting the Wounded,’ the masterpiece of the brave and patriotic Detaille, in the collection of the kaiser! I would rather destroy it with my own hands.

“As for the imperial ‘game-catcher,’ despite his threatening promise, he never again climbed the stairs of my house, not even with a company of furniture-movers in pointed helmets. Father Joffre has prevented that.”

Such was the doctor’s story. It strikes me as of sufficient interest to be given to the public.



El Poniente

By R. C. M.

BENEATH the train the miles are folded by;
 High and still higher through the vibrant air
 We mount and climb. Silence and brazen glare;
 Desert and sage-brush; cactus, alkali,
 Tiny, low-growing flowers, brilliant, dry;
 A vanishing coyote, lean and spare,
 Lopes slowly homeward with a backward stare
 To jig-saw hills cut sharp against the sky.
 In the hard turquoise rides a copper sun.
 Old hopes come thronging with an urge, a zest;
 Beside the window gliding wires run,
 Binding two oceans. Argosy and quest!
 Old dreams remembered to be dreamed and *done!*
 It is young air we breathe. This is the west!



Poems

By ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, a daughter of Algernon Sidney Crapsey of Rochester, New York, was a graduate of Vassar College of the class of 1901. She died October 10, 1914.

Though her mind for many years was intensely preoccupied with the technical aspects of English prosody, still the creative, artistic side of her nature was so spontaneously alive that she accomplished a very considerable volume of original poetry, almost as a by-product of her study in metrics. These poems, of a gossamer delicacy and finish, are the stronger for the technical knowledge behind them. The verse form which she called *cinquième*, of which "Madness" is an example, she originated herself. It is a case of extreme compression. She reduced an idea to its lowest terms, and presented it in a single sharp impression.

By nature as vivid and joyous and alive a spirit as ever loved the beauty of life, Adelaide Crapsey worked doggedly for many years against the numbing weight of a creeping, pitiless disease. In her last year, spent in exile at Saranac Lake, forbidden the strength-sapping work that her metrical study entailed, she was forced to lie and look into space, and the little volume of seventy poems grew. Her delightful quality of camaraderie, her quick, bubbling humor, she retained to the end in conversation; the sadder questioning of her inner life attained expression only in her poems. They are heartbreakingly somber, but they could not be otherwise, because they are true.—JEAN WEBSTER.



Rose-Marie of the Angels

LITTLE Sister Rose-Marie,
Will thy feet as willing-light
Run through paradise, I wonder,
As they run the blue skies under—
Willing feet, so airy-light?

Little Sister Rose-Marie,
Will thy voice as bird-note clear
Lift and ripple over heaven
As its mortal sound is given—
Swift bird voice, so young and clear?

How God will be glad of thee,
Little Sister Rose-Marie!

Madness

BURDOCK,
Blue aconite,
And thistle and thorn—of these,
Singing, I wreath my pretty wreath
O' death.

Song

I MAKE my shroud, but no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair,
With stitches set in even rows.
I make my shroud, but no one knows.

In doorway where the lilac blows,
Humming a little wandering air,
I make my shroud, and no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

Dirge

NEVER the nightingale,
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark,
Thou wilt hear.
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call,
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear.



What Every Man Should Know

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Less than Kin," etc.

Illustration by W. D. Stevens

MISS HARBORER was twenty-one and very hard-hearted, a fact that was completely obscured to most of her friends by her low voice, her gentle manner, and her very soft little hand. Only a small number of the opposite sex, who were said to have had experience, declared that under this pleasing exterior lurked the implacable coldness of the frozen North.

She had even been known to admit that she did not believe in love, certainly not in love at first sight. The question, however, had had for her merely an academic interest until the night before. Then a strange thing had happened; or, rather, so little had happened that that in itself was strange.

She had gone to a dance just like any other dance, and had met a young man not, perhaps, just like every other young man, and they had danced together. They had, as a matter of fact, danced a great deal together; but the point was that they had not talked at all.

This at the time had seemed natural. When he came again and again to ask her to dance, he had only smiled, as much as to say, "Well, between you and me everything is all right."

Since then Miss Harborer had debated whether that was not perhaps his regular way of smiling at every one.

Anyhow, he had not spoken even when she bade him good night, though that was the instant at which she had been absolutely certain he would say, "Are n't we to see each other again?" or "When may I see you?" or some of those useful and well-worn phrases with which she had grown almost too familiar in the course of the last few years.

But he had said nothing, and as he re-

leased her hand in silence, it was Miss Harborer who said, contrary to her custom and not a little to her own surprise:

"Why don't you come and see me some time?"

Then indeed he had shown that he could use words, if few in number, at least clear in meaning.

"To-morrow at five," he had said.

And now it was to-morrow and five minutes before five!

Fortunately, the young man was spared the knowledge that Miss Harborer's dominating feeling was regret that she had asked him to come. She saw now that it was only her obstinacy that had been involved; it had seemed queer of him not to suggest it himself. If he had asked to come, she would very likely have put him off.

"What a silly thing to do!" she thought. He had been a pleasant dancing companion, but might, probably would, be tiresome to talk to. People were so different sitting in chairs, making conversation.

She thought nothing would be so agreeable as to go up-stairs and take a hot bath, and then lie down and read a new novel that had been sent her; the heroine was supposed to be a portrait of herself.

She might still do this, and leave word at the door—

A ring at the bell. Miss Harborer was no friend to these refined modern bells that tinkle far away where no one can hear them but the servants. This one was plainly audible. At least he was punctual.

In about half a minute he would be in the room. What would he say? She thought she knew. He would say in a tone of somewhat forced interest that it had been a very good party the night before, had n't it? And she would say,



“He stood there smiling at her, as much as to say that between them things were absolutely right”



"One lump or two?" Oh, she had been through it all so many times!

The door opened. It was the servant with a note.

From him, to say he was n't coming?

No, a mere invitation to dinner. Miss Harborer threw it on the tea-table.

Her attention was now attracted by the discovery that though the room was warm, her hands were as cold as ice. It was a bad sign—a particularly bad sign in a civilization where hand-shaking is the custom, for the other person is bound to find it out. The only question was, Had he sufficient knowledge to be elated? The things men knew about girls' psychology were so queer and so uncertain, sometimes so much, sometimes so little!

Taking no chances, however, she rose and warmed her hands at the fire until a more normal temperature had been restored, at least for the time.

When she sat down again she found a curious change had come over her. All the incidents of the evening before had suddenly ceased to exist. It was exactly as if there had been no ball, no young man. She was waiting for a total stranger. She might not recognize him when he came in. She would have no clue but his name. Fortunately she remembered his name—Mr. Grey. Mr. Grey. She said it aloud, hoping to rouse some more vital recollection; but it fell dead. The thing was over.

Another ring. This time a visitor.

The servant announced "Mr. Jenkins."

Every life probably holds its Leopold Jenkins, so useful on occasions, so apt to be in the way! Miss Harborer did not have to ask Leopold how he took his tea. He took it as made. Besides, she knew only too well.

As she listened to him—listened to him, that is, in a limited sense—she revolved these thoughts: if she sent Leopold away on the ground that she was expecting a hair-dresser (of course if she had been really expecting a hair-dresser she would have been in her room, and not sitting in the drawing-room in her best clothes; but Leopold would never think of that), then

the two men would undoubtedly meet on the stairs. If, on the other hand, she told him the truth, as she sometimes did,—if she said that she was expecting some one else,—Leopold was so curious that he might stay just to see who it was; and then she would never hear the end of it.

But, after all, she thought, why should she send him away? Would n't it be wiser to keep him until she saw how things were going to go? If she found that she did not like her new acquaintance, Leopold's presence might be very desirable. But, on the other hand, if she did like him, Leopold, as she knew by experience, was very difficult to delete.

As she thus wavered, Leopold suddenly sprang to his feet and bade her good-by.

"How cold your hands are!" he said.

"Yes, I've no circulation." Anything did for Leopold.

"Must be a bore. Sorry to go. Have to be 'way up-town at six."

"At six!" cried Miss Harborer. "It's nowhere near that, is it?"

"A quarter to, by Jove!" said Leopold, and disappeared.

A quarter before six! A weight like lead fell on her heart. He would not come now; perhaps he had never meant to come at all.

One of those sudden silences fell upon the city. She could hear her little watch ticking on her breast. There was not a sound, not a footfall, in the street. No, he would not come now.

Her feeling was one of intolerable loss. She cared nothing for the rudeness, nothing for the slight to her own vanity. She thought only of the great opportunity vanished, for now it could never be the same. They might meet again, he might come to see her on some future day; but the first romance would be irrevocably gone. The first wild confidence of knowing nothing of each other and believing everything—that had been destroyed.

Looking up, she saw that he was standing before her, having probably come in as Leopold went out. He stood there smiling at her, as much as to say that between them things were absolutely right.



"Their lord and master has gone and has left them to manage for themselves. In many instances they discover that they can handle affairs much better than their men, who used to treat them as domestic animals, little less valuable than a good cow"

The World after the War

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Author of "Missing," "Planmaessig and Ausgeschossen," etc.

OVER on the other side of the ocean, on the Continent of Europe, where a man's life counts for less than that of an insect, it seemed for just one short moment as though the veil of the future was torn away, and a vision of the future showed suddenly itself to me, like the view of a distant valley from a mountain

top when there is a rift in the surrounding clouds.

At this particular time of our social development the reader will do well to spend a few moments in the perusal of M. Taine's book, "The Origins of Modern France." Speaking of the French Revolution, the great historian said in

effect that over there was a very wondrous mansion, the top floors of which were inhabited by a gay and witty society. They spent their days in the pursuit of pleasure, but a few took their leisure for the improvement of their speculative ability. These few pondered upon the problems that confronted the management of their palace; for while the upper floors were a delightful place in which to dwell, there was a vast basement, much larger than the entire superstructure, in which lived the workers, the men and women who made the abode of mirth on the other floors a possibility. As the men of thoughts began to meditate upon the future of themselves and of those who dwelt below in the miserable caves of countless unsanitary cellars, they constructed fine theories and played with the Chinese rockets of their brilliant wit until one day a few sparks of their theoretical fireworks dropped into the cellar. The rubbish accumulated by centuries of neglect began to smolder. Some on the top floor noticed the smoke, and gave warning. "Never mind," the gay assembly said. "We have always heard these stories of fire. Let the thing burn after we are dead," and they went on with the dance until the flames burst forth through the windows, burned away the floor, and threw the entire august company into the flaming hell of the cellar. It left the blackened ruins of a house that had perished through its own recklessness.

So much for the little story of M. Taine. What happened after that not only in France, but all over Europe?

The old house was never rebuilt in its original shape. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the upper floors disappeared. Those who had not been killed by the conflagration never survived the shock. A new edifice had to be constructed. Who was to do this? The humble workers of the old cellar? They did not know how; but there was still another set of inhabitants. They were fewer in number, but more important. These were the butlers and the higher-class servants of the old régime. They had fled at the first sign

of danger, but now they returned. Out of the ruins of the old palace they made a huge building of only a single story. The cellar, however, was kept as before. Heavy beams were laid across it, and huge walls were put together from the old masonry and an ugly, but useful, roof of structural iron was placed over all. The one great room was upholstered as well as could be with the remains of the furniture of the old order of society. The tapestries were not original, the chairs were rank imitations, and the sofa had been used by the last king.

"Why not?" the new inhabitants of the huge hall asked of one another. "After all, we are just as good as our former masters. Therefore, why should we not sit upon this bit of royal wood and horsehair and be as comfortable as they were?"

"Yes," said one of the cave-dwellers, sticking his head through the cellar door, "but what about us?"

"You, my friends," was the answer, "will be well looked after from now on. Do not worry. For the moment just go back to your work, for which you will receive a fair wage. And, by the way, since you are no longer a slave, if at any time you do not like our treatment, you may leave this house."

"That sounds very well," said the man, as yet unconvinced, "but where can we go to, since there is only this one house?"

"Oh, well, my friend, you can go out and live in the open, in the lovely fields of nature."

"And starve to death?"

"Of course. Therefore you had better stay where you are for the present and be contented. Later everything will be made right."

"Shut that door!" came the angry voice of a professor of political economy. "If the fellow has an economic right to be here in this pleasant room, he will get here in the end. So says the law of the only true science. Shut that door!" The door was shut. A heavy, old-fashioned cupboard was put across it, and everything went on as before. The new society was a little more mixed than the former.

The manners were a boorish mimicry of what once had been considered good form. The taste in general had not improved, but in all its general essentials everything was a close repetition of what had gone before.

From time to time there were dangerous rumblings in the cellar. "Oh," the ladies said upon such occasions, "if these horrible people ever break loose, what a nasty business that will be!"

"Never mind," they were reassured by their gallant companions. "One of our men has just invented a new process of reinforced concrete, and we shall reconstruct our floor in such a way that nothing from below can possibly hurt us. Besides, we are not unreasonable. We are really very good to the people in the cellar. To-morrow we shall send them a barrel of beer and perhaps a box of cigars. Then they can be happy." And the people of the big hall, acting upon their generous impulse, engaged a circus to amuse themselves, and ate, drank, and lived happily.

Until one day they had a falling out among themselves. Nobody knew how the quarrel started, nobody cared much; but all of a sudden they were ready to fly at one another's throats. Then by a common impulse they rushed to the door of the cellar, and called: "We have been good masters. Come quickly and fight for us."

But when the men would not come, their masters had recourse to many arguments not heard since the days when the old people of the old ruined mansion had last been seen.

They insisted that the others must come because it was the will of God. But God, the men answered, had been dead these many years, and they refused to fight.

Then the inhabitants of the large hall called upon every patriotic sentiment that had been used in the olden days when such sentiments had an actual meaning. They started loud bands playing old well-known tunes. They hypnotized the blinded creatures of the cellar with a display of brilliant colors which they waved madly in the air. They promised to place

golden spangles upon their ragged clothes if only the men would come and fight, and they promised them lovely colored ribbons in case they should suffer damage to life or limb. They rattled off every convincing argument that ever had served the purpose of forcing men into battle.

And the poor fellows, drunk with the artificial excitement, painfully climbed out of their miserable holes, took the arms that were pressed into their hands, set out to murder one another, and fought like demons. Until it was all over, and they were once more driven into their cellar?

No; because this time they will refuse to go back.

HISTORICAL prophecies of any actual value are impossible. History is an art and not a science. It is an art which, like every other art, is based upon a science; but a combination of unexpected circumstances, the strange interacting of character upon character, the sudden appearance of a leader of overpowering influence, may change the course of history at any moment. Yet we have a great deal of material about the past upon which we can base some of our contentions about the future.

Above all, keep in mind the fact that the great European War is not a struggle which is popular with the masses. Their ancient loyalty keeps the soldiers in the trenches, but their minds and their hearts are at all times with those whom they left at home. When they are mortally wounded, they feel that they lose their lives in a cause which might have been avoided if the powers that still rule the world had been inspired with greater foresight and with greater ability to lead the affairs of men. The stress of war, the anxiety about the safety of their own land, will keep their mouths shut as long as the struggle lasts; but the day will come when the last gun will be fired. Then the millions of armed men will return to their homes, and they will demand that their children be spared a repetition of this inexcusable waste of human life and happiness.

When peace comes back to earth, what will happen? Twenty million men will return to their homes. They will be asked to go back to their old tasks and take up the work which they left when they went to the war. There will be a terrific burden of taxation, and all men will be obliged to work harder than before. At the same time they will receive less money than they did formerly. Year in and year out they must pay the ever-increasing interest upon a capital the principal of which was destroyed in the form of dynamite, powder, nitroglycerin, war-ships, Zeppelins, cannon, machine-guns, and other unproductive investments. Economists shake their heads, and tell me that what I now state is an utter impossibility; but the time will come, probably within two generations, when the citizen, disgusted with the hard work forced upon him by the stupidity of a forgotten ancestor, will simply wipe this debt off the national slate. And who is there who can prevent this?

The economic notions of the average European laborer or farmer, not to speak of the peasant, who has always formed the bulk of every army, are extremely hazy. The poor fellow struggles through life trying to make both ends meet. Frequently he is not able to do this. Then he is turned out upon the street a pauper. Or if he succeeds in keeping the hungry mouths of his family filled, his life resolves itself into an endless worry lest tomorrow may not provide the food with which the family may manage to live until the day after.

Now behold what the war has done for him. It has fed him better than he has ever been fed before. It has put him into decent clothes. A heavy winter coat goes with the equipment of every soldier, and often he never saw such a garment before. Without sufficient food and shelter he is of no use as a fighting man; hence he is well fed three times a day. He likes it. He would be very happy if he were always as well looked after. But when he comes home from the war he will not be given this food unless he goes to dig coal out of a little black gallery half a mile

beneath the surface of the earth or performs the dreariest of tasks in that dreariest of modern inventions, a factory. Formerly tradition and habit made him obey; but will he obey this time? That is the question. Will the man in khaki return to his shop and his workroom as quietly as the man in black of Cromwell's army?

All the evidence in the case says no. He will not. In this war he has been taught something which his many strikes and his labor warfare did not make clear to him. Before the year 1914, if in an encounter with his masters he used violence, he was regarded as an enemy of the law and was treated accordingly. This time he has with his own eyes and with his own hands noticed that organized violence is the best way to accomplish the desired results of his country. He has been trained to take from his enemy by violence what could not be obtained by arguments of reason. Is it likely in those circumstances that the mass of men will return peacefully to their unpleasant tasks when they know that they are possessed of the power with which they can obtain for themselves all they wish?

Call this statement socialistic, anarchistic, call it the most outrageous thing you have ever heard; but I am reporting what the men who make up the countless armies actually feel, not what they ought to think.

To make a long story short, after the war we may expect a most severe social revolution. We shall see the outbreak of labor troubles everywhere. These troubles will be of such magnitude that they will make themselves felt at once in the United States.

Of course the difficulties of France and Germany and Russia and England will all be very different. Germany, after more than a century of discipline in all matters of daily concern whether private or public, will act more slowly than the others. The Germans will proceed with order and in decency. They will appoint leaders, and they will obey these leaders as bluntly as they have formerly obeyed their political and military masters. The

opposition will be organized by the greatly strengthened Socialistic party.

The question is often asked why this party did not make a definite stand against the war? Why not indeed? Because they did not have the slightest chance of success in any contemplated opposition in August of the year 1914. In our highly systematized world we often forget the great influence which the small subconscious sentiments have upon our deeds and our words. Socialism is a comparatively new doctrine. It has no traditions. It is not provided with an imaginary background in the minds of the true believers. On the other hand, the idea of state and of empire is based upon ancient tradition, meliorated by age.

Suppose the German Socialists had decided to oppose the war. Just imagine the situation. Somewhere in a dreary hall a number of Socialists meet, and after much rhetoric of a purely theoretical kind and the smoking of many cheap cigars they vow to obey their reason rather than their feelings and refuse to fight. Is it all clear to you, the smell of beer and bad tobacco, the forlorn bleakness of it all? And then think of what will happen the moment the imperial brass band and a battalion of soldiers come marching by. That excellent gathering of enlightened humanity will follow that band to hell provided it keeps on playing popular airs. Against the age-old traditions—traditions of valor and courage and honor and love for the colors of the fatherland and devotion to the ideals of empire—all the doctrines of the sublime Marx are effaced. These men assembled to uphold reason are at once swept away by some mysterious force which is much stronger than reason. They fall victims to the traditions of countless generations.

Of course, after a while, reason will return; then, however, it is too late. The citizen has become a soldier, and loyalty, that commonest of virtues in the world of simple-minded people, forces him to stick to the cause to which he once gave his support. He must stick it out until victory or defeat brings about peace.

But after the war! Then we shall have to deal with different men and in very different circumstances. The German workman understands that this war, even if it is victorious, can never repay him and his people for what they have lost and suffered. The glory, if there is any, will go to those who have been in command. I wish that you could have heard the bitterness with which that statement was often made—the bitterness of people with no vision but one of hopeless disappointment. No, to the vast majority of the people of Germany this war, with all its outward glory, is a gruesome labor that has to be finished one way or another.

It is no wonder that the reigning family has lost a great deal of the popularity with which it led its men into France and Russia at the beginning of hostilities. If everything had gone well during those first months, yes, if there had been a speedy and easy victory, it would have been a different question; but after years of struggle and suffering there will be a general detestation of the horror of our modern chemical warfare. A strongly organized Socialistic party, a phalanx of determined and brave men, will work quietly, but steadily, upon the problem of their own class, ninety per cent. of the entire population. If the Government has the sense to place itself at the head of this movement (and very likely it will do this), it may lead the men toward a completely socialized empire. But whatever happens, the good old days of a negligible parliament and a small clique of interested leaders who mysteriously guide the affairs of the nation for some equally mysterious benefit and according to rules of international conduct that were valid in the days of the Romans will disappear. And before ten years have gone by the German imperial cabinet will be dominated by Socialistic ministers.

What of France, the sublime, which, unprepared, arose out of the filth of the Caillaux trial to withstand an invading horde advancing to the very gates of her capital?

In France, in less than twelve months'

time, the spirit of the people has undone the harm of forty years of bad government by and of and for the lawyers who fought for the possession of her political spoils. The story of France since the great debacle of 1870 is not an inspiring one. One dreary figure after the other carries the black silk hat and the red silk ribbon, the insignia of the highest dignity which the republic can give to her citizens. Not a single figure among them rises out of the class which we call mediocre. Her ministers are a national joke, and they change with a rapidity which is often a national disgrace.

The war came, and the useless superstructure was at once swept away. Men of deeds took the place of men of mere words. Whatever the outcome of the war, France knows that among the masses of her people, among the millions of industrious workers of her rich country, she has the very best that this world possesses. After the war there is only one course that France can follow: the old aristocracy which made the France of glorious outward fame and horrible domestic misery can never return to power. The middle class has had a fair trial, and it has failed. For better or for worse, the old home of the emancipation of the human mind will have to turn to a new order of things. Parliamentarism as France has known it for almost half a century, the haggling of small politicians for the benefit of their own little interests, will be a thing of the past. In the tremendous struggle for national existence a new leadership is being born—the leadership of the capable men from among the masses.

Is n't this remark too Utopian? Can a neglected class suddenly produce men capable of leadership? For answer I refer you to the leaders who guided France through the days of the Revolution. The miracle which they performed has been seen before and it will be seen again. Do not expect a repetition of the old times of the sea-green Robespierre and the wholesale drownings of his enemies in the River Loire. Indeed, as I see the future, the men who will come to the front will re-

semble the old Huguenot chieftains. They will be men of a serious purpose, they will be men of deep religious feeling; only now their religion will be a socialism of the future.

Of the events in Russia we can speak with certainty. Every foreign war in which the empire has ever been engaged has meant a prelude for a bitter revolution. The explanation is a simple one. During times of peace the inefficient bureaucracy of Russia can find ways and means by which to perform the strictly necessary tasks for the management of the empire, meanwhile trusting to a kind Providence to take care of any possible emergencies. But never yet has this machine of inefficiency been tried by any period of stress without disastrous results to all those concerned. In the great conflict which now rages in eastern Europe Russia has seen her best armies wasted, her fleet doomed to inactivity, the richest part of her territory surrendered to an invader, and all of this because of a lack of foresight and the indifference of the ruling class. It is merely a question of months and perhaps of weeks before there will be a repetition of those events which occurred immediately after the Japanese War. The Slavic people, ruled by a system which was originated by Tatars and Byzantines and which was hammered into shape by German drill-masters, will once more make an attempt to rid itself of this unbearable yoke.

Their task will not be an easy one. Revolutionary propaganda is difficult in a country which can neither read nor write, but the chances for victory are better than they were in the year 1900. Ten years of a semblance of popular government, however primitive, have done their work better than most people know. There will be more cohesion and more system in the attempts of the man who will stir up the masses.

Of course, in Russia, which is not preponderantly a manufacturing nation, but an agricultural one, the ever-present question is that of the division of the land. Compared with the magnitude of this

problem, all other difficulties are of minor importance. The ignorant peasant, without books or learning, knows through the ancestral legends of the olden times when the land belonged to him and not to his masters. He feels the injustice of the slavery to which he was condemned during the first years of the seventeenth century. He wants neither rights nor privileges; first and last and all the time he wants his land. The revolutionary outbreak in Russia will be of a rural nature. In the large cities, where the undesirable elements from the country districts have been gathered into a hopeless proletariat, there will be violence such as we know from our own strikes and labor struggles. But the main issue in Russia will be fought out far away from cities, on the land. Never was a time so favorable for an uprising of all the discontented elements. It is not going to be a charming affair, and there will be much in the nature of the horrible peasant uprisings of the late Middle Ages.

The system which the masters of Russia had forced upon their subjects at the time when two hundred years of Tatar domination had entirely broken the spirit of the people will disappear amid much bloodshed and violence. The old order of things, which was merely a system of "organized anarchy" for the benefit of those who were in power, will be replaced by a new anarchy, which will not even have the saving grace of a systematized purpose. For the first time in their history the Slavic people will work out their own salvation, and will live as they want to and not as somebody thinks that they ought to want to. For eleven centuries Russia has obeyed foreign masters and has allowed her own destinies to be shaped by outside influences of one sort or another. The war, which is breaking the iron bonds which have kept the old system together, means the emancipation of the Slavic people. Hereafter we shall hear less of an ever-growing Russian Empire. We shall hear more of the development of the Slavic genius in all fields of human endeavor.

From Russia to England is a far cry. The two countries are antipodes in everything except geographical situation. England is an earthly paradise to all those who can appreciate the greatest refinement of material things; Russia is avoided by the foreign traveler unless he is of an adventurous and courageous nature. Yet this delightful country of smiling fields surrounded on all sides by a profitable ocean, this merry old country of happy ballads and recollections of a charming past, will be affected by the war to a greater extent than any of the other participants of the great struggle.

England has always been a country divided into two distinct parts. One of these, the ruling caste of the land, was delightful. The other one, the class of the servants, created to contribute to the happiness of their masters, was perfectly hopeless. But during the last years of our era the forgotten masses working at the bottom of coal-mines and sweating in the bowels of gigantic factories have come to a realization of their own importance in the cosmos of human beings. Under the guidance of strange leaders they set deliberately to work to accomplish their own emancipation. They were in a fair way to succeed when the war broke out and forced a momentary interruption of their activities. In this war the masses of England have had much of which they may righteously complain. They have suffered needlessly and uselessly through extremely bad management on the part of the Government.

Life had been too easy to those in command. They had not grown up to realize the demands of their own times. Their ideals were those of a bygone age. Science, which is to decide the future of man, was a neglected quantity. In many instances it was a despised attribute of little value except as a means of livelihood in some smelly factory. Thousands upon thousands of good British lives have been lost because the leaders were ignorant of the work before them. When the end of the struggle comes there will be a very persistent and serious demand for an ac-

counting. The pent-up discontent of years of silent suffering will break forth with a violence which has not been seen in the British Isles for many a century.

It is not a question of a more or less ineffectual king or a cabinet which was incapable of doing its full duty. There is more than that. People will have to decide this time about the future of their own race. Will it develop as it has done hitherto as a combination of two separated classes, or will it give to all men the chance of developing their own powers to the best of their ability in the most favorable circumstances for all? The men who will come out of the trenches will have their answer ready. No one who has seen anything of this war can doubt for a moment what this answer will be. After the war the laboring world of England will come forward with an ultimatum of no indefinite purport. Their demands will be backed up by the violence which has been taught to those men for the purpose of beating their German enemies. No doubt the England of the pretty Christmas cards will be a little less picturesque and not so comfortable as it was before. But there will be a great house-cleaning. That cellar, that horrible and unspeakable cellar of which I have already spoken, will be filled up with the debris of the war, and in this way an evil thing may yet work for the good of us all.

Thus far I have mentioned the influence of the war upon the men of the race. It will affect the position of women to an even greater degree. The war is the strongest and most effective ally of those who strive for an improvement in the fate of women. When I speak of women, please do not think of those happy creatures who can spend thirty-five cents to read this magazine. Think of the millions who are obliged to feed and wash and clothe a family on this same amount. Think of the women in the greater part of Europe who pull their husband's plow together with his ox, who carry his bundles and bear his children and wash and cook and clothe and wait upon his entire

family without receiving the wages or treatment of a servant. Try to imagine what the war means to these unfortunate creatures. For the first time in their dreary lives they have known what it was to be their own masters. They have tasted of liberty. Their lord and master has gone and has left them to manage for themselves. In many instances they discover that they can handle affairs much better than their men, who used to treat them as domestic animals, little less valuable than a good cow. Visit the central part of Europe, countries like Hungary and East Prussia, and you will find that a new spirit has descended upon these strong and healthy beings who thus far were accounted of no value except as propagators of the race and busy workers in their master's vineyard. Ask the wives of the men who spend their lives in the drudgery of some industrial center whether they have not had visions of a new world now that they have some time in which to breathe and to be masters of their own minds and bodies. Through this horrible cataclysm they will have gained what centuries of peaceful pleading could not have given to them.

The old order of things is going. As a matter of fact, it has gone. It went out of existence when the ancient régime of predatory politics made its last great attempt at world supremacy.

The guns that battered the forts at Liège did not only demolish a certain quantity of cement and steel. They destroyed the roof of the fine structure of which I told you at the beginning of my little story. The shell went clear through the building. It blew a hole into the cellar that let in the daylight and fresh air and gave my cave-dwellers a chance to escape. You may dislike the author of these pages for prophesying a state of affairs which will mean the destruction of that charming world with which we and our ancestors have grown up; but this is the way in which we see the future of events on this morning of the fourth of November of the year of disaster 1915.



Church in Nieuport ruined by shells. The German trenches are just beyond the canal, over a low hillock



Sailors bringing in a wounded comrade

The Play-boys of Brittany

The Fusiliers Marins

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Les Travailleurs de la Guerre," "Young Hilda at the Wars," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Toms

AT times in my five months at the front I have been puzzled by the sacrifice of so much young life; and most I have wondered about the Belgians. I had seen their first army wiped out; there came a time when I no longer met the faces I had learned to know at Termonde and Antwerp and Alost. A new army of boys has dug itself in at the Yser, and the same wastage by gun-fire and disease is at work on them. One wonders with the Belgians if the price they pay for honor is not too high. There is a sadness in the eyes of Belgian boy soldiers that is not easy to face. Are we quite worthy of their sacrifice? Why should the son of Ysaye die for me? Are you, comfortable reader, altogether sure that Pierre Depage and

André Simont are called on to spill their blood for your good name?

Then one turns with relief to the Fusiliers Marins—the sailors with a rifle. Here are young men at play. They know they are the incomparable soldiers. The guns have been on them for fifteen months, but they remain unbroken. Twice in the year, if they had yielded, this would have been a short war. But that is only saying that if Brittany had a different breed of men the world and its future would contain less hope. They carry the fine liquor of France, and something of their own added for bouquet. They are happy soldiers—happy in their brief life, with its flash of daring, and happy in their death. It is still sweet to die for one's coun-



Red Cross rescue-station for the Fusiliers Marins

try, and that at no far-flung outpost over the seas and sands, but just at the home border. As we carried our wounded sailors down from Nieuport to the great hospital of Zuydcoote on the Dunkirk highway, there is a sign-board, a bridge, and a custom-house that mark the point where we pass from Belgium into France. We drove our ambulance with the rear curtain raised, so that the wounded men, lying on the stretchers, could be cheered by the flow of scenery. Sometimes, as we crossed that border-line, one of the men would pick it up with his eye, and would say to his comrade: "France! Now we are in France, the beautiful country."

"What do you mean?" I asked one lad, who had brightened visibly.

"The other countries," he said, "are flat and dirty. The people are of mixed races. France is not so."

It has been my fortune to watch the sailors at work from the start of the war. I was in Ghent when they came there, late, to a hopeless situation. Here were youngsters scooped up from the decks, untrained in trenches, and rushed to the front; but the sea-daring was on them, and they knew obedience and the hazards.

They helped to cover the retreat of the Belgians and save that army from annihilation by banging away at the German mass at Melle. Man after man developed a fatalism of war, and expressed it to us.

"Nothing can hit you till your time," was often their way of saying it; "it's no use dodging or being afraid. You won't be hit till your shell comes." And another favorite belief of theirs that brought them cheer was this: "The shell that will kill you you won't hear coming. So you'll never know."

These sailor lads thrive on lost causes, and it was at Ghent they won from the Germans their nickname of "Les demoiselles au pompon rouge." The saucy French of that has a touch beyond any English rendering of "the girls with the red pompon." "Les demoiselles au pompon rouge" paints their picture at one stroke, for they thrust out the face of a youngster from under a rakish blue sailor hat, crowned with a fluffy red button, like a blue flower with a red bloom at its heart. I rarely saw an aging *marin*. There are no seasoned troops so boyish. I came to know their youthful throats. They wear open dickies, which expose the



A year of shelling has flattened Nieuport, but not the spirit of the Breton sailors who live there



Ruined convent school in Nieuport

neck, full, hard, well-rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and

these sailors have the throat of youth. We must once have had such a race in our cow-boys and Texas rangers—level-eyed, careless men who know no masters, only equals. The force of gravity is heavy on an old man. But *marins* are not weighted down by their equipment nor muffled with clothing. They go bobbing like a cork, as though they would always stay on the crest of things. And riding on top of their lightness is that absurd bright-red button in their cap. The armies for five hundred miles are sober, grown-up people, but here are the play-boys of the western front.

From Ghent they trooped south to Dixmude, and were shot to pieces in that "Thermopylæ of the North."

"Hold for four days," was their order.

They held for three weeks, till the sea came down and took charge. During those three weeks we motored in and out to get their wounded. Nothing of orderly impression of those days remains to me. I have only flashes of the sailor-soldiers curved over and snaking along the battered streets behind slivers of wall, handfuls of them in the *hôtel de ville* standing

around waiting in a roar of noise and a bright blaze of burning houses—waiting till the shelling fades away.

Now for twelve months they have been holding wrecked Nieuport, and I have watched them there week after week. There is no drearier post on earth. One day in the pile of masonry thirty feet from our cellar refuge the sailors began throwing out the bricks, and in a few minutes they uncovered the body of a comrade. All the village has the smell of desolation. That smell is compounded of green ditch-water, damp plaster, wet clothing, blood, straw, and antiseptics. The nose took it as we crossed the canal, and held it till we shook ourselves on the run home. Thirty minutes a day in that soggy wreck pulled at my spirits for hours afterward. But those chaps stood up to it for twenty-four hours a day, lifting a cheery face from a stinking cellar, hopping about in the tangle, sleeping quietly when their "night off" comes. As our chauffeur drew his camera, one of them sprang into a bush entanglement, aimed his rifle, and posed.

I recollect an afternoon when we had



Breton sailors ready for their noon meal in a village under daily shell-fire. At the right stands Dr. Casper Warren Burton of Cincinnati, who came from Dr. Grenfell in Labrador



"Les demoiselles au pompon rouge." Even the wounded of the Fusiliers Marins are light-hearted



Breton sailors and Algerian Zouaves in a street in ruined Nieuport

word of an attack. We were grave, because the Germans are strong and fearless.

"Are they coming?" grinned a sailor.
"Let them come. We are ready."

We learned early that it is not wise to treat a *marin* treacherously. He will wade through a machine-gun to wipe it out. Once the Germans near Nieuport made a sudden sortie and overtook a *marin* doctor, wounded, but still caring for his wounded. They gave him and his patients the bayonet.

Then the sailors, reinforced, came back with a counter attack, and reached the Red Cross post. There they found their favorite doctor dead. They swept on, surrounded the German detachment, and bayoneted the men and the officer who had ordered the murder. One man they spared, and they sent him back to the German lines to tell what *marins* do to an enemy that strikes foully.

We had known that doctor. Later, at Nieuport, we learned to know many of the Fusiliers Marins and to grow fond of them. How else could it be when we went and got them, sick and wounded, dying and dead, two, six, ten of them a day, for many weeks, and brought them in to the Red Cross post for a dressing, and then on to the hospital? I remember a young man in our ambulance. His right foot was shot away, and the leg above was wounded. He lay unmurmuring for all the tossing of the road over the eight miles of the ride. We lifted him from the stretcher, which he had wet with his blood, into the white cot in "Hall 15" of Zuydcoote Hospital. The wound and the journey had gone deeply into his vitality. As he touched the bed, his control ebbed, and he became violently sick at the stomach. I stooped to carry back the empty stretcher. He saw I was going away, and said, "Thank you." I knew I should not see him again, not even if I came early next day.

There is one unfading impression made on me by those wounded. If I call it good nature, I have given only one element in it. It is more than that: it is a dash of fun. They smile, they wink, they accept a light for their cigarette. It is not stoicism at all. Stoicism is a grim holding on, the jaws clenched, the spirit dark, but enduring. This is a thing of

wings. They will know I am not making light of their pain in writing these words. I am only saying that they make light of it. The judgment of men who are soon to die is like the judgment of little children. It does not tolerate foolish words. Of all the ways of showing you care that they suffer there is nothing half so good as the gift of tobacco. As long as I had any money to spend, I spent it on packages of cigarettes.

When it came my time to say good-by, my sailor friend, who had often stopped by my car to tell me that all was going well, ran over to see the excitement. I told him I was leaving, and he gave me a smile of deep-understanding amusement. Tired so soon? That smile carried a live consciousness of untapped power, of the record he and his comrades had made. It showed a disregard of my personal feelings, of all adult human weakness. That was the picture I carried away from the Nieuport line—the smiling boy with his wounded arm, alert after his year of war, and more than a little scornful of one who had grown weary in conditions so prosperous for young men.

I rode away from him, past the Coxyde encampment of his comrades. There they were as I had often seen them, with the peddlers cluttering their camp—candy men, banana women; a fringe of basket merchants about their grim barracks; a dozen peasants squatting with baskets of cigarettes, fruit, vegetables, foolish, bright trinkets. And over them hovered the boys, dozens of them in blue blouses, stooping down to pick up trays, fingering red apples and shining charms, chaffing, dickering, shoving one another, the old loves of their childhood still tangled in their being.

So when I am talking about the sailors as if they are heroes, suddenly something gay comes romping in. I see them again, as I have so often seen them in the dunes of Flanders, and what I see is a race of children.

"Don't forget we are only little ones," they say. "We don't die; we are just at play."



"The Pearl Necklace," by Jan van der Meer
(Detail from engraving by Timothy Cole)



“The Pearl Necklace,” by Jan van der Meer

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

TO lift a melody of Wagner's from its harmony is not harder upon the composer than to take a detail out of the ensemble of color, light, and shade created by an artist like Jan van der Meer. But that is what has happened here to the little lady in the gray satin and canary-colored jacket, edged with ermine, who keeps her vigil before a hanging mirror in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum of Berlin. Here, alas! the mirror has disappeared, and all but a little of the intervening mass of shadowed blue drapery heaped about the gleaming blue of a large Oriental jar. Gone, too, is the slit of window through which soft sunshine plays upon a saffron curtain, and then spreads in a web of vibrating luminosity over the bare, gray wall. Not less lightly than one strand of floss-silk lies upon another, the luminosity envelops the girl's profile, the blonde hair drawn back by a scarlet ribbon, and the fingers toying with the necklace of pearls. The face is homely, no shapeliness is wedded to the plumpness of her arms, no grace to her figure; yet there are few little ladies in art for whom exists such a unanimity of admiration.

She is part of one of her creator's choicest harmonies, a standing instance of the truth that beauty is not so much a positive as a relative thing, a product of values or qualities organized into a unity of harmonious relations. The values or tone qualities in this case are based upon the combi-

nation of blue and yellow, a favorite color scheme of Meer's, whose preference in the works of his maturity, of which this is one, was for cool harmonies, saved from chillness by a little introduction of warm colors; in this picture, for example, the dull, dark red of the chair and the lively note of scarlet in the hair. Upon this simple base, by modulating the tones of the colors and the rhythms of greater and less degrees of light, in a dancing scale that runs from the opaque black of the frame of the mirror up to the white high lights of the ermine, the artist has created a harmony of relations that not only is completely unified, but also has the life-like quality of vibration. The picture thrills as thrills a movement of music executed by a string quartet.

Meer had been forgotten even in his native city of Delft, and his few pictures—thirty in all—had been attributed to other painters, when early in the sixties of the last century his name and his fame were resuscitated by the French critic E. J. T. Thoré, better known by his pen-name, “W. Bürger.” It was then recognized that the work of this artist, done during a comparatively short life of forty-three years (1632–1675) with exacting taste and a skill of craftsmanship marvelously accomplished, had anticipated with consummate realization the modern motives of painting. He was hailed as par excellence the painters' painter.





The Get-away

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "A Child's Heart," "The Highest Power," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

IN the first place, I want it clearly understood that this story is no burlesque, but a straight record of fact. Indeed, I am almost afraid to write it, since the generation in which we live is as yet so wrong-minded that instead of extending sympathy to Paul Brockway, as it should, it may be inclined to laugh at him. But there is more than one young man walking about upon two legs to-day who has shared Paul's fate; many a young man who reads this will feel the blush of hot shame mounting to his face as he remembers ignominious get-aways that he himself has been forced to make, awful palpitating moments when, torn with embarrassment, chivalry, and false modesty, he has been forced into positions like Paul's.

This is frankly a story with a message; far from being written with levity, this is propaganda. I say it openly, I am not serving you a sugar-coated pill; so when you read the sad story of Paul Brockway, pause and think. Face boldly the conditions of life which actually confront us, and which, because of the European War, are going to grow steadily worse and worse, and then set briskly about creating a public opinion by which men may meet circumstances of this kind with the grace and dignity of self-approval with which women may meet them. Talk about a double standard of morality! Here 's a double standard with a vengeance. When it is all right and decent for women, why it is made so fiendish, so soul-searing, so ignominious, and so low-down for men, I can't tell you. It is, and it ought not to be—not with the world as it is.

Paul's tragedy began by listening to the venomous counsels of Hemmingway, the philosopher. Hemmingway sat upon his piazza surrounded by beautiful children of his own begetting, a charming and able wife, whose eye was at once both humorous and cynical, and a philosophy that harked back from some forgotten era of the nineteenth century.

"Women," he boomed, "need to be made love to; only by making love to women can you get to know them. 'It 's the only way for a man of intelligence to begin an acquaintance with a woman—to make love to her.'" A beautiful blond child perched itself on each of his capacious knees. Caressing their heads, he continued to talk convincingly a philosophy of life suited to an earlier and less-dangerous day. "Marriage," he continued, with an optimism totally unsupported by any fact, "as we now see it in its binding bourgeois phases, will shortly disappear. Men and women are too far apart. More men should know more women. Don't you agree with me, Consuela?" He appealed to that slender and deep-bosomed daughter of Neptune, Consuela Dare, Paul's betrothed. Consuela turned a smoldering eye on Hemmingway.

"No," she said coldly.

"Now, what Paul needs is to make love to some woman if he 's to make you happy, Consuela."

"I 'll attend to being happy myself," said Consuela, darkly. At this Hemmingway's wife laughed a short and mocking laugh. Subtly it was turned against Hemmingway.

"But you, Consuela, you like to be made love to. I make love to you myself."

"Do you?" said Consuela, flushing angrily under her tan.

"Don't you know it, Consuela? You slapped me the last time I kissed you. No, it was the time before the last that you slapped me."

"How could I know you were doing what you call 'making love'!" said Consuela.

Hemingway's wife again laughed maddeningly.

"You're very subtle, Consuela," Hemmingway went on, "and how shall an inexperienced man like Paul—"

"I'm not so darned inexperienced," Paul broke in. Poor fellow, he was easily drawn.

Here it was that Peggy DeWitt spoke.

"Paul, don't you want some more experience?" said she, putting her face about four inches from his and smiling mockingly into it.

"Sure!" said Paul.

"We're both engaged," Peggy reminded him; "it's our duty to enrich our lives for the partners of our joys. Come ahead!" They disappeared, Paul having the rejoicing emotion of a small boy playing hooky; besides, he had not relished the fact that right under his eyes Consuela had been flirting with Hemmingway. Obviously he owed her one.

Paul Brockway had led an unusually sheltered life. He had lived in groups of people where men preponderated over women. Since leaving college, four years before, he had spent time in some strange places: he had been in the far North, he had gone to Africa with a moving-picture man. On his latest return from the wild places of the earth he had seen Consuela and become engaged to her. He knew as little about modern life or women as Hemmingway, who, looking at it over a frieze of his children's heads, could still talk in terms of the nineteenth century.

When Paul returned alone, with the irritating look of a cat who has swallowed a canary, Consuela was there waiting for him. The atmosphere was sultry.

"Surely, Consuela, you're not so bourgeois," inquired Hemmingway, "as not to perceive that Paul has done this for you alone?"

"I can't stand Peggy DeWitt," replied Consuela, her bosom heaving, "and I will not see her make a monkey out of Paul!"

"You're unreasonable," said Paul. He did not like the phrase "make a monkey of."

Consuela clenched her fists.

"I will not have you act like a fool with girls I perfectly dislike," she asserted.

Despite Hemmingway's saying admiringly, "I'd give ten years of my life to have a girl love me like that," they quarreled.

With a feeling that marriage was about to shut confining jaws upon him and that he must have one little day of experience before that time arrived,—these ideas had carefully been inserted there by Hemmingway,—Paul flung himself into his motor.

"Don't come back," said Consuela, flamingly, "until you can stop acting like a fool." "Which means," Hemmingway interpreted, "until you can do everything she tells you to."

The automobile has had a profound effect upon the course of courtship. A man can arrive and leave with a celerity and unexpectedness that has been impossible hitherto. Paul let the road lead him; he did not know this part of New England well. Nightfall found him in a quiet and beautiful village. An old white church with a lovely and aspiring tower fronted a green common; the wide streets on each side held a double row of elms. Even the town hall had escaped burning up. No one knows why New England town halls do burn up, but this has been for a long time their characteristic. Ancient houses, their yards full of flowering shrubs, slumbered under the shady elms. A motor-car seemed almost an impertinence here, so much did one appear to have turned back the hand of time.

Paul, whose senses and sensibilities had all been sharpened by the exciting occurrences of the day, fancied himself in a fabled country. The town had a dream-



“There was that about her that charmed Paul and made him sorry for her.”

like mellowness that ill accorded with the fiction common to New England that had fallen Paul's way. He asked the name of the town at the post-office, and was told that it was Lebanon, a wooing word. It was a town that called for companionship and conversation. So, in a spirit of adventure rather than of scorn for the small hostelry, he asked who it was in town that might give a night's lodging, and learned from a clerk in a store that the Kellogg girls took in summer folks sometimes.

The house that had been pointed out to him was a sweet, rambling place, with sweet things growing about it; flowers and shrubs were in the yard. It was set back from the road, and one walked up a long brick path under sentinel sycamore-trees. On the front porch a lady was sitting. She was dressed, though Paul, naturally, did not know that, in a filmy sprigged dimity. Her beauty was of fragile delicacy; her dark eyes had a haunting and melancholy look. There was that about her that charmed Paul and made him sorry for her. He hoped that she was Miss Kellogg. She was. He hoped—and his tone was flattering—she had a room. The flattery of his voice did not escape her. It surprised from her a smile as dim as moonlight on a lake.

There was a charming air of faded gentility about the place; things had grown threadbare, as though loving hands had overbrushed and overpolished them. Old things shone dimly, and made mellow and caressing notes of color. He sat at ease, dreaming no evil, thinking no guile, utterly off his guard. A fine adventurous mood was that of poor Paul's. He was ready for anything.

He heard giggles within, young and hoidenish laughter, voices saying:

"Is it alive? Where did you get it, Aunt Miriam?"

"Hush! hush! He'll hear you." This was from her whom Paul had already fatuously named "the Lovely Lady."

"In a motor-car, o-oh! o-oh! I like his looks."

"'Sh!" Again the Lovely Lady's voice mumbled something.

They burst out on him. They were young; one could n't tell whether the blonde or the brunette was older. They were pretty, the brunette dimpled, alluring, with bold, laughing eyes. Her mouth was made up as though for a kiss, and she stood nearer to Paul than there was any need. The blonde was slender, rose-leaf tinted, appealing. With a confiding gesture she sat down very near him in a little attitude of drooping expectancy. To take her hand would have been the most natural thing in the world.

How it happened Paul never remembered afterward, but he was soon in a game of romps, chasing Louise—for the two were quaintly named Clara and Louise Kellogg—about the long lawn. She dodged him through the syringa-bushes; she led him a chase up a little hill, flaunting, alluring, making a pretense at repelling. When he finally captured her in a grape arbor, what on earth was there for him to do but to kiss her, I ask you? He did it; I never pretended that Paul Brockway shunned the obvious. When they came back, Louise protesting, pouting with an innocent air, then before the rest insolently daring him to kiss her.

The Lovely Lady had aged; the silent years seemed to have slid over her in his absence. She sat quiet, composed, a generation away. Perhaps it was not their bounding vitality that had so wiped her out as their calm assumption of her belonging to another generation. "Aunt," "Aunt Miriam," "Auntie," dropped ceaselessly from their lips; and yet there was no line upon her brow, no dimming of her quiet color. She could not, Paul reflected, have been a day over thirty, if she was that; but one could not imagine her getting kissed in a grape arbor on sight, as it were, and somehow that episode was more exciting than the moonlit vistas of shy companionship which friendship with her offered him.

After dinner he found himself helping her with the dishes. Then there were more romps with Louise. She managed to do these things without giving the effect of any vulgarity. There was a spon-

taneity in her high good humor, a heady quality about her bold, alluring ways. She was simply the sort of girl, Paul reflected, one had to kiss. God had evidently created her for that purpose, and she seemed to be perfectly willing to fulfil the designs of the Almighty.

A little out of breath, his pulses hammering, a feeling of being "a devil of a fellow" surging over him, he sat down on the front porch. The Lovely Lady was there; she looked at him with an unfathomable glance that suddenly made his heart beat faster, and that seemed to implore him mutely:

"Don't send me back into the shadow of years; don't envelop me with a fictitious mantle of age. You see, I'm young as spring, and as shy." Impulsively Paul said:

"Won't you take a turn to-morrow in my car?"

She hesitated; she smiled at him with adorable shyness.

"Oh, do come!" urged Paul.

"Very well," she said; and from the tone of her voice Paul gathered the touching information that this to her was a great adventure.

"It takes very little to satisfy some women," he reflected; and thought with anger of Consuela Dare who exacted so much of a man.

She left him. In a moment the blonde Clara was beside him. The front porch had benches running the length of it; four people might have sat there; Clara, evidently making room for two ghostly visitors, sat close to him. She looked up, her blue melting eyes in his face:

"I'm glad you've come," she said softly.

"So am I," responded silly, innocent Paul.

"You are not just going to pass through Lebanon?" Her voice quivered a little. There was a touching quality to her that made Paul wish to comfort her.

"I think I'll stay a day or so," he said. A sigh of deep relief escaped her.

From within came Louise's voice:

"Clara!" it called.

"Yes," responded Clara, indolently.

"Auntie wants you."

"All right," said Clara, amiably; she did n't move. "I don't care if she wants me," she announced in a gently triumphant tone. The low footfall of the Lovely Lady was heard. "Do you want me, Auntie?" called Clara.

"No, dear." Clara smiled subtly.

"Clara?" said Louise.

Clara arose softly.

"Let's walk," she said. There was a little thrill in her voice. "The streets are so sweet at night, with the linden-trees in bloom."

There was a witchery about her. Unresisting, Paul followed. They moved away like shadows, without speaking, wrapt in some vague enchantment. They were down at the gate before Louise's voice was again heard:

"Clara!" Under the electric light one might have observed that Clara again smiled subtly.

Time moved swiftly with Paul the next day. By the time dinner was over he had a little bit the feeling as though the movement had been as rapid as that in a moving-picture show. Between Clara and Louise he began to have a slightly breathless feeling. He strolled down to the end of the garden by himself, smoking to catch his breath, to reflect, complacently, upon their rather open-mouthed expression when he had driven off with "Auntie."

At the other side of the gray picket-fence there was a rustic grape arbor; from the inside of the grape arbor came a rustling of skirts; a charming head protruded now, framed in vine leaves and delicate tendrils of brown curls—a face full of delicacy and piquancy, the nose tilted up, the wide, golden-brown eyes wild, while the mouth, with its delicately fashioned corners, was sophisticated. She had a long, straight throat.

"Hello, man!" she remarked.

"Hello, girl!" responded fatuous Paul.

"I am not a girl," responded the sophisticated mouth, which, despite its words, held a wild wood note; "I'm a widow, thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Paul, the obvious.

"Come over and sit in my hammock with me," now invited the widow. "My name is Simone Drummond, and I'm terribly bored."

"We'll soon alter that," said Paul.

"Oh, will we?" said Simone, clasping her hands. "Are you sure we will?"

"Absolutely," said Paul, who now, poor thing, was feeling slightly wicked and Anthony Hopeish.

They talked. She was young and lovely; she had been unhappy; when what she referred to as "his horrid estate" was settled, she would be rich. Paul need n't think because she used the vocabulary of levity that she had no mind; she had. She was a Feminist, very advanced; she hinted that her life had been such that only her natural goodness had kept her from being driven to extremes of opinion. Was Paul a Feminist? Oh, yes, indeed; Paul was anything that she liked. Oh, he held advanced views, most advanced! Did he believe in Ellen Key?

Paul had never heard of that lady, so he believed in her devoutly.

And why on earth was Louise Kellogg lashing up and down her back yard like a lioness deprived of her prey?

This, Paul wittily remarked, he could not tell her.

They both laughed at this. Already they were in that perilous state of mind when anything serves for a joke between a man and a woman. How advanced he was he now proved by dishing up some of Hemmingway's philosophic trash about men and women being more adventurous together.

When he left, it was almost supper-time.

"One gets acquainted quickly in a desert," she remarked.

After supper he sat on the porch with the Lovely Lady. She had been young when she drove with him, touchingly so; but now the shadows of age had again mysteriously shut in about her. Despite her smooth skin, there was that about her that foreshadowed spinsterhood in a way that to Paul was touching and unbearable.

"She's worth the whole lot of them," he thought vaguely. "The whole lot of them" stretched very wide, almost reaching the place where Consuela dwelt.

You may have observed that up to now Paul has had but little time to moon about concerning Consuela. What he was aware of was not having time enough for talk with the Lovely Lady.

His reflection concerning the Lovely Lady was now fulfilled by the appearance of a little shell-tinted wren of a girl. She was round and small, with quantities of soft, drab hair, gold at the points. She stood in a charming embarrassment before them. When she was introduced to Paul, she merely let her eyes rest on him like those of a child and said nothing. She was very young; there was something about her both touching and pleasing.

Her name, it seemed, was Clover Branch. Soon after having imparted this information to Paul, the Lovely Lady excused herself. She seemed, Paul reflected, to be always doing this in favor of the very young.

There was a silence; then, after a long sigh, Clover said:

"Oh, how I wish I were pretty like Clara and Louise!"

Paul found nothing whatever to say to this remark, which embarrassed him, except, "Why?"

To this Clover replied, with limpid innocence:

"So you'd like me better."

"I like you as you are," said Paul. What else would you have expected him to say?

"You've passed my house a hundred times and never looked at me." Her voice was like the mourning of a dove; and now he perceived that it was a dove and not a wren that she resembled.

"And where do you live?" said Paul.

"Next door."

Up to this there had been only one next door to Paul.

Then she covered her face with her hands.

"It's awful," she said, "it's awful for me to have come over here just to get



“‘Come over and sit in my hammock with me,’ now invited the widow. ‘My name is Simone Drummond, and I’m terribly bored’”

introduced! Oh, what will Clara and Louise say!" She fled.

You naturally expect; don't you, that Paul soon offered to take Clover Branch to ride in his motor? Your expectations are not disappointed.

TURN on the hands of the clock for an extraordinarily busy week. I mentioned before that Simone was fair and young and had been unhappy; you will not have forgotten that they started off with "Paul and Simone." But also, living in a house with them, it was astonishing how much time he found for persiflage—and this word is a euphemy—with Clara and Louise, and since Clover Branch had hung over the fence and looked at him with dove eyes and said, "Oh, take me for just a turn!" he had done so. As the French say, "What would you have?"

Alone, the Lovely Lady had faded out of the picture. At the end of a week Paul was no longer feeling like a devil of a fellow, which sustaining emotion had borne him along at such a headlong speed. Indeed, at this belated day the idea was beginning to penetrate Paul that it was about time to "pull out of here." There are situations when you either go on or you don't.

There was that night a strawberry sociable at the church, and Paul invited to it the Lovely Lady. She seemed surprised.

"Why, if you really want me—" she hesitated.

"I really do," said Paul, earnestly. She smiled at him. Paul had the uneasy feeling that it was compassionately that she smiled, and comprehendingly. He wanted to shout to her, "No, I am not hiding behind you; I like you best." But naturally there are some things one cannot say, though during the week Paul had found a great many more things had been said than he had hitherto dreamed possible in this vale of tears. He was in a distinctly ungrateful frame of mind. There was a pasha-like blaséness about Paul at this moment, a feeling of satiety of a sort that had made him think when Clara had

frisked before him not long before, "Hang it! I can't kiss everybody, you know!"

Now mark what may befall a man in a short time.

It was six forty-five, and supper was over. Not until a quarter past eight would one start for the sociable. The voices of Clara and Louise in altercation reached his ears:

"Widow or no widow," came Clara's voice, "I should think you 'd be ashamed to use a harpoon the way you do. You began the very first night he came here. You know it."

"Well, I like *that*!" Louise cried in response. "*I* began the very first night, and *you!* Harpoon!" just indignation choked her. "Let me tell you, Clara Kellogg, I prefer to be a harpoon than a piece of fly-paper!"

Contrary to his intention, Paul removed himself to smoke his cigarette at Simone's. A week has passed, remember—a week in a desert! A week filled with the companionship of a swiftly moving and perilous friendship; a week full of windy talk about the equal place in the world of men and women; a week where they had brandished their spears against the old demon Convention, where they had had the fine, heady feeling of being free spirits. She allured him and eluded him; she led him on, and fled from him only to return to him again; she was a sweet, soft thing, a delightful thing. Paul was everything except in love with her. He had been making love to her, or was it she who had made love to him? But there was a limit somewhere. "What the devil do you do with them when you have made love to them?" was what he was beginning to ask himself. There was no place to go but on, thought he despairingly, and "on" precisely was just where Paul was not going to go. There was, though the reader may have forgotten it, Consuela.

He went over, meaning to tell Simone that he was going, and somehow—now here we come to the meanness of men's situation—he felt like a skunk in having to tell her that.

Why, I ask you? Had Simone at this

moment pronounced the word "Good by," and vanished, our sympathies would be with her; but there is not a man living who does not know how difficult these words would be to speak to a woman in these circumstances, especially as they greeted each other as though they had not seen each other for years.

"Paul!"

"Simone!" Their hands clasped.

He sat down moodily; the disgust of too much life enveloped him, the conversation between Clara and Louise jangled disagreeably in his ears.

For Paul the hour had struck; right or wrong he was through. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, just as girls get through in similar circumstances.

"Paul?" Simone's voice came quivering out of the dark—"Paul, we can't go on like this."

"No," said Paul, gloomily.

"We are not children," said Simone.

Paul said nothing.

Simone put her hand on Paul's; her golden-brown eyes were fixed on him appealingly.

"We 'd better go in; it 's mosquitoy out here."

Paul muttered uneasily. There was no Anthony Hopeishness about him this time, you perceive.

"Paul, this has been too intense to go on in the usual way; it has taken us and whirled us up."

"Uh-huh," said Paul.

"I know you 'll understand what I 'm going to do, Paul. I suppose you are n't ready to marry,—men of your age rarely are in a position to,—but *I* am, Paul. I have plenty for both of us."

Paul felt as though a blood-cell had burst inside of his brain. This was what things had led to; he was being proposed to!

You know what he felt like? He felt like a cad; he felt like an oaf; he wished he had never been born; he begged her to forgive him; he was beside himself. Not that he showed it, for it was as though he were frozen. It was Simone who mobilized first, and vanished in the dusk.

I ask you, when women do things like this, must n't we reconstruct our point of view? Men must be allowed to refuse the unwelcome advances of ladies with dignity; and yet there are prehistoric reptiles like Hemmingway still on earth who not only uphold the old theory that you must never let a woman bat an eye at you in vain, but also that you must begin this nefarious business yourself.

When a woman refuses a man, how does she feel? Properly pained, we trust, but perfectly in her own right, dignified, and aware of her virtue. And how does a man feel? Like the things that crawl, of course; like the worm, like the hound.

Since it is being done every day, civilization must find a way out of this *impasse*.

I plead for Paul. He and Simone had jumped into this together; to be sure, Paul knew that he was engaged, and Simone did not. On the other hand, Simone began it. Girls have often done the same. And then, besides, it was not the engagement; they each took their chances. In fiction we always have it the other way around, but life splits at fifty and fifty for us.

He gathered himself together, and with great precaution he walked around to his own abode with the view of eluding Clara and Louise until it should be time to take their Aunt Miriam to the sociable. He was drenched in humiliation. He had deceived a perfectly nice woman into proposing to him; he wished to God that he had a keeper. A glad thought shot through him. He had one; there sat the able, hot-tempered, and ardent Consuela ready to perform this much-needed task.

A voice in the gloom assailed his ears. It was the little voice of Clover Branch.

"Good evening, Mr. Brockway," said she; "don't forget you promised to take me for a little turn to-morrow morning."

He followed over the fence.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "I can't take you; I 'm leaving."

"You 're—y-you 're leaving?" Her voice faltered.

"Yes, leaving." He wished to God it

did n't sound so like Weber and Field's. What a fool he was, anyway!

"Oh dear! oh dear!" wailed Clover. "Oh, I 'm so disappointed! I lo-love m-motoring, and n-nobody but that red-headed Wharf boy ever takes me here." She wept.

"There, there," comforted Paul, "don't cry!" He sat down beside her. She continued to sob. It was too distressing. A great pity for this child's narrow life surged over Paul. He sat beside her on the bench for some time, comforting her, saying little kind things to her. In the end he kissed her. For a moment she sat with her head on his shoulder saying,

"I know I 'm a fool, but it 's all right now."

He sat there until it was time to go. He said good-by to her kindly; then, since she held her face up toward him, again he kissed her.

While he was eating strawberry ice-cream with the Lovely Lady, the voice of Mrs. Branch smote his ears:

"No," said she, "Clover ain't told me a thing about it *yet*; but I can see for myself how things are."

"Well, you know these city chaps," replied another unseen voice, "are mighty slippery."

With a vehemence into which the purpose of a lifetime had been compressed, "Slippery nothing!" replied Mrs. Branch. "All I 've got to say is that *what my two eyes have seen let no man put asunder!*"

The Lovely Lady's eyes sought his. Alas! laughter was in them!

"Run," she said in a low voice. "You said you were going to-morrow; go to-night. A good-natured thing like you has

n't one eighth of a chance in a town like this."

Have they a chance anywhere, I wonder, except in those sheltered safe portions of the globe that Paul had inhabited? Women like Miriam are rarer every day. Every day we see returning from the fray able young Valkyries like Louise with heroes across their saddle-bows. Every day we see swains stuck helplessly in the fly-paper spread by crafty Claras.

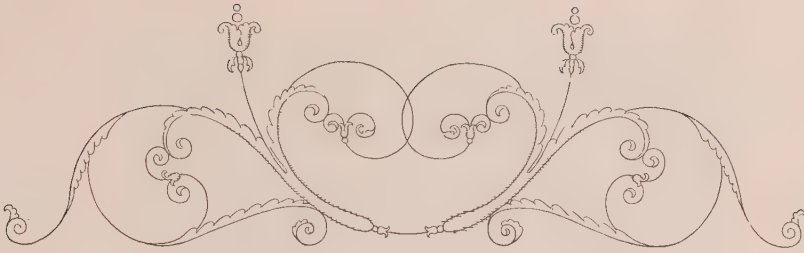
Meanwhile, through the night, Paul Brockway, withered up in shame and humiliation, was speeding toward Consuela and safety. Broad and vulgar Comedy had pursued him to Simone Drummond, where Tragedy had brushed him with its wing, and now that nothing should be wanting to his abasement, grotesque Farce had stepped in to do its awful work upon his spirit.

In his flight through the darkness Paul felt as though pursued by witches; the world seemed full of able young women who could up and marry a man against his will before you could say Jack Robinson. Not in early Hebrew days did any pursued victim seek sanctuary more gladly than Paul. A little while before and the altar had seemed to him a prison; now it was deliverance.

He arrived rather late. Hemmingway was on the piazza. Paul perceived that nothing had changed. Hemmingway's voice boomed out in the darkness, "You only learn to understand them by making love to them."

"Understand hell!" thought Paul as he ascended the steps toward the haven of safety. "I suppose you only learn to understand dynamite by exploding it!"





Night-motoring

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE high moon swinging before,
And the big car swaying,
Lifting the grade with a roar,
Swerving and sliding,
Leaping and purring, and playing
With its insolent power, and checking and drifting and gliding!
The stare and glare of the light that scouted before us
From a lip of curved shadow etched out the detail of the road
Like a white, incandescent river, rippling and fleet, flowing to meet
Our swift tire's muffled and crisping, monotonous chorus—
Hallelujah! the stride that we strode!

The wind whipped our cheeks till all being softened and glowed
Or flashed with a glacial brilliance, and throbbed in our ears
A steady pulsation surmounting and merging all fears
And cares in some spirit triumph beyond the years.

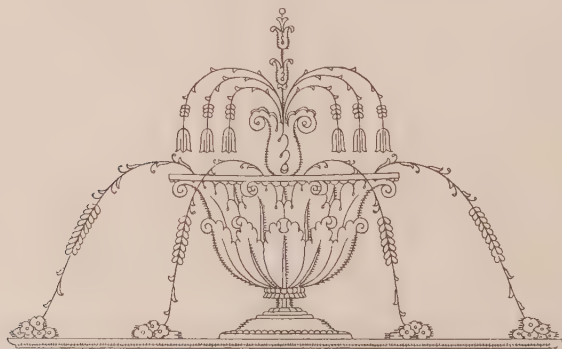
Things lunged at us out of the night,
Great masses of shadow hurled past;
Yellow eyes down the road blazed bright;
Our horn blew a Gabriel blast:
With a fillip of dust they were gone.
Our car swayed on.

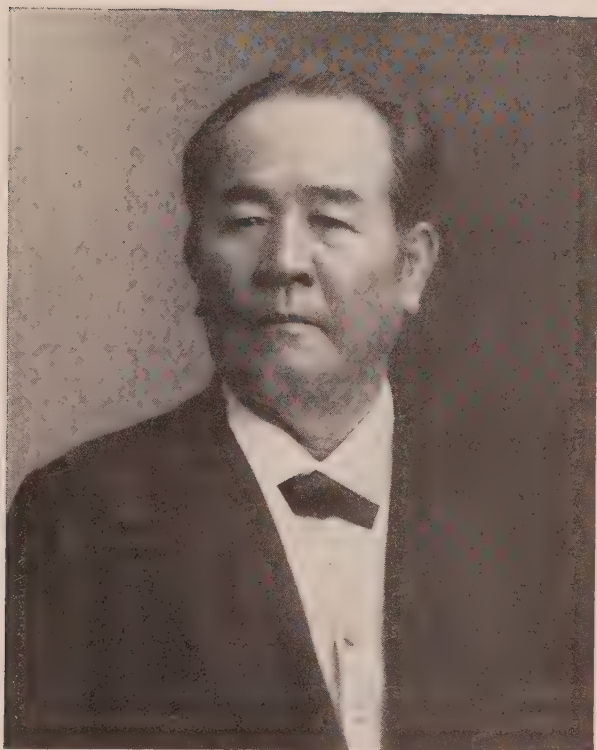
Trees leaped toward our spectral light,
Every leaf, in its ray, yellow-sere with some leprous blight,
It seemed, every leaf-notch distinct!
Grass flowed past, of a poisonous green,
Further shadows were ebony-inked;
Like a painted canvas scene,
Everything flashed unreal and flat to the eye,
Faked, artificial, and mean.
But in distance, beyond the unreeling white fences,
Where the landscape moved more slowly,
The moon, that absolves and dispenses,
Made all things holy.

The square orange windows of farms
Where dark woodlands stretched slumberous arms,
The surging great hills, vague and proud,
The silvery curdle of cloud —
All composed to a wonderful, soft-hued, visual prayer.
The rich, passionate land lay bare
To the nuptials of fierce white stars; and the hissing wind in our hair,
That started our strained eyes moist with its swift, cold kiss,
Taught our swooning and leaping blood of this
Strange, sorrow-begetting bliss,
This heart-rending, ecstatic embrace,
Disembodied, that thrills through the tremulous air of night,
Stirring the thought to delirious flight
Into fathomless space.

Corn-shocks, close by, stood out sudden like some weird herd
Of tousled beasts. Like a lion's our greeting purred.
Where the road was mending, each stealthy assassin shadow
Leapt alertly behind its heap of gray cut-stone,
And merged in the dusk of the meadow.

We flew not alone.
By the side of our car its own shadow swayed
And towered in the trees, ran the walls, unafraid
Of the threatened raid from each ambushade
Of crouching houses or lurking hedges.
Far down the road three ruby lights
Appeared at its edges.
We took the planks of a bridge with a rippling jar;
We whirled to the heights;
And then our car
Plunged through a tunnel of purple gloom,
Shaking volleys of bloom
From trespassing boughs and bushes, and flung in a last flight down
To the glow on the sky of the thousand-tentacled town!





男爵 渋澤 栄一

America and Japan

By BARON EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

ALL of us are apt to see a ghost sometimes. The most prosy and practical, the well-meaning, sincere, and the most conscientious of us, see it. Only often it happens that the ghost turns out to be a scarecrow put up there in the midst of his rice-field by Farmer Yosaku. The farmer is honest, sincere, hard-working; a perfectly good citizen, he who put up the scarecrow. He put it up not to make his good neighbors see ghosts; he put it up to scare sparrows. It was not the fault of his good neighbors, either, that they saw a ghost, and swore up and down that they did see it standing right in the middle of Yosaku's field. They were perfectly sincere in the matter. The trouble lay in the necromancy of night and the sloe-eyed witchery of the midnight hour. To turn a ghost into a scarecrow a little sunshine was all that was needed.

My countrymen in California see a

ghost in some—not all—things which are being dealt out to them. The native sons, too, see more than one ghost. Let us take up one phase of the necromancy of misunderstanding of the subject in California.

Some of our American friends seem to confuse the two entirely distinct issues when they discuss the so-called Japanese question in California. That at least is the way it appears to me. One of them is the Japanese immigration into the United States; the other is the just treatment of the Japanese who are already in America—their claim to the right of being treated on an equal footing with any other foreigners who enjoy the same treaty protection from the Government of the United States. As a living issue, the one has nothing to do with the other; for one of them is dead. I mean the immigration question is no longer a living issue between the governments of the United States and Japan.

It has been finished and settled. The agreement popularly known as "a gentleman's agreement" introduced the question into the company of accomplished facts. How well and how scrupulously the Japanese Government has kept its words given to America is a matter of history. It is no secret to any one who wishes to look into it. The immigration of the Japanese labor is effectively stopped by the Japanese Government. Frankly, the people of Japan did not like it any more than a child likes a dose of castor-oil, and they were not so sure about the correctness of that good, old parental formula, "It is the best thing in the circumstances," which the Japanese Government offered to them. Still, once their Government gave its word of honor to keep the agreement, the people took the medicine like a good child. They have not whimpered or sulked about it since.

To-day the Japanese in California are not protesting against this matter at all. They are protesting against the discrimination against the Japanese who are already in California. They are protesting against the land-ownership and other discriminatory laws and legislative acts that are directed against the Japanese, and against no other foreigners, living in the State. Our treaty with America provides for the same protection and treatment as any other foreign people. The Japanese cannot understand why America, whose first name is Fair Play, should deny them the equally fair treatment that others enjoy. Do the treaties between America and Japan call for this discriminatory act on the part of California or justify it? It does n't seem so—to a lay mind like ours. At that, our people are not insisting that they should have the right of owning land in California. Ownership of land in itself is not the thing which troubles the Japanese. If the United States, or the State of California, were to say to all the subjects of the treaty powers that the foreigners cannot own land in California, then the Japanese would submit to that as a simple matter of course. There would be never a word of protest or complaint.

It is the discrimination against the Japanese that is objectionable to us.

Canada does not want our labor immigration, neither does Australia,—in both countries the immigration of Japanese labor is not freely admitted,—but Canada treats our people exactly as she does any other foreigners admitted under the terms and provisions of her treaty stipulations. The Japanese who are in Canada can be naturalized there; they can own land there. Our people are not discriminated against in other matters in any sense.

Here I wish to make it clear that we are not at all blind to the fact that there are many difficulties, constitutional, economic, and other, that surround the solution of this problem in the United States. We are not saying to America or to California: "Here, here are our rights under the treaty. Please fulfil them in the way we think you should fulfil them." Far from it, in fact. We wish to, and I hope we do, approach the United States in the spirit of conciliation and in all friendliness. We wish America to understand that we are ever ready to meet her halfway; that we are mindful of the local difficulties she has to face in effecting a satisfactory solution of it all. Approached in this manner and spirit, I am confident that in time the darkest ghost will turn out to be a scarecrow.

Frank and friendly understanding between America and Japan is particularly imperative at the present time. We have come together in California, your people and mine. But that is a mere incident compared with what the to-morrow has in store for the two peoples. And the place upon which we shall meet on a much wider scale and in vastly more lines of activity than in California will be on the Asian side of the Pacific. China will be the stage for a world drama that is to be. From the point of view of industrial and economic development in a modern sense China is still hardly touched. She will be developed, and very soon. The possibilities there are as great as her resources. China is not able to develop her resources by herself. For one thing, she has not the

adequate capital; she has not a sufficient number of men trained to do the vast and varied work connected with her transformation.

And in China, especially through all the years of her development, there is one thing more important than all the rest: that America and Japan should work there hand in hand in friendly coöperation. This is important for America and Japan, but in a much more vital sense is it important for China herself. And for this reason: America has plenty of capital—cheap money. She will have much more by the time the war is finished. We are told that this European War will do much in shifting the world's financial center from London to New York. If it does not do that exactly, it will certainly make the United States the mistress of huge wealth, and change her from a debtor nation into a great creditor nation.

Japan, on the other hand, lacks capital. At present our banks are suffering from an accumulation of idle funds. But this is temporary; it is an abnormal condition of things that will not last for any length of time. Even to-day, with all her unemployed money, Japan has not the hundredth or one thousandth part of the funds required for the undertaking of developing the resources of continental Asia.

But Japan has men—men able, trained, and capable of holding the positions of managers, engineers, and foremen.

Now, when American capital enters China, it will find something much harder than "lining up against a Chinese poem." It will find that it is well nigh impossible to secure even a small number of native Chinese of sufficient training and ability to handle the machinery and direct the unskilled native labor. American capital might import a large number of American engineers and foremen; but that would be piling inconvenience on top of economic extravagance. Moreover, Americans of skill and experience in mining enterprises and in other industrial undertakings who may be imported into China find themselves as "green" and helpless as a proverbial new-born babe in reading the psy-

chology of Chinese labor. They are not versed in the customs of the native race, its traditions, and especially its prejudices. They know very little of the Chinese mode of life. They can tell, perhaps, with great and surprising accuracy, just what a mule is thinking about; but the thoughts of Chinese labor run in a much more complicated orbit than that of a mule. Japanese managers and foremen are much more apt to understand Chinese labor than are Americans. At least they understand Chinese thoughts and habits, and of course the Japanese can be hired much more readily and at much less expense than Americans.

In other words, American capital would find it much more economical to employ Japanese of training and ability to direct and conduct its Chinese undertakings than to bring out men from the United States to any great extent. I have personally seen both of these phases worked out in China and Korea. When I entered the Korean and Chinese fields, I saw at once how futile it was to try to get natives to direct operations. There are a few men both in China and Korea who are able to do this work, but they are rarely available.

Here, then, is a golden opportunity for American capital and Japanese energy to come together. And they can come together in perhaps the weightiest work as far as the shaping of the future destiny of the far East is concerned—in the development of China's resources. If Japan and America insist on working independently and separately, it will be a great waste of expenditure. It will mean something even more serious, the loss of time. The work of bringing about the real new China will be delayed many a long year; for it is absurd on the face of it for Japan to undertake the work single-handed and on a large scale. It has not the money to do so. And American capital would not enter the field because it would find it too expensive, and therefore unprofitable. It would spell stagnation. That in turn spells another long sleep for China.

It's no mere moonshine-mothered

dream that American capital and Japanese energy and ability can work together. They can also make money together. This thing has been translated into many a substantial and profitable fact for years. I know; I can speak from my own little experience. I am interested in a modest gold-mine in Korea. American capital is also interested in it. Chikusan is its name. It was once worked by American interests alone, and was losing money. It is not turning out multimillionaires now, to be sure; still, it is making money in its modest way.

In Japan your General Electric Company has been working with Mitsui people for years and in perfect harmony, with profit to both. There are a number of other examples where the combination of American capital and Japanese work has turned out very happily. And these things have been done at the time when the United States was not looking for foreign investments with any enthusiasm.

China, as everybody knows, offers a tremendous field for railway construction. The impression seems to prevail here and in Europe that Japan does not like to see American capital enter that field. It is all wrong. Of course Japan would not like to see American or any other foreign capital build a line competing with the South Manchurian; but in a richer province of China, where the field is virgin and the venture will be profitable to all concerned, Japan would welcome the entrance of American capital as much as would China, if not more, in fact. The additional establishment of transportation facilities means an extension of the market for our goods. There is absolutely no reason for us to try to fence out American capital from China; there is every reason for us to welcome it.

Of course if American capital entered China and established a spinning-mill on the Yang-tse on a big enough scale to compete aggressively against Japanese goods, there would be a number of Osaka mills, for example, that would rather see it removed elsewhere. But the opposition would be purely individual in that case.

Japan as a nation would welcome the establishment of the American mill, for the presence of successful American investment in China spells a number of other things beside competition with some Osaka mills, and competition is by no means unhealthy. In fact, if the Osaka mills cannot survive the competition of a healthy and friendly rivalry, they should not be in business at all; for out there no business can live unless it is healthy enough to stand against the competition of all the world. And we believe that in order to make American investments profitable, Americans would be the first to see the advantage of commanding Japanese energy and ability in its service. That would mean much for the future of commercial and financial Japan.

Japan desires American coöperation. Let me repeat it; let me put it as emphatically as possible and as clearly as can be. She wishes American capital in Japan proper, in Korea, and in China. There is plenty of room in the far East of to-day for all the American money that the United States can spare. And in the far East of to-morrow there will be still more room. For many years to come we cannot have too much of it.

The international understanding which is based on vested interest has a rather firm foundation. There are few things that make two peoples better acquainted with each other than a community of financial and business interests. I have always maintained that if Americans understood us Japanese, the ax would be laid at the roots of all troubles between the two peoples. A little more sunlight, and all the ghosts and goblins and the haunting shades of suspicion would turn into a scarecrow, the mission in life of which is to scare nothing bigger than a sparrow.

A little more light and a trifle more patience on the part of both, and one thing more; if the Japanese should learn to look at the tangled question through the eyes of the American, I believe our friends the Americans would not find it hard to step into our own shoes and see where and how they pinch.



Barbara

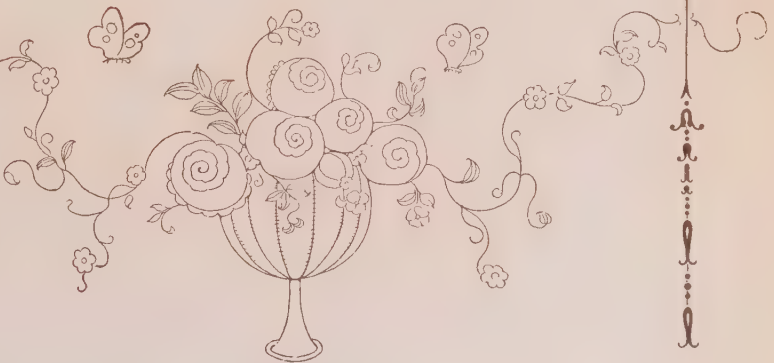
By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

BARBARA, child with the luminous face,
If you had lived in the daintier days,
With your fine, frank ladyhood look of race,
In your decorous cap and sober grace,
Delicate bards would have penned your praise,

Tenderly sung, with a sheltering smile,
Of your "starry gaze" and your "brow of snow,"
And prayed there should never a breath defile
From a world without that is sad and vile;
"Pure" and "secure" would have rhymed, I know.

But, Barbara, this is a sterner age.
We shall ask for your hands to help and heal;
We shall call you soon in the war we wage;
We shall want your tears and your high, white rage,
Your slim, strong shoulder against the wheel.

They 'd have set your beauty within a bower;
But we cannot spare you, we need you so.
You are vital force; you are not a flower.
You are challenge and promise, peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow.

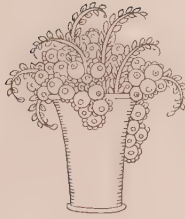




Barbara

"You are challenge and promise, peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow"

Photograph by Rena Cary Sheffield



A Touch of Sun

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

Author of "The First Wardens," etc.

CERTAINLY I stand for culture; in my business I have to. Even in my city, which does n't pretend to be Chicago or New York, the reputation of a street for culture will add six hundred per cent. to the value of its property. The Yews, for example, my own street.

The Yews began at Fourth Avenue. The corner house on the left was the residence of President Larrabee of the Merchant City Bank. Almost opposite stood the residence of Silas Mandin, whose name may be seen on any grand-opera subscription. Next door, as the phrase is, to President Larrabee lived G. M. Burket, formerly treasurer of the Cereals Company, and across the street from him, but spaced so as not to stand exactly opposite, was the home of President Curtis of the United Street Railways. And so on down the street—bank presidents, retired merchants, captains of industry, first one and then another, to the very edge of the district, nearly a mile farther on, at Twelfth Avenue. There was no question but the Yews had a place in the sun.

And its culture was real culture. The sidewalks were shaded by elm-trees just as in the East; the houses were all set back an even one hundred feet from the curb; there were no fences, but only low stone dividing-walls, hardly ankle-high, to serve as marches between the properties; and the lawns were all as carefully manicured as a lady's hand.

I say nothing of the houses. Inside and

out they spoke for themselves. All of them were new and modern, with oil-paintings on the walls and Turkish rugs on the floors. Money could buy no finer.

You will have guessed before this that my specialty is real estate. I can tell you the value of land in six questions. But people? Sometimes I think I know people, and sometimes I think I don't. As, for instance, John Burden.

I am the man who sold John Burden his lot in the Yews. I picked him out. I knew all about him, too,—as much as a man could know from private reports and Bradstreet's,—and see what he did!

This story really begins when Richard Graney, whose place adjoined Burket's, got caught in a bull movement in wheat. Graney was a man who almost had to put up a good front. I've heard say he was not much of a lawyer; but he was good enough to keep his clients impressed. That's me, too. Give me a man who will play up to his part,—a chap with deep, bass-viol chest and big voice and clear skin,—and I'll groom him to be a college president. I'm a large man myself.

Now, Graney was hit near the water-line, and yet, for business reasons, he could n't very well slow down to ten knots. So he came to me; but everybody knew he was hit, just the same. You see, he owned a frontage of three hundred feet on the Yews, exactly twice what his immediate neighbors had, and had been sensible enough to build on the north half

of it. That gave him one hundred and fifty feet he could turn into cash—one hundred and fifty feet on the Yews, at, let us say, three hundred dollars a foot.

"Find me a purchaser who will be a congenial neighbor, you know; some one who can build—ah—suitably, and who has ideals of culture."

"Do you know John Burden?" I asked.
"I know who he is."

I knew he did n't, but no matter. I understood.

"I was wondering if Burden would n't take it," I said. "I 'll see him, if you like."

"By all means," he replied heartily.

"I happen to know he 's looking for a city place."

Now, my statement was true, for Burden had commissioned me to act as his agent in the premises.

"Burden would make a very satisfactory neighbor," said Graney. "The Yews, I 'm sure, would welcome him."

So I got Burden on long distance, and had him run down. John Burden had made his name as a builder of railroads, mostly in the West. It was he who pushed through the D., M. H. & P. trunk-line to the Pacific three months ahead of contract time. It was he who built the Cameron Viaduct. The great Wasatch Tunnel on the R. & E. was also his work. People said he was absolutely honest. That does n't mean much to me, because I always figure on looking out for myself whatever a man is or is n't.

In appearance Burden was tall and gaunt, with high shoulders and long arms out of Ireland; but his square forehead and bushy brows and heavy chin were Scotch. It must have been the Scotch in him that was responsible for his low ideals and lack of artistic perception. I 'm part Irish myself. The Irish are artistic.

There was considerable comment when my neighbors learned that Graney had sold to an outsider. Did they come to me with their questions? *Did n't* they!

"Who is this man Burden who 's bought the Graney lot?" one of them would ask.

"He 's a railroad-builder," I would reply. "He 's rated at from three to five millions."

"Where does he live?"

"Out in the country, above Ashton."

"How old a man is he?"

"Somewhere between forty and fifty."

"How much of a family has he?"

"A wife and three children, ages five to eleven."

And then I would go on and explain about the D., M. H. & P. trunk-line and the Cameron Viaduct and the Wasatch Tunnel.

Pretty soon another would drop in.

"Who is this man Burden?" he would begin.

"He 's a railroad-builder."

And the same questions and answers would follow until the new man knew all that the other knew about Burden and also all that I knew. I did n't altogether like it, for it made it appear too much as if I were personally recommending Burden to all these men, which I was not.

THE Yews watched the growth of Burden's hundred-thousand-dollar house with increasing interest.

"What a lot of windows!" exclaimed one.

"Such a *small* house, is n't it, for the money?"

"Anyhow, the deep porches will help."

"Shower-baths instead of tubs! Ugh!"

"The library up-stairs!"

"His architect may be all right, but he has to show *me*. I never heard of him before."

And then I would have to explain that Burden had gone all the way to California for his architect, which was true, though I could n't tell them why. I don't know why. There were plenty of good architects in my office building, down-town.

But my troubles did n't really begin until after Burden's new house was completed and furnished and occupied.

I 'll admit it: Burden put the clown's cap on us good and proper!

One Thursday afternoon a long line of

wagons drove up into his yard, and left crushed rock, sand, piles of short cement beams, and kegs marked "Gambon Mills."

"It looks like another garage," I thought to myself.

But it was n't. The next morning a gang of laborers appeared with horses and scrapers and a plow. By noon what seemed to be a roadway had been constructed from one side of the lot to the other across the front lawn. Shortly before one, an auto-truck bearing ten heavy steel rails drove up, and at exactly twenty minutes past four the laborers put on their coats, loaded their shovels and sledge-hammers into the wagons, and drove away.

Across the lawn ran one hundred and fifty feet of railroad, clean and strong, perfect in grade, gage, and level, with not so much as a cross-tie or fish-plate or spike or spoonful of crushed rock left over.

A railroad in the man's front yard! Why?

That evening after dinner, and in some cases before, my excited neighbors began arriving to ask *me* that question. Me! How could I tell them why?

"See here, did n't you tell us Burden was such and such and such?"

"I told you who he was and what he did and how much he was worth. That 's all anybody could tell you."

"You 've got to see him, Gamble," they said—just like that.

"What about?"

"About that railroad."

"What 'll I say?"

"You 've got to explain to him how it won't do. You 've got to make him take it out."

I could see Burden as I told him I had come to make him take out that blamed railroad!

"You 've got to, Gamble."

"He owns the lot, does n't he? A man has the right to build a railroad on his own land, has n't he?"

"A legal right, yes."

"Well?"

"You 've got to put it up to him on broader grounds. Here we 've built up a

wonderful street, and he pushes in and spills the beans. Here we 've expressed our highest ideals, the fruit of our best culture; and along comes this barbarian and crowds us out of our place in the sun. All of us! You, too, Gamble!"

"It 's his own land."

"It 's the Yews, Gamble; it 's what the Yews stands for in culture. Literature? Don't we fill the hall when one of those Irish poets lectures? Don't we support the Pigmy Theater? Don't we stand behind the great uplift movement? Put it to him like that."

"Yes, and painting," said another. "Have n't we pictures in our houses that cost, some of them, as high as sixty thousand dollars? Don't we support an art association? Have n't some of us traveled in Italy and France and seen all the old masters?"

"Or music," added another. "Is n't the list of grand-opera patrons made up four fifths from the Yews? Don't we do our share in maintaining the symphony orchestra? Don't we, even though we can't often get down to hear the concerts? Put it to him like that."

I did. I put it up to Burden, just as they told me to, on the broad grounds of culture. What could I do? Did n't I handle all of Larrabee's rental business? And Mandin's and Burket's? With more in sight as soon as Carey's contract with his agent expired? And the big Avery estate looming up on the horizon?

I unloaded my mind without missing a point, and Burden listened until I was through.

"And that 's about all," I said.

"It 's a good deal," he replied, very thoughtful.

And then he began asking questions.

"What do you mean by culture?" That was his first question.

"Culture," said I, "is—is to know and love the best."

Funny how bits of sentences will stick in your mind sometimes to help you out.

"You mean the best that 's been done?"

"Yes, of course."

"And the best that 's being done?"

"That 's it. Now, in the Yews—"

"And the best that can be done?"

"Of course."

"The best what?"

The subject was getting more general, and I was beginning to feel more confidence.

"Art," I replied promptly.

"What do you mean by art?" asked Burden.

"Art? Why—Elbert Hubbard says art is the expression of a man's joy in his work. Literature is art. So is painting. So is music. Art is born of individuality. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image."

"I see," said Burden.

I thought for a moment he was trying to be sarcastic, but it was the ground floor for him. His next sentence showed that.

"And here in the Yews," he continued, "people know and love the best in literature and painting and music?"

"That 's it."

"And that 's why my railroad bothers them so?"

"Yes."

"I see. Funny thing about a railroad, is n't it?"

And that 's all he would say. I had to leave him without getting any definite answer from him about the railroad.

But he took it out. Two evenings later, when I drove up the Yews, there was n't any railroad in sight.

BURDEN was feeling pretty savage the morning after he took that railroad out of his lawn. How do I know? I 've had teeth pulled myself. I 'm a real-estate agent and part Irish. Besides, I made inquiries, later.

So he tried to take his mind off the railroad by thinking of something else. He first called up an old friend of his, Professor Duncan of the English department, Tate University.

"Fred," he said, "can you refer me to a good poet?"—just like that.

"A good poet? The professor's voice showed his amazement—just like that.

"That 's what! A good poet."

"Why—Tennyson 's a good poet, or Browning, or Keats, or Shelley, or—"

"I did n't make myself clear. Some of the men you named are dead. I want a young fellow right here in the city who is alive and knows the job—a good living poet. Get me?"

"I don't believe I know one, John. Good poets are scarce."

"I hoped you might."

"Hold on!" said the professor. The tone of Burden's voice maybe started a train of thought. "What do you want of him?"

"I 'm in a hole, and need a poet."

"A versifier?"

"Would n't do at all. I want a man who knows and loves the best, and can write it himself."

"There 's Archer Windham—"

"Is he the real thing?"

"Oh, Windham 's real enough; but he has n't published anything. He has no audience."

"Hang the audience! I 'll supply the audience. Get him for me, will you, Fred? Ask him to come to my office as soon as possible."

He next called up Sheridan Burns, whom I know well by reputation. Burns is director of the Willis Art Institute. Heaven only knows how a man like Burden ever became acquainted with Burns, but he seemed to be on speaking terms with him.

"This is John Burden talking. How are you?" And then: "Burns," he said, "who is the best young painter in these parts?"—like that.

"What style?"

"Style? I don't get you."

"Academician, Impressionist, Futurist—"

"Oh, that! Suit yourself. I want a good, intelligent man, who has common sense and knows culture, and whose work is absolutely high grade."

"Well, there 's Bruce Avery. He is n't fashionable, but—"

"Can you reach him?"

"Yes."

"Have him come over to my office, will

you? As soon as possible. I want to talk to him."

Burden called up still a third celebrity while the fit was on him—Dr. Ernst Herkimer of the "Musical Review." The nerve of the man! I did n't know it until later, of course.

"Dr. Herkimer, I am looking for a pianist of the ability to give a high-class recital. Can you direct me to one?"

"I can. Two of them."

"Which is the better?"

"Oh, not much choice."

"Are you going to be in your office for a little while?"

"Yes."

"I'll be right over. I can explain my requirements a little better to you face to face. Thank you very much."

I WAS present every time, and saw everything there was to see, but I don't understand it yet. What I mean is, I don't see what Burden was driving at, having a series of parties of a nature so foreign to his tastes.

"Perhaps they were n't so foreign to his tastes," said one of my neighbors, cynically. "They could n't have been more tiresome."

A railroad-builder pretending to go in for culture to that extent!

The first of the series was a literary evening. Burden's darned certified poet dug up some explainers that nobody ever had heard of, and another poet with a foreign name, and some books nobody ever had read, and went to it. Well! Ever hear a highbrow? I have, many a time, and it never feezed me. We have highbrow evenings regularly at the Pigmy Theater, and almost the whole street goes—the uplift and sex stuff and that sort of thing. I can talk highbrow myself.

But this! This lingo was new. What was it about? Search me! Names that never came out of any city directory I ever saw!

But the poet and his pals stuck to it as serious as an endowed playground. They should worry. Burden was paying them. They stuck to it, and proved something, I

don't know what, and then we had refreshments, and talked awhile about—well, not about poetry, naturally, and went home.

Odd to say, as I think back upon that evening, the thing I remember most clearly is the look upon that poet's face when Mrs. David Mills, who seldom ventures to say anything, anyhow, made the remark that she had never seen "David Copperfield" played, as much as she enjoyed Shakspeare.

"'David Copperfield' is by Charles Dickens, Madame," said he.

Mrs. Mills turned pink.

"Dickens, of course! I don't often confuse the older writers, but where there are so many of them—"

As if a person should n't be permitted to slip up once in a while on last year's "Who's Who"! I frequently make worse mistakes than that myself.

The second of Burden's parties was held two weeks later. I will say frankly that if I could have stayed away, I would. But of course I had sold him his lot and then induced him to remove the railroad from his front lawn, where he had a legal right to have it, and I had to go. Larrabee and his wife were there, and the Graneys and the Burkets and quite a number of others, but a good many could n't get out.

This time it was the painter who was the center of the evening, though fortunately there was n't any lecturing to speak of. The house had been turned into a sort of picture-gallery, with special lighting, for the exhibition of this chap's paintings. Now that I think back, I remember it did seem rather odd that a man of his youth should have been able to paint so many pictures. Of course I knew that painters will often dash off a painting in a very short time, especially if it's a masterpiece.

But these were n't masterpieces. No one I knew had ever so much as heard of Bruce Avery before. Besides, you could tell from the prices. The highest was only three hundred dollars, and most of them were rated under one hundred dol-

lars. It 's like a hotel that advertises rooms for fifty cents a night. You know without looking exactly what they are.

However, it might have been worse. Burden had gone to the trouble to have cardboards placed across the bottom of the glass, with the names of the pictures printed on in neat type to make it easier to understand what they were about. And the frames, too, were some of them very good.

We walked up and down through the house looking at the pictures, all of us very polite and appreciative, as far as I could see. They looked like good pictures, considering. I did n't have any trouble understanding them, after I knew their titles.

But that painter chap! It did me good to watch him. Conceited? Why, he could n't hide it! People would walk up and look at one of his pictures marked one hundred dollars, and then criticize it, as they had a perfect right to do, and he would look at them with a lofty smile as if it did n't make any difference, anyhow, what they thought, just as I might look at some farmer I overheard criticizing my office building. He surely thought well of his own work. However, nobody bought any of his pictures, except maybe Burden.

An incident occurred during the evening that embarrassed me very much. As I have said, I regard myself as responsible in a way for what Burden does.

President and Mrs. Larrabee, who have been in Italy, had been looking at the pictures with great consideration, pointing out their defects, but most courteously, and not in public. One of the pictures in the display seems not to have been painted by the local man at all, but somehow it had been supplied with a card and printed title, like the rest. How were the Larrabees to know it was a Bouguereau, with the name covered up like that? They criticized it for drawing and coloring and atmosphere and composition and other defects, just as I might have done, and Burden let them. When they were through, and he told them it was a Bouguereau that

cost \$52,000, naturally they felt very angry. Who would n't?

The third of Burden's parties was announced as a recital by the pianist Henry King. The cultured set up and down the Yews shivered at the thought, but what could they do? The Larrabees excused themselves, as did also the Burkets. But my wife and I went, and the Graneyns, and Mrs. and Miss Curtis, and some of the other prominent opera and symphony supporters.

Mr. King was a great disappointment to every one. One reason may have been because we were not supplied with programs, and there was no way of telling the name of the piece or who the composer was. Another reason was that he wore his hair closely trimmed. He might have been a shoe salesman, for all his appearance indicated. Still another was the manner in which he played. Did you ever see Palefsky? That 's what I mean. I can sit down on a piano-stool myself and run my fingers over the keys. Palefsky plays with his whole body.

"Is n't it too bad," said Miss Curtis to my wife, "that Mr. Burden should have such indifferent cultural ideals?"

"Too bad, but very natural," replied my wife. "Art is the man, you know."

"It may be merely a matter of manner," said Mrs. Curtis the mother.

"True culture selects the high and leaves the low," replied my wife, firmly.

I had to leave them at that point to go and smoke a cigar. My specialty is real estate; but, as I have said, I know culture when I see it, and I know that my wife was right.

At half-past eight the next morning I took the train for the city. At half-past nine I was at work as usual in my office, selecting harmless words for a building contract. At half-past ten I was wanted on long distance by my wife. She often telephoned like that.

The announcement came out of a clear sky, as they say. My wife told me that John Burden had just begun replacing his railroad in his front lawn. A great lot of

workmen, scrapers, grading teams, and wagons loaded with crushed rock and sand, rails, and cross-ties were on hand, and there was no possible doubt about his intentions.

"He 's superintending it himself," she added.

At first I thought I 'd jump on a train at once and see Burden. Then I concluded not to. What was the use? The time to talk to a man like Burden is in the evening, in his study, not on the firing-line where he is at home. I spent the rest of the day trying to make out some sort of connection between those parties and folderols of his and this new outbreak, but without any success.

That afternoon as I drove down the Yews from the station I saw the thing. It was as my wife had said. Across Burden's lawn ran the railroad—embankment, ballast, ties, rails, and all, with not so much as a rose-bush to hide it. And this after I had convinced him he was wrong!

That night a determined committee of property-owners knocked at Burden's door. I was along, mighty glad to stay in the background. We seem to have been expected, for we were shown at once upstairs into the library. As we passed through, I noticed one of Bruce Avery's pictures in the hall, and two more in the reception-room. He must have found Burden an easy mark.

John Burden and his wife were reading a manuscript at the table as we were announced. I could see it was mostly poetry.

"How is this, Mr. Burden?" began Graney, without waiting for all of us to pack into the room. "Did n't you give us to understand you would keep that blamed railroad out of your front yard?"

"You know you did, Burden," said Curtis.

"Mr. Gamble here presented our views," added Burket, sadly.

Graney, of course, was Burden's nearest neighbor on the north, and Burket on the south, while Curtis faced him from across the street.

Burden seemed amused,—what at is more than I can see,—but he answered us very courteously.

"Mr. Gamble called to see me," he said, "and explained about the culture of the Yews, very clearly, I thought. After he left I told my wife that if the Yews had this background of culture, and because of it objected to my railroad, I would take it out. And I did."

He exchanged glances with Mrs. Burden.

"But you replaced it," I said.

"I was misinformed as to the background of culture."

"Do you mean to insinuate—"

"Oh, I 'll say it straight out in plain English: your background of culture is mostly sham."

The statement made me so angry I trembled. The insolence of an upstart like Burden pulling off a bone-head play like that before a grand-stand full of people!

"We 're willing to admit that Shakspeare is a sham," I said, using a very sarcastic manner, so he would know I meant the opposite of my words; "but how about Archer Windham?"

Burden laughed.

"Your reference to Shakspeare does n't impress me," he said. "You don't know any Shakspeare. I 've had you experted."

Would n't it jar you?

"Oh, but I say!" cried Larrabee.

"My expert gave me two easy Shakspeare questions to ask you," continued Burden. "Any of you! This culture business suits me fine. Answer these questions, and I 'll plow up my railroad and plant the lawn to grass."

Now me, I would n't have fallen into that trap; but Larrabee and the others fell for it. I suppose they thought between them they could smother any questions Burden could ask, especially since we had had six Shakspeare lectures only a month or two before.

"The first is, Who was *Guildenstern*? The second is, What is Shakspeare's shortest play?"

I swear, that poet of Burden's must

have been an expert all right to ask questions like those. Search me! And none of the others could answer them either. And there was n't any way to smother them, although Burket did try to ask what Burden meant by "shortest."

So we side-stepped.

It was David Teak, who owned several good pictures, who got us out of the hole by changing the subject, though I think it would have been better if he had not been quite so specific. Never narrow your meaning until you have to, has always been my motto.

"Surely, Mr. Burden," he said, "you can't test the culture of a community, as, for instance, its knowledge of painting, by a catch question or two out of a text-book on Shakspeare."

I did what I could to broaden his position.

"True culture recognizes that art is one," I began. "Literature, painting, music—an offense against one art is an offense against all art."

But Burden would n't have it broadened.

"I have always regretted my lack of acquaintance with the masterpieces of painting," he said, narrowing back the subject.

The next moment Teak had laid himself wide open.

"Exactly. Now, we who live in the Yews have that acquaintance for a background. Some of us have been abroad. Mr. Larrabee there has. I have. Mr. Mandin has a picture in his house that cost \$60,000. Mr. Curtis has some paintings running up into the thousands of dollars. And Mr. Gamble also. And so have I."

"Our boast is, to know and love the best," said Larrabee.

The saying was originally my own, and I had used it to Burden, so that he was familiar with it. He must have thought up the play on words in his reply during the week, knowing that Larrabee would give him the chance to use it.

"Your *boast*, as you say," he remarked very quietly.

There was a full minute of dead calm.

"Asking pardon, if I wrong anybody present."

"Don't mention it," I said.

"You have no real knowledge of pictures or painting, any of you," he continued. "Your comments on Bruce Avery's work the other night proves that."

The mention of Avery's name caused me to lose my temper, so that I did n't say quite what I meant; that is, in words. But I meant the spirit of what I said, and mean it still.

"Bruce Avery!" I cried. "That piker? Why, there was n't a painting in the house worth more than four bits! They all seemed to carry price-marks on them plain enough, but I did n't notice any that were labeled 'Sold.' I would n't pay ten dollars for the entire outfit."

"Some of the pictures were very good, I thought," said Burden.

Larrabee laughed.

"According to you!" he said.

"As for Bruce Avery's, I bought all that were for sale."

I almost forgot I was angry.

"You bought all that junk?" I cried.

And then he let us have it.

"Only three pictures," he said very quietly. "The rest were not for sale. Mostly they were borrowed from the Condon Gallery in Boston. You see, they were not painted by Avery at all, but by other painters. One was a Sargent, another a Whistler, another a Corot; then there was a Vandyke, a Rubens, and some others like that, selected for the occasion. It may increase your respect for them if I say that they were insured for a million and a half dollars."

"For the love of Mike!" I said—just like that.

"That 's what I meant," said Burden.

"Is that all, Mr. Burden?" asked Larrabee, his voice ice-cold and expressionless.

"I suppose," said Mandin, who had kept in the background, "Mr. Burden will tell us now that we don't know music, because we thought Mr. King was playing rag-time the other evening, when in reality he was playing great music by the greatest composers."

"Right," said Burden, promptly. "You don't know music."

"For the love of Mike!" I repeated.

"We'd better be going," said Larrabee.

"One moment," said Burden. "If you do know music, any of you, tell me the name of a single selection that Mr. King played."

Mandin bowed low, very politely, with his hand on his heart.

"Surely," he said, "even a symphony subscriber could n't be expected to recognize a Beethoven number after a cheap, picked-over player like him has mangled it."

That was getting to him!

"You can't tell me?"

"No," replied Mandin, "I can't, and proud of it."

"We agree with Mr. Mandin's views about picked-over musicians," said Larrabee, still very cold and distant.

"I can only repeat, you don't know music. You consider Mr. King beneath contempt as a pianist. And yet under the name of Stradow he has played before most of the crowned heads of Europe. This is his first visit to America."

"Stradow?"

"The great Russian."

Burden paused to allow the acid to eat in.

"Good heavens!" cried Mandin, wiping his brow, "why did n't you say so?"

HE had us dead. Sure he had. And the funny thing was, instead of going home, we stayed and heard him through.

It did n't take long. He talked a little about perfection in one's work. In his profession it did not exist, could not, because of limitations imposed upon the builder from the outside.

And yet it did exist, too, in his mind.

The railroad across his front lawn was built according to the ideal of perfection he had in his mind.

He went on to justify himself in replacing it.

"I asked Stradow what he would do in my place," he said. "Stradow told me he would put it back. 'If it means to you

what you say, and is what you say, it's good. Keep it!' Bruce Avery said the same. 'Keep it!' he said. 'It's different, and means something.' And Archer Windham also. 'It's the only touch of poetry in the whole dashed street!' he said.

"And, gentlemen," continued Burden, "I know they're right. The track's there to stay!"

Think of that for neighborly love!

"When you go out, look at it. Notice the design of the concrete ties and their intervals and the manner in which they are anchored and the extent to which I use crushed limestone under foot. And notice the design of the rails. I had them rolled to my order from low-phosphorus, open-hearth steel, bottom of the ingot, one hundred and twenty pounds to the yard. New in every detail, from the tamped embankment to the web and crown of that beautiful steel. No railroad in the world ever had such a track."

But what's the use?

We did stop for a moment at his railroad as we passed out. I could n't see any essential difference between it and the good old P. & A. The others would n't talk about it; they were too downcast.

"We can boycott him," said Curtis.

"Yes," agreed Graney, "we can."

"It's the only thing we can do," said Burket.

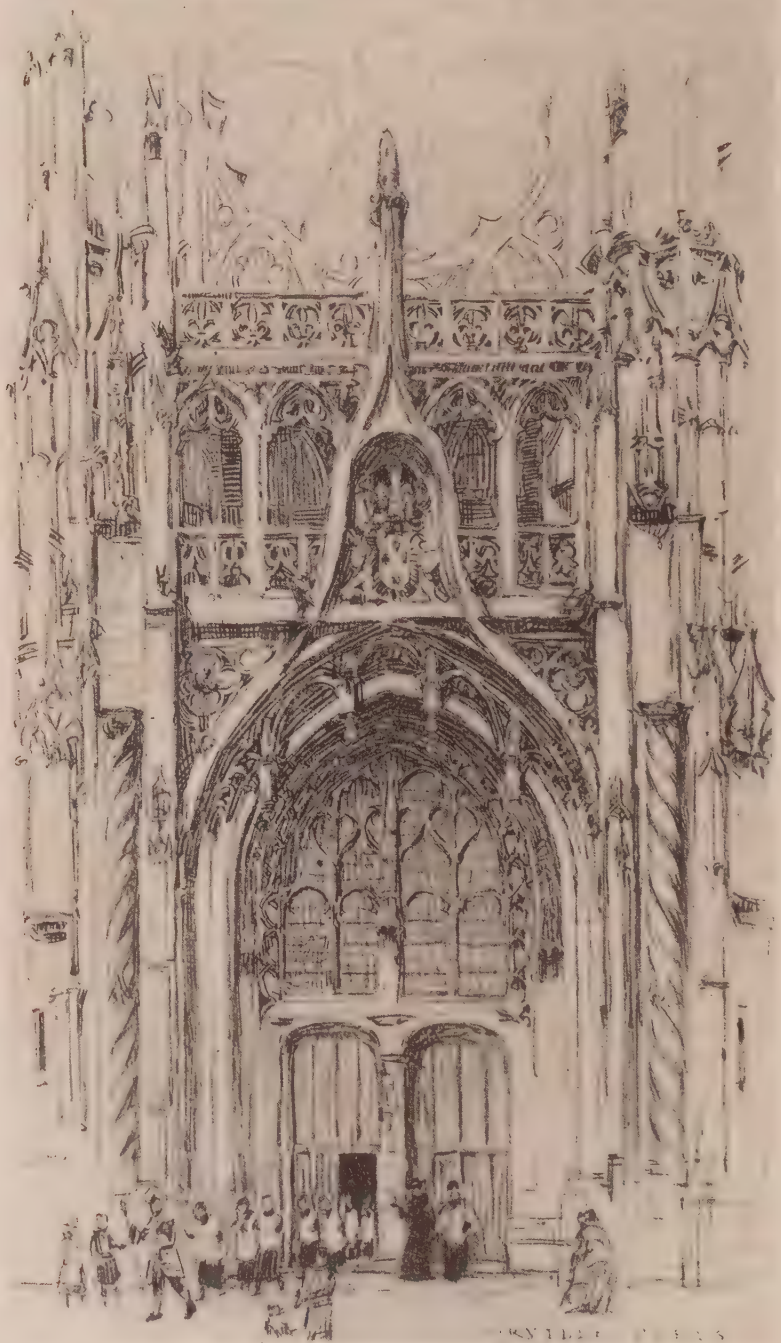
"I suppose that track is his ideal," remarked Larrabee as we separated for the night. "But imagine my setting up my ideal in my front lawn!"

I can imagine it all right—yellow, with milled edges!

That's about all. We did what we agreed upon. We boycotted the Burdens good and hard, but the only result seems to be that more and more people are coming in from the outside to call on them. Good people, too. I can understand that, however. Burden has money.

What I can't understand is, what that Windham chap meant when he called Burden's railroad the only touch of poetry in the whole dashed street.

But what does any poet ever mean, anyhow?



Drawn by Orville Peets

South transept of the cathedral at Senlis



The château, which was built against the old Roman wall and used parts of it in its construction. The château was once occupied by Merovingian and Carolingian kings



In Senlis

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

With seven sketches by

Orville Peets

ON a summer's evening in 1915 I entered the world-old town of Senlis. I was on a sketching expedition, and the soft sunlight on the walls so delighted me that I stayed at work until the failing light interrupted my sketch. The village was quaintly gay, a place of many charms. There were flower-boxes in the second-story windows of the ancient houses which stood in ranks along the cobbled main street. I felt that here at least there would never be hurry or bustle or change. I became imbued with the spirit of peace, and felt



ORVILLE PERCY

Gate of the château of Senlis. At the left is the ancient Hôtel des Tres Pots



ORVILLE PEETS

The cathedral viewed from the tower of St. Pierre. In the foreground and at the right edge of the picture may be seen towers of the old Roman wall



Gateway of the ancient château fortress at Montépelloy, near Senlis

that life was, after all, not so much shorter than art, that Senlis would not change one whit in fifty years, and that I might finish my interrupted sketch next day or next year or ten years hence.

As I walked through the dusk I came to a very modern inn, dead white and businesslike and utterly out of keeping with the rest of the town. It seemed to say, "Leave romance and color and come to pork chops and beer!"

ON an autumn evening in 1915, I entered the twenty-centuries old town of Senlis. I sat in the front seat of a war ambulance, which passed the gates only



An old street in Senlis

after a searching examination by the unshaven, sweaty, war-worn French sentries who held a barrier-fort across the road. "C'est que ces sals Boches ont tout brûlé 'vant d'partir, 'puis ils ont fusillé le maire," they cried after us as we left them and sped down the hilly cobbled main street, through the wrecked, charred shell of the former town of Senlis. Chimneys and scarred wall-fragments stood out against the sky, while among them lay black ashes, like dust within the ribs of a skeleton. We looked straight through these ribs at the red sun setting into the hills behind. As we rode through the dusk we came to the very modern inn, dead white and businesslike and utterly out of keeping



Ruins of the Château de Thiers at Senlis. Tourists who pass hurriedly through the country may ascribe to the Germans many ruins that date from a much earlier period

with the rest of the town of Senlis. It had been the headquarters of the officers of the German general staff. The chef told us stories of their brutality and arrogance. The house of pork chops and beer had been passed over uninjured and unscathed, while the town of romance and color had disappeared in flames.

A Forgotten Small Nationality

Ireland and the War

By F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

THE extraordinary cleverness of English diplomacy, which contrasts so strikingly with German clumsiness in that department, is nowhere more manifest than in the manner in which it has contrived to blanket Ireland—to make the world forget that there is such a place, and to eliminate it wholly from the discussion of the rights of small nationalities, about which England is now so enthusiastic. Yet Ireland's claim to independence is as good as that of Belgium or Poland.

England has so successfully hypnotized the world into regarding the neighboring conquered island as an integral part of Great Britain that even Americans gasp at the mention of Irish independence. Home rule they understand, but independence! "How could Ireland maintain an independent existence?" they ask. "How could you defend yourselves against all the great nations?" I do not feel under any obligation to answer this question, because that objection, if recognized as valid, would make an end of the existence of any small nationality whatever. All of them, from their very nature, are subject to the perils and disadvantages of independent sovereignty. I neither deny nor minimize these. But the consensus of civilized opinion is now agreed that they are entirely outweighed by the benefits which complete self-government confers upon the small nation itself, and enables it to confer on humanity. If the reader will not admit this, I will not stay to argue the matter with him. I will merely refer him to the arguments in vogue in favor of the independence of Belgium as against Germany, or of the Scandinavian countries as against Russia.

Neither will I stop to argue with those who say that Ireland should be content with home rule. Ireland has not got home rule, and, unless England is sufficiently humbled in this war to make Ireland's

friendship worth buying, is not likely to get it. But what if it had? Bohemia has home rule within the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Is Bohemia contented? It is notorious that the great mass of the Czechs are eagerly longing for the moment when Russia will inflict such a blow upon the Austro-Hungarian Empire as may enable Bohemia to become an independent central European state. Again, if Bohemia, why not Ireland?

There is an idea in some quarters, sedulously encouraged by England, with an eye on the friendship of the United States, that whatever may have been the case in the past, the English Government in Ireland has improved of late years. Let us therefore examine its conduct in Ireland during the months immediately preceding the war.

A Liberal government was in office in England, pledged to give home rule to Ireland. On the strength of that pledge, Mr. John Redmond and his party kept that government in power for over four years, and enabled it to pass not merely the act for curbing the power of the House of Lords, but other measures, such as the National Insurance Act, in which Ireland had no interest or which were actually detrimental to Ireland. In Ulster Sir Edward Carson led, armed, and drilled a body of 80,000 men, pledged to resist by force the enactment of home rule. Their drilling and arming were in themselves unlawful; their avowed object was still more so, involving defiance of the enactments of that imperial Parliament to which they professed the utmost loyalty. Nevertheless, the Liberal government allowed this open propaganda of rebellion, this aristocratically led and financed movement, to proceed unchecked.

After two years of this, the nationalists of the South awoke. After all, they said, we outnumber these Carsonites by about

four to one. If they choose to introduce the factor of physical force, if they can employ it successfully to intimidate the English Government, so that its leading members say that the coercion of Ulster is "unthinkable," then we, too, will cease to rely upon weapons of persuasion alone. We, too, will arm and drill, and will face the English Government with the only argument it appears to understand. And they formed the Irish Volunteers.

That was in November, 1913. Within a month the Government, which for two years had allowed the Carsonites to get in all the arms they wished, issued an order prohibiting the importation of any arms or ammunition into Ireland.

When Ireland is taunted, as a New York evening newspaper has taunted it, with its "poltroonery" in not taking advantage of the present war to seize freedom, these facts have to be remembered. Anything in the nature of arming or drilling was sternly repressed in Ireland until Carson began it. The "Volunteers" and the "Territorials" of England had no counterpart in Ireland, where the people were never trusted with arms. Carson and his followers were left untouched, because it was known that, however they might declaim against a particular English Government, in effect they stood for that English domination in Ireland which every government, whether it calls itself Liberal or Tory, is careful to maintain as the very sheet-anchor of the British Empire. But the arming of Irish Nationalists, who were pledged to maintain the rights and liberties of Ireland only, was a different matter. The gravely perturbed English Government could not suppress the movement altogether,—Carson's immunity had made that impossible,—but, with an ingenious show of impartiality as between the two regions, it prohibited all import of arms. Carson's men had been arming for two years; the Nationalists had just begun to organize. The strict impartiality of the order will appeal to those who now protest against any embargo on the export of munitions from the United States.

Both regions promptly started gun-running. In April, 1914, the biggest gun-running operation up till then was carried out by the Ulstermen. The *Fanny*, the yacht which brought the guns, was talked about in the press for a fortnight before it reached Ulster; the patrols of the English navy were watching the coasts: yet somehow the *Fanny* reached Larne, unloaded its cargo, and got away again without any interference from the gunboat patrols. At Larne it was met by a host of automobiles, which took away the rifles. To facilitate the operation, the Ulster Volunteers seized Larne harbor, imprisoned the harbor master and the police, and took the entire control of the town into their hands. Another ship-load was disembarked on the same night at another Ulster port. Here a too-zealous customs official offered resistance; he died of heart disease. Nobody was identified, punished, or even prosecuted for this flagrant defiance of the law, although the episode was described by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons as an "unprecedented outrage," and pledges were given that due punishment would be meted out to its perpetrators. Nothing was done. After all, these were the faithful "English garrison in Ireland"; for the moment the politicians must pretend to oppose them, but in reality they were doing England's work and helping to make more difficult, or perhaps impossible, any measure of home rule for Ireland.

Very different was the attitude of the Government and its officials toward Nationalist gun-running. Here the utmost vigilance was displayed. Gunboats patrolled the shores of Dublin and Wicklow, as well as the western coast, unceasingly. Even when Mr. Redmond, by order of the English Government, as is generally believed in Ireland, asserted his right to command the Irish Volunteers, which he had not founded; even when the founders of the organization yielded to Mr. Redmond and gave his nominees half the seats on their committee, still, Mr. Redmond could not persuade the

Government to relax the ban on the importation of arms. Perhaps he did not try very hard. He was as much afraid of the Volunteers as the Government was; his only wish was to keep them under his control, lest they might become an instrument for those Nationalists who looked beyond Parliamentary sham battles to the complete liberation of Ireland.

This portion in the Volunteers continued gun-running under the double disadvantage of having to deceive both the Government and their own Redmondite colleagues on the Joint Executive Committee. On July 26, just after the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, the famous gun-running exploit of Howth took place. The Dublin Volunteers made a Sunday route-march to Howth (nine miles), none but a few leaders knowing the object. As they entered the village, a yacht, steered by a woman, came alongside the pier. The English patrol-boat was not in the neighborhood, a conveniently disseminated rumor of gun-running in Wexford having sent it off on a false scent. This yacht's arrival had not been boomed in advance, like the *Fanny's*, otherwise the vigilance of the patrol would not have been so easy to elude as the Ulstermen had found it. The Volunteers, following strictly the Ulster precedent, took possession of the pier, excluded the police and harbor officials,—they did not go so far as to imprison them in their own offices and barracks, as had been done, with only a shadow of resistance, at Larne,—disembarked the guns, and marched off to Dublin with them. Meantime the wires had been humming, and Dublin Castle was on the alert. At Clontarf, in the outskirts of the city, the Volunteers, marching with unloaded rifles, were met by a combined force of police and soldiers. A parley took place. The Government's official, Harrel, demanded the surrender of the rifles; the Volunteer leaders refused. Harrel ordered the police to take the rifles. Some of the police refused, and the remainder acted with evident reluctance, an unheard of thing in Ireland, but a symptom of the general perception of

the deliberate favoritism shown by the Government to the Ulstermen as compared with the Irish Volunteers. The soldiers, a company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, were then ordered to charge the Volunteers with fixed bayonets. Some Volunteers were stabbed, and a massacre seemed inevitable, when a fresh parley was entered upon. By the time it was over, Harrel discovered that only the front ranks of the Volunteers still stood their ground in front of him; the remainder, in obedience to a rapidly disseminated order, "Save the guns," had executed a strategic retirement. Harrel then drew off his forces, and the remnant of the Volunteers completed their march unmolested, no guns having been lost.

As the soldiers marched back to barracks, the Dublin populace assailed them with curses and later with stones. The troops retaliated with a series of bayonet-charges, which further enraged the crowd, in which wild rumors of the fight at Clontarf had spread. The soldiers were undoubtedly peppered pretty severely with stones; but the assailants were all unarmed, and were largely composed of women and children. There was no justification whatever for the action taken by the soldiery. They turned and fired at the crowd without giving any warning, without even firing a preliminary volley over their heads. Four people were killed, one man, two women, one boy. Several others were wounded, of whom one subsequently died. Nobody was punished; a whitewashing inquiry was held, but meantime the Scottish Borderers had "distinguished themselves" by getting wiped out in the retreat from Mons, and no disciplinary measures were taken. Harrel, the assistant commissioner of the Dublin police, who had taken it upon himself to call out the soldiers in the first instance, was made a temporary scapegoat; but he is now again in the service of the Government in Ireland, helping in the secret-service department, which looks after political offenses.

I have dwelt upon this incident of the struggle at Clontarf and the shooting at

Bachelor's Walk because it happened before the war. Some people in America, I find, think that England's present severity to Ireland is merely a result of the state of war. When the anniversary of Bachelor's Walk came round this year, the people proposed to put up a commemorative tablet, but the military forbade.

A week after the Bachelor's Walk massacre (the Irish Zabern, as we call it) the war against "German militarism" broke out. Mr. Redmond, in the House of Commons, had the incredible audacity to commit the Irish people to the support of this war. He had no right whatever to do so. He and his party were returned to Parliament for one object only, to secure home rule. At no Irish election did any other question become an issue. Repeatedly had Mr. Redmond, when called upon to help some progressive cause, sheltered himself behind his lack of "mandate"; his mandate, he declared, was for home rule only. Yet without any mandate he ventured to commit Ireland to the support of England in a European war. By doing so he missed the greatest opportunity that has ever come to an Irish statesman. Had he, on August 3, 1914, spoken as follows in the imperial Parliament: "I have no mandate from the Irish people as to what our attitude should be in the event of a European war; the question has never been discussed between us. My colleagues and I are now going home to Ireland to consult our constituents as to what Ireland's attitude should be"—had he spoken thus, and followed up such a speech by walking out of the House and returning to Ireland, the English Government would have been on its knees to him within a fortnight, and he would have been able to command, as the price of his and Ireland's aid, something much better than a mutilated home-rule act on the statute-book which can never come into operation. He should, in short, have acted after the fashion of those wise Balkan statesmen, who care nothing for either of the warring parties, but look with a single eye to the interest of their own country.

A period of storm and confusion followed Mr. Redmond's betrayal of Ireland's interests to England. The Government tried to avoid even putting the home-rule bill on the statute-book; Redmond, driven by public opinion, increasingly stormy in Ireland, was obliged to insist upon that as a minimum. But in passing the act, the Government also passed a suspensory act, holding it up for a year, or longer, if so ordered by the Government at the end of the year; and they also declared that they would not in any circumstances "coerce Ulster." With this "home rule for three quarters of Ireland" in the form of a scrap of paper, Mr. Redmond tried to induce his followers to join the army. The immediate result was a split in the Irish Volunteers. The founders of the Volunteers, who had accepted Redmondite coöperation on the committee so long as no recruiting plank was adopted, now expelled the Redmondite nominees from the committee, seized the Volunteer offices in Kildare Street, Dublin, barricaded and garrisoned them, and prepared to hold them against all comers. The Redmondite portion formed a new body, the "National Volunteers," who never troubled much about drilling or arming, but were, and are, merely a branch of the Redmondite political machine. Their devotion to their leader, however, did not go so far as to induce them to follow his advice and enter the English army, as was shown when 30,000 of them paraded before Mr. Redmond last Easter, men who, if they had taken Mr. Redmond's words seriously, ought to have been in Flanders or at the Dardanelles.

Much confusion was introduced into the Irish situation by the case of Belgium, and by the unscrupulous use made by the English recruiting agencies of Ireland's traditional and historic sympathy with that country and with France. Catholic Ireland must fight to save Catholic Belgium, was the cry. We countered that by asking why should we not fight for Catholic Galicia, which was then in possession of the anti-Catholic Russians?

Mr. Ginnell, the only Irish member of Parliament who is not attached to any political machine, and also the only one who opposes recruiting, has repeatedly asked the Government to bring pressure to bear on its Russian allies, with a view to getting for the Cardinal Archbishop of Lemberg as good treatment as that accorded by the Germans to the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin; but the Government has decided that it would not be proper to "interfere with the internal affairs of our ally."

Louvain was the recruiters' trump-card. "Remember," the Irish were adjured, "that your priests went to Louvain to be educated when they could not get education in their own land." Some one with an inconvenient historical memory replied by a reminder that it was English persecution that prevented Catholic priests from getting education in Ireland and compelled them to go to Louvain. Similar audacity was attempted in the case of France. Ireland was adjured to fight for France because France had of old helped Ireland—against England! Another cry was, "The brutal Germans are the descendants of those Hessian troops who helped to put down the rising of 1798." But who brought the Hessians to Ireland and paid them? The English Government. In this fashion has every recruiting argument proved a boomerang. Despite the subsidizing of the daily and the suppression of the weekly press; despite the pressure exerted by all the political machines and all the influence of social and economic resources; despite the prosecution, under the Defense of the Realm Act, of any who venture to advise an opposite course; despite military law, suspension of trial by jury, arbitrary imprisonment, and deportation, the Irish people have stood fast. Four hundred thousand Irishmen of military age have stood their ground quietly and tenaciously, and have refused to be stampeded into a war in which they have no concern.

For it is the essence of the Irish case that Ireland has no concern in this war. The pretense that it was being waged in

behalf of Belgium and of the principle of small nationalities imposed on a few, but not for long; the frank declaration of the London "Times" on March 8 that England is in this war for her own interests and for the preservation of her dominance over the seas, is generally recognized as stating the position accurately. Even if Belgium were the cause of the war instead of an incident in it, there would still be no reason why Ireland, of all countries, should plunge into the fray. Ireland is the most depopulated and impoverished country in Europe, thanks to the beneficent English rule of the last century, and has no blood or money to spare; and if Holland and Denmark and Sweden and Switzerland, all richer and more densely populated than Ireland, still feel that it is their duty to keep out of the war, *a fortiori* it is the duty of Irish statesmen to use every effort to keep their people out of it. Ireland's highest need is peace and the peaceful development of her resources; not a man can be spared for any chivalric adventure. Belgium, hard pressed as it is, has not yet suffered a tithe of what has been endured by Ireland at the hands of England, and Ireland is still bleeding at every pore from the wounds England inflicted. Thus even were the Belgian legend true, there would be higher reasons of self-interest to keep Irish attention concentrated on our own problems.

Belgium apart, the other objects of the war—the real objects—have still less claim on Ireland. England's domination of the seas has been used not accidentally, but of set purpose, to discourage Irish trade, to keep derelict Ireland's magnificent harbors, the finest natural harbors in western Europe, and to prevent the growth of any mercantile marine in Ireland. Ireland has never been a partner in the empire or its advantages; she has been a Helot dragged at the chariot-tail of the empire. As it has been put, "Ireland belongs to the empire, and the empire belongs to England."

The latest instance of deliberate English interference with an Irish trading interest, before the war, was the stoppage

of the Queenstown call. Formerly all the great transatlantic liners called at Queenstown both on the eastern and western journeys, to the great benefit of mail-service not merely from Ireland, but from some parts of Great Britain as well. The mail-carrying companies, one after another, stopped this call at Queenstown, with the assent of the English Government, despite unanimous protests from all Ireland, north as well as south. A committee of patriotic Irish people, which included Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the eminent historian, and Sir Roger Casement, was formed for the purpose of pressing the Government to reestablish the Queenstown call. Failing in that, as a brilliant counter-stroke, this committee induced the Hamburg-American Line to arrange that its liners should call at Queenstown. The English Foreign Office was thunderstruck. Secret negotiations were at once entered upon to prevent Ireland from being thus restored to its proper place on the transatlantic highway. The German Government, naturally valuing England's friendship more than that of poor, weak Ireland, intervened. The Hamburg-American liners never called at Queenstown, despite their publicly announced intention of doing so. This, by the way, may be added to the category of German diplomatic blunders. Had Germany thus dramatically intervened to grant Ireland a trading favor that England had refused, the way would have been much clearer before Irishmen when the war broke out. I have little doubt that the English Foreign Office, already planning war, had this in mind when it exerted itself to prevent Germany from showing Ireland this manifestation of favor.

Without any illusions, then, about Germany, but with a clear vision of the English Empire as the incubus on Ireland, Irish Nationalists decided from the start of the war that it was Ireland's interest and duty to remain neutral as far as possible. In these days of small nationalities Ireland's right to take an independent line on the war cannot be contested, at all

events by those who are fighting "German militarism." Being held by force by the empire, and plentifully garrisoned both by troops and armed police,—the police have been refused permission to join the army, though many of them have volunteered, because the Government wants them to keep Ireland down,—it was not possible for Ireland to be neutral in the full sense. Irishmen who had joined the army in time of peace, through economic pressure for the most part, had to fulfil their duties as reservists; Ireland's heavy burden of the war taxation could not be evaded. But, as one of Ireland's best-known literary men put it, Ireland preserved "a moral and intellectual neutrality"; and the individual sympathies of the people, while not "pro-German" in any positive sense, were, and are, distinctly anti-English.

Mr. Bonar Law said that if Canada or Australia was disinclined to help the empire in this war, no English statesman would dream of compelling them to do so. But Ireland's notorious and marked disinclination to help was treated from the first as a crime, and the sternest measures of repression were employed against those who claimed Ireland's right, as a small nation, to settle the question for itself. Since the outbreak of the war, the régime in Ireland has been one of coercion tempered by dread of publicity. The English Government set two aims before itself: to suppress Irish discontent and at the same time to convince the world that no Irish discontent existed. These aims are not reconcilable, and the pursuit of both has led to an extraordinary series of inconsistent and muddle-headed actions. I cannot detail them all in this article.

The first attack was made on the independent press. The daily press was reduced to subserviency, negatively by fear of having its telegraphic supplies cut off, positively by the huge sums paid for recruiting advertisements by the English war office. The various Nationalist weeklies had to be dealt with otherwise, as they could neither be bribed nor intimidated. The method adopted was to

strike at the printer—to march soldiers with fixed bayonets to the printing-offices, dismantle the plant, seize the type and the essential portions of the printing-machines, and carry them off to Dublin Castle without offering the smallest compensation to the printer. This was done without the smallest process of law, on the mere arbitrary fiat of the military authorities in Ireland. Seven papers—one daily, one bi-weekly, four weeklies, and one monthly—were suppressed in Dublin by the actual use of this method or by the threat of it. In no case was any prosecution directed against any of the writers or editors of the papers. This was a case in which it was possible to achieve the maximum of suppression with the minimum of publicity.

I have been asked in America "Does not the Defense of the Realm Act, which confers such absolute power on the military authorities, apply to Great Britain as well as to Ireland?" It does; but the application is different. This is well illustrated by what took place in the case of one of the papers suppressed, the "Irish Worker." After it had been stopped by a military raid on the printing-works, the proprietors got it printed in Glasgow. The military authorities did not dare to interfere with the Scottish printers; they simply waited until the copies of the paper arrived in Dublin for distribution, met the boat, and seized every copy.

A similar discrimination is shown in the stoppage of American newspapers from entering Ireland. They are freely admitted into England,—even the "Irish World" and the "Gaelic American,"—but are strictly censored in entering Ireland, and anything containing either news or opinions likely to "excite" the Irish people is not permitted to pass through. As it was put by Mr. P. H. Pearse, headmaster of St. Enda's secondary school, Rathfarnham, at a meeting last May: "Our isolation from the rest of the world is now almost complete. Our books and papers cannot get out; the books and papers of other nations cannot get in."

At first the Defense of the Realm Act altogether abolished trial by jury, substituting trial by court-martial for any offense under the Act. Thanks to protests by English constitutional lawyers, the Government was obliged to modify this, and give to "British subjects" tried under the act the option of claiming trial by jury. But a clause was slipped in, saying, "This shall not apply in the case of offenses tried by summary jurisdiction." The effect of this is that whenever the military authorities wish to avoid trial by jury, they have only to decide, which they have absolute power to do, that the case shall be tried by "summary jurisdiction"; that is to say, by a paid magistrate, always a mere tool of Dublin Castle, without any jury or any right of appeal to a jury.

Only one man charged under the Defense of the Realm Act has been accorded trial by jury in Ireland. The history of his case is instructive. John Hegarty was a post-office official with long service and an excellent record. When the war broke out, he was stationed in Cork. He was ordered, without any accusation being made against him, to leave Cork and take up a position in the postal service in England. He refused, pointing out that his home and friends were in Cork, and that there was no justification for arbitrarily turning him out. The answer of the postal department was to dismiss him from the service without pension or compensation. Immediately thereafter he was ordered by the military authorities to leave the city of Cork. He obeyed, and retreated to a remote spot in the Cork Mountains, in Ballingarry, where he proceeded to support himself by agricultural labor. Within a few weeks the military ordered him to leave the County of Cork, still without making any charge against him or giving him any chance to defend himself in court. He went to Enniscorthy, in the County of Wexford, and stayed with friends there. Last February he was arrested in Enniscorthy, dragged from his bed in the middle of the night, brought to Dublin, detained in a military

barracks for a month, then transferred to the civil authorities and allowed trial by jury, but not by an Enniscorthy jury, which would have been his right under the ordinary civil law. A long series of charges was brought against him, including the writing of seditious notices and the possession of arms, ammunition, and explosives. He was tried three times between April and June by three different juries; in each case the Crown and the judge made desperate efforts to secure a conviction. Two of the juries acquitted him on two different charges, the third disagreed. Then the military authorities sent Major Price to Hegarty in Mountjoy Jail (I was in the same jail at the time, and Hegarty told me the facts in the exercise yard) and offered to release him if he would agree to go to America. Hegarty refused. Then Major Price offered to release him if he would agree to remain in some spot indicated by the military authorities, and never leave it. Hegarty replied that he was willing to go to Ballingarry, from which the military had driven him; he was then released, on the understanding that he would go there at once, which he did. The military also asked him to sign an undertaking that he would not go more than ten miles from Ballingarry without leave. He refused to give the undertaking, and it was not insisted on, but he was given to understand that if he left Ballingarry he would be arrested. A youth named Bolger, who was arrested along with Hegarty in February, and who, like him, had been kept in jail for four months, was released at the same time, without ever having been brought to trial at all, on the understanding that he was not to leave his home in Enniscorthy.

It remains to be told, as the sequel to the Hegarty case, that in July the annual convention of the Gaelic League elected Hegarty to a place on the executive of that body. This, like the persistent refusal of the Dublin juries to convict, shows what popular feeling in Ireland thinks of the persecution of Hegarty.

It was in connection with the Hegarty

and Bolger cases that Sir Matthew Nathan, under-secretary to the lord-lieutenant (that is, chief civil executive officer in Ireland), wrote the following letter to the editor of a Dublin newspaper:

Immediate and Confidential.
Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle.

8th April, 1915.

Dear Sir,

I am given to understand that the request which I made on the telephone on the 30th ultimo, with regard to reporting the proceedings against Messrs. Hegarty and Bolger, was taken only to apply to the application for bail made on the 31st ult.

My intention was that it should apply to the subsequent trial, as it is considered against the public interest that details of the evidence or the speeches of counsel in this trial should be given to the public press.

I shall be much obliged if you would arrange for the reports to be merely a bare outline of the proceedings.

I am writing in similar terms to all the newspapers in Dublin.

Yours faithfully,

MATTHEW NATHAN.

One of the facts brought out in the Hegarty trial, which the press, duly intimidated or bribed, did not report, was that for many months no letter or parcel had reached Hegarty without being opened and examined by the secret police while passing through the mails. This process of "Grangerizing" has been carried to a fine art in Ireland; not even in Russia is there a more complete system of espionage on the correspondence of all persons even remotely suspected of disaffection toward the English rule of Ireland.

Hegarty's was the first and last case in which the military authorities gave the option of trial by jury to any prisoner charged under the Defense of the Realm Act. The others were brought before the paid magistrates, and automatically convicted and sentenced. The sentences ranged from a fortnight (which was given to a Dublin boy for *kicking a*

recruiting-poster!) to twelve months, six of them with hard labor, which was my sentence for making a speech "calculated to prejudice recruiting." I went on hunger strike, and was out in six days, with a license under the Cat and Mouse Act, which renders me liable at any time for the rest of my life to rearrest and imprisonment for the balance of my sentence without further process of trial, a convenient method of getting rid of an opponent.

Trial by jury had failed to get convictions; trial before paid magistrates got convictions, but also gave undesirable publicity. The batch of cases of which mine was one raised a storm not only in Ireland, but in England. In Dublin meetings of protest were held outside the jail, and placards denouncing the sentences were posted up all over the city. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw wrote a letter, declaring that if I deserved six months' hard labor, Lord Northcliffe deserved about sixty years. Mr. Conal O'Riordan, the distinguished Irish dramatist and novelist, wrote dissociating himself from my point of view, but condemning my sentence; Mr. Robert Lynd, one of the ablest Irish journalists on the London press (literary editor of the "Daily News") did the same; and the indignation was steadily growing, in range and intensity, throughout the English radical and labor press up to the moment of my release.

One result of this was that the Dublin Castle authorities did not rearrest me under the Cat and Mouse Act, although I had ignored all the conditions of the license as to reporting my movements to the police, and did not interfere with my departure for America. They made, however, an unsuccessful attempt, through Sir Horace Plunkett, to exact from me a pledge that I would not speak or write anything against England in the United States. Another result was that even trials by paid magistrates were found to give too much publicity; accordingly, the next method tried was arbitrary deporta-

tion without trial or accusation. This had been adopted, in the form of orders to leave a certain county or district, in many cases besides Hegarty's, but now a wider extension was given to the method. In July four organizers of the Irish Volunteers were ordered by the military authorities to leave Ireland within a week. They refused. The military then had to arrest them and try them; but to avoid undesirable publicity, they charged them only with disobeying a military order, the grounds for the issue of such an order not being disclosed. The judicial tools of the castle duly sentenced these four men to three and four months' imprisonment.

Even this has not stopped publicity, for even the Redmondite party has been stung into protest against this latest arbitrary action, and has demanded, through Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., that these four men get a new and fair trial, and that the grounds for the deportation order be openly stated at that trial.

Meantime O'Donovan Rossa, the old Fenian, has been buried in Dublin with a great display of military force by the Irish Volunteers. The funeral oration, pronounced by Mr. Pearse, was a defiant assertion of Ireland's unconquerable resolution to achieve independence. Recruiting for the English army, despite all kinds of pressure and advertising, languishes, while the recruiting for the Irish Volunteers is so brisk that the headquarters of that body cannot keep pace with it.

And when peace comes, Ireland, with the other small nations, will stand at the doors of the Hague conference, and will claim her rights from the community of nations. Shall peace bring freedom to Belgium and Poland, perhaps to Finland and Bohemia, and not to Ireland? Must Irish freedom be gained in blood, or will the comity of nations, led by the United States, shame a weakened England into putting into practice at home the principles which are so loudly trumpeted for the benefit of Germany?



The Homestead

By BLISS CARMAN

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

HERE we came when love was young.
Now that love is old,
Shall we leave the floor unswept
And the hearth acold?

Here the hill wind in the dusk,
Wandering to and fro,
Moves the moonflowers, like a ghost
Of the long ago.

Here from every doorway looks
A remembered face,
Every sill and panel wears
A familiar grace.

Let the windows smile again
 To the morning light,
 And the door stand open wide
 When the moon is bright.

Let the breeze of twilight blow
 Through the silent hall,
 And the dreaming rafters hear
 How the thrushes call.



Oh, be merciful and fond
 To the house that gave
 All its best to shelter love,
 Built when love was brave!

Here we came when love was young,
 Now that love is old,
 Never let its day be lone
 Nor its heart acold!





Children of Hope¹

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-IX

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, a visionary American, having received a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, sails for Europe with his three attractive daughters.

On the advice of John Holland, they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence, where Euphrosyne, the second daughter, begins her novel-writing, and Thalia takes up her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. Reginald Dux, a rich young American, with whom she has fallen in love, appears on the scene. A young Italian officer in a crack regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. Learning that her voice has been ruined, Aglaia gives up her ambition to be a great singer, and marries the young Englishman, hoping, through the influence of his family, to gain at least a certain degree of social prominence.

CHAPTER X

A JUST MAN JUDGES NOT ONLY THE
OFFENDER, BUT HIMSELF

AGGIE mailed from Milan a post-card of the cathedral: the weather there was fine, she was leaving for Paris on the morrow, she sent her love to all. From Paris, writing on a print of Jeanne d'Arc's statue, she announced that it was raw and rainy, that she had forwarded some fashion-plates, was off for England, sent her love to all. And from London, scrawled across a picture of Westminster Abbey: "Nothing but rain! Tell dad to take his ammoniated quinine at the first sign of snuffles. Going down to Devonshire. Love to all."

Thallie and Frossie had dared to hope for pages of enlightenment. They stared at these paltry missives with the look of children in whose faces a door has been slammed shut. But they showed no cha-

grin in their replies, wherein appeared, indeed, a hint of new respect, as it were of two neophytes for a full-fledged priestess.

They informed Aglaia that more wedding-gifts had come—from Reginald Dux, in Paris, a punch-bowl of carved rock crystal; from Mme. Linkow, who was on the high seas now, a signed photograph in a frame of Russian enamel; from John Holland, in Rome, twelve Chinese plates adorned with shrimp-colored and pale-green dragons. Aggie, answering with a line from Devonshire, instructed the family to keep those presents safe. She sent her love to all.

In each of her notes Mr. Goodchild fancied he could trace the brusqueness that is caused by pain. "She's still homesick in spite of Cyril, and afraid she'll distress us all the more by showing it. She, too, is learning that the habit of a lifetime is n't broken in a day."

For Aurelius did not bear that loss as

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easily as Aggie's sisters. He perceived the fact so saddening to parents, that with marriage the beloved child becomes not only another's, but another. He knew that he was no longer first in her affections.

Mme. von Schwandorf tried to raise his spirits.

"What you need, Mr. Goodchild, is distractions. I don't say you're too old to fall in love yourself, but you are a friend of mine, so no fear that I shall recommend it! H'm! How about the famous poem? Can't you make something extra horrible befall your *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo*?"

Aurelius fetched a sigh.

"My Muse seems to have deserted me of late."

"A different line? A fling at the drama? Soon we shall need a play ourselves in the Pension Schwandorf. You know, we have always entertainments in the winter months—little dances, tableaux, theatricals. Yes, the gaieties shall start just so soon as the guests begin to come again in earnest, perhaps right after Christmas."

Christmas! It was true; in three weeks they would celebrate that festival! And Aurelius wondered dolefully if this Christmas day was to be his last with Frossie and Thalia.

Now, even to a father so inadvertent, there seemed no doubt of Camillo Olivuzzi's purpose. And Mr. Goodchild had just brought to Thallie a letter directed in a masculine hand and postmarked "Paris."

How Thallie hugged that letter to her breast while escaping to her room! Her first glance, flashing down the page, absorbed the whole tenor of Reginald's communication. But one part stood forth as if written in more vivid ink.

The doctors say that little Rosalie, Hector Ghillamoor's daughter, must have a better climate as soon as we can move her. I'm boosting Florence like a real-estate promoter.

She closed her eyes with a shiver of delight. This proved that he could not stay away for long, that he was planning to be with her even while beside the black-haired

woman of the Cherbourg tender! Let Mrs. Ghillamoor bring her poor sick child to Florence if she wished! Thallie began, indeed, to sympathize with Mrs. Ghillamoor in her trouble. She wondered if the hotel that they selected could provide the proper food for little invalids. Would it be too forward to put up some glasses of fruit-jelly, and send them to the mother with her compliments?

Her quickened hopes made Thallie more radiant than ever. In the street she wore a look that caused the responsive Florentines to shake their heads indulgently. Cold winds might come blowing down across the hills, but there, along the Arno, *La Primavera*—all nature's flowering loveliness personified—went smiling toward the consummation of her dreams. And the thoughts that made her face so bright grew more thrilling as they reached forth to the unknown. She was seized no longer with timidity when her conjectures passed the boundaries of experience. She was all eager now, with *La Primavera's* own divine simplicity, for the complete development of her romance. Each fervid secret that Florence had whispered in her ear, each insidious influence that had extended her anticipations, finally combined with her innate propensities to make this waiting almost dolorous.

She took it for granted that Frossie had similar emotions.

Every fine afternoon, till time for the Magenta Cavalry to call, the two sisters walked together through the town. More closely linked than ever by the harmony of their desires, they reached a new degree of frankness in their speculations. These talks were so engrossing that they often halted, looked round them in amazement, laughed outright, to find themselves lost in some beggarly *piazza* of the suburbs. But toward four o'clock they usually managed to drop in at Giacinta's tea-room.

They liked that place, with its bright furnishings and pastry-laden counters, its odors of hot chocolate and modish perfumes, its babble in half a dozen languages pervaded by the notes of violins. It pleased them, while dawdling over tea

and toasted muffins, to watch the people clustered round the tables.

One day they observed a new-comer in Giacinta's tea-room, a mountainous, middle-aged woman with a parrot's beak and several sprouting moles. The stranger's jowls, like those of some outlandish goddess devoted to obesity, were covered thick with bluish powder. Her black-dyed curls were arranged elaborately underneath a Paris hat no bigger than a soup-plate. The purple satin that swathed her elephantine shape was coquettish to the ruffles. Sitting as high among her friends as if a hassock had been added to her chair, this apparition kept tossing little sugared cakes into her maw, and draining her tea-cup at a gulp. But suddenly she exclaimed in French, in a voice that penetrated the chatter like the bray of a bassoon:

"Oh, no, the earth-bound spirits can see us quite distinctly! That's why one finds round wine-shops so many ghosts of drunkards trying to inhale the fumes of alcohol, and lick up with their spectral tongues the puddles on the tables."

With a snort, Thallie swallowed a mouthful of tea the wrong way.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!" she gasped. "If Moloch ever had a wife, there she sits now!"

"Don't you love that line about the spectral tongues?" chuckled Frossie. "How I wish I knew her! I'll bet I could use every word she drops."

"What, in a novel of medieval Florence?"

Frossie's face fell.

"You're right. Darn it! that's the trouble, not sticking to modern times. I have to pass so much by."

She forgot her tea, neglected even to listen to the bray of "Moloch's wife," while considering the tribulations which afflict the author.

Yet Frossie had already managed to collect considerable data for the medieval novel from her own experience.

Her desire to write convincing fiction was no less intense than her desire to be loved. The intermingling of the two impulses had this result: sooner or later

all Frossie's love-affair was reduced to "copy."

Often, for fear she might forget some precious incidents, this virginal George Sand made notes the moment Camillo had departed. In her room, flung down at her writing-table, her breast still throbbing from its proximity to him, she scribbled feverishly the substance of their afternoon—his phrases and her sensations on hearing them, his glances of self-revelation and her responses, all the tender tones, even the meaning silences, that seemed to her invaluable stuff because distilled from truth itself. In short, her developing artistic sense, with all the ruthlessness that the artistic sense has visited on greater natures, commanded Frossie to portray in black and white each palpitation of her heart and of her lover's, just as, in the future, it would command her, still more imperiously indeed, to spread on the printed page each joy and grief that fate assigned to her. She loved Camillo none the less because she utilized him so.

Although there was no actual engagement yet, those two had drifted into a tacit understanding. When Camillo described his parents, Frossie saw them greeting her with open arms in the courtyard of the old Abruzzi hill castle; and when she revealed to him her love of domesticity, he told her how cheaply a young married couple could live in garrison towns.

He bought a big map of Austria. At night, long after the trumpets had blown the *silenzio*, he bent over his table with a ruler and a nickel-plated watch, moving white pins, which represented Italian army corps, against black pins, the army corps of Emperor Francis Joseph. He always arranged the enemy's forces as carefully as he did his own. It was fair for him to know; in actual war his *aéroplanes* would have discovered that.

Aërial scouting interested him; a future chief of staff ought surely to be familiar with this arm. One afternoon, with Azeglio and Fava, Camillo rode out toward Quarto to meet a man who could boast two biplanes of his own.

This was Baron di Campoformio, whom Reginald and Hector Ghillamoore had visited.

The baron, a thin-haired, weather-beaten youngish gentleman in tweeds, called for a saddle-horse and led the way down the hillside to his flying-field. At the end of a level pasture stood the hangars, behind the open doors of which one saw the two machines, like monstrous insects crouching in their lairs. Some mechanics pushed out a biplane. Campoformio explained the principles of flight.

Camillo wanted to be taken up. Campoformio, glancing at the swift December clouds, replied:

"Let's wait till there are not so many flurries. The first fine day I'll prove to you why this machine is better than the ones we're using in the army."

Fava sprang down to the ground with a grimace.

"What a pity! I wanted to sail to Florence, to the garden of the Pension Schwandorf, and carry away a certain little devil with the curls of a Venetian of Venice."

For the baron's benefit, Azeglio explained:

"A red-headed American girl has had the cheek to refuse our handsome Toto. He's heartbroken, not really on account of the Venetian curls, but because he thinks she's rich. Well, I went after the eldest, not bad at all—and she asked me to her wedding! Camillo's the only lucky one, unless I have Fava's permission, now, to try his Thallie."

"Not yet," declared Fava. "I may be cut up, but at least I'm good for one more charge."

"Just a moment," said Campoformio, laughing. "Have any of you counted the money?"

"Bah! Papa dresses himself so badly that he must be at least a millionaire."

Camillo, with a shrug of distaste, passed his sinewy brown hand along the propeller-blades of walnut-wood.

"By the way," drawled Azeglio, "we did n't introduce papa to the International Star!"

Camillo gave the Renault engine a final pat, as he would have caressed a horse that he desired to ride. He remarked quietly:

"See that you don't, you precious team of donkeys!"

"Aha!" exclaimed Fava, with a wink, "the Tesore might run through the family fortune, I suppose."

Azeglio assented, grinning:

"Very likely. He was interested enough that night at the Alhambra."

"Simpletons!" Camillo retorted hotly, "that honest old man saw only the performer. By this time, what with all that gallops through his brain, he's forgotten her completely. Take care that you leave it so!"

But at that very moment, in the Café Hirsch, Aurelius was examining respectfully a newspaper picture of the International Star.

The bald-headed, fat little waiter came drooping to the table.

"Black coffee, Otto, if you please," said Aurelius, absent-mindedly.

"Black coffee," moaned Otto, and dragged his feet across the floor to the buffet.

"Tell me, Otto, did you ever see this lady in the paper?"

The German-Swiss responded in a hollow voice:

"Mr. Gootschild, if I had the money for theaters and so on, I would not be waiting already in this kind of *Kaffeehaus*."

"I thought perhaps a celebrity like that—"

"A celebrity, Mr. Gootschild! Yes, that is how fame is easy for some peoples! Believe me, it is not talents that wins in this world; it is the charlotte-russes of humanity! Und I, who would know how to satisfy titles in a hotel de luxe, must stand here und see the celebrity of such a *Frauenzimmer*!"

"Stop there!" Aurelius cried, and drew himself up with flashing eyes. "Neither you nor I know anything derogatory to that lady!"

"Ach, Mr. Gootschild, don't fool your-

self. Those stage artists they are all alike."

"I deny your right to say so. I deny your right to malign an honorable profession, with which, I may inform you, I myself have been affiliated. You are speaking from envious rumor, sir, from malicious hearsay, from ignorance. I must say to you, in the words of Leonardo da Vinci, 'You do ill if you praise, but worse if you censure, what you do not understand.'" Red patches were painted on Aurelius's cheek-bones. His nostrils expanded and turned white. His hands were trembling. Then suddenly relaxing all over, he uttered, with a tremulous smile, "Excuse me, my friend, but I can't sit silent while any one offends a lady and the stage."

Monsieur Farazounis entered, wrung Mr. Goodchild's hand effusively, slid into the chair that he now occupied nearly every afternoon.

"You have been sitting here all alone, my gentleman? Ah, that is too bad!"

"No, no; I've only just arrived. Otto, more coffee and some pastry."

"And a pack of cigarettes," M. Farazounis added carelessly, licking his flat, vermilion lips.

Aurelius enjoyed those hours with the Greek.

Constantine Farazounis had taken his predatory nose and kinky mustaches into many countries. The near East supplied him with innumerable anecdotes. At his telling, Constantinople became a place of mystery and blood, with odalisks dropped into the Bosphorus in sacks, men thrown from minarets by giant negroes in frock-coats, lovers bound together and buried alive in a garden, severed heads rolled up in carpets. He had seen—at least, he said that he had seen—Arabian tribesmen gather for a desert war in twelfth-century chain-armor. He had watched the dervishes of Fezzan dance with daggers stuck through their cheeks. He had heard, he declared, the prisoners of Samarkand intone the Koran in the eternal darkness of their dungeons.

It was when he talked of pyramids that

he became mysterious. One day he broke forth:

"And they say, those archæologists, that nothing was ever there, or else it has been stolen by the Arabs! Ha! ha! those are nice jokes for me! Some time I shall open all their eyes—just as soon as I find a partner I can trust."

Mr. Goodchild inquired breathlessly:

"Was that what you meant when you spoke of the hidden treasures of a dynasty?"

M. Farazounis, batting his thick-fringed eyelids rapidly, held up his coffee-cup with a significant smile.

"To our secret!"

Solemnly they clinked their coffee-cups together.

On December twenty-third the Greek brought Aurelius a Christmas present—a small scarab of earth-colored stone, roughly carved on its reverse with the head of an Egyptian god.

The Greek whispered hoarsely:

"It comes from *there*!"

With a start, Mr. Goodchild dropped the relic into his coffee.

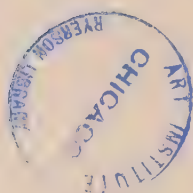
"The precious metals—" Farazounis darted glances all around him—"the precious metals and the jewels are still walled up in the inner chamber. Ah, my sir, if you could see what I seen when I remove' that little block of granite like a peep-show! The crowns of pearls; the funeral tables thick with rubies, the mummy-masks with diamond eyes, the *ushebti* figures made of a single emerald! And this little scarab, laying within ten feet of that for all these thousands thousands years!"

Aurelius racked his brain to think of a Christmas present that would be an adequate return. He ended by offering the Greek a malacca cane topped with a Sphinx's head of solid gold.

On Christmas eve he found in the flower-market some imitation holly, the red berries attached to the green leaves by wires. Late that night he stole like a burglar into his daughters' rooms to spread this foliage on the bureaux round his presents. He had just finished when he fell



“Her hand clutched at her torn sleeve, but that damage could not be concealed”



over Thallie's rocking-chair. The girls, awake all the while, pretended not to hear that rumpus.

With the first rays of sunlight began the scurrying in negligée from gift to gift, the cries of delight, the kisses in payment, the whole gay confusion that attended all the Goodchilds' Christmas mornings. Romping from room to room, the sisters lost a dozen years, recalled the pet-names of childhood, raised old songs associated with the jingling of sleigh-bells. In the street, looking up at the pension balcony, the vegetable hucksters were amazed to see two beaming faces framed in auburn braids, to hear two clear young voices carol, with an enchanting accent of good-fellowship:

God bless you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ our Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas day!

Camillo came to share their Christmas dinner. But even the Pension Schwandorf was not like home; even this dinner was not equal to the fine old feasts of Maple Lane. Now, though replete, they longed for some of Frossie's turkey-dressing, Thallie's mince-pie, Aglaia's cranberry jelly molded like a rabbit. Poor Aggie! Was she thinking of them now?

Their faces fell; sighs swelled their bosoms; each experienced a vague regret, a sense of something missed, a feeling that Christmas was not so jolly, after all.

M. Alphonse Zolande was of the same opinion.

The painting-teacher sat in a cheap little restaurant across the Arno, a hole in the wall, frequented by poor government clerks and artisans. On this night of family reunions the place was almost deserted. Three cab-drivers, lounging in a corner, were the only ones to comment on the lean, gray-mustached Parisian, whose dapper shabbiness was an epitome of ruined expectations.

M. Zolande, smoking his after-dinner cigarette, was thinking of the past.

He recalled his youth, when failure,

like death, had been a calamity that might befall others, but could never threaten him. He remembered his hopes; he was to be the best painter in the world.

His first work had seemed to him more wonderful than the masterpieces in the Louvre. He could hardly complete his courses, so great was his impatience for the medals, the government commissions, the high applause, the lucrative and amorous rewards of genius. Adventuring to Rome, he had become intoxicated by the fame of those whose works he saw about him. On the Pincian Hill, he had gazed across the Eternal City with the thought, "Henceforth you are all mine, old planet—your treasures, your laurel wreaths, your beautiful women, and your friendly smiles!" But twenty-five years had passed, and now, on Christmas night, he sat friendless in a foreign restaurant for cabmen. All that survived from those bright days was one canvas, ridiculously vast, portraying in bombastic style "The Defeat of Cyrus by Tamyris, Queen of the Massagetæ."

If that picture had been another's, he would have laughed at it; the fact that it was his prevented him from seeing its absurdities. That was one reason for his failure?

He started homeward. The narrow streets of Oltr' Arno were obscured by mist, below unilluminated, but above, where ancient house-walls seemed to heel together, transected by thin shafts of yellow light. From behind the solid shutters, all closed against the chill, there issued faint sounds of laughter and music.

Monsieur Zolande, walking on through cobbled lanes, reflected that his dreams of love had been no better realized than his dreams of fame. He climbed the four flights in Via de' Bardi, unlocked the studio door. A faint fragrance stole out from the close room—a fragrance that had survived the paint and cigarette-smoke of this lonely day; an indefinable sweetness, maybe not material at all, which made his heart leap, as if Thallie were there before him in the shadows.

Lighting the lamp, he examined the

study on the easel. It was the sketch of a peasant-woman in festal finery, hair sleekly coiffed, ear-rings a-dangle, party-colored shawl. This picture, which Thallie had made without a hint from him, was the first sharp test of her individuality and promise. And Zolande, holding up the lamp, knew that this canvas was the supreme test, also, of his honesty.

For the man who could not discern the faults in "Tamyris, Queen of the Massagetæ," saw clearly enough that Thallie would never become a notable painter.

Had it been another pupil, he would have felt no qualms about the deception. His sense of shame stirred only because the victim of his fraud was Thallie. But shame, which might for Thallie's sake have tipped the balance even against the money that these lessons brought him, could not outweigh the fear that if he told the truth she would come no more.

Zolande could not bear that thought. She was so fresh, so redolent of May, so exquisite in her newly budded beauty! These months of nearness to her had been like wine, now making him oblivious to his gray hairs, now stimulating the ardors that had long been smothered in his heart. At last he regarded her with the desperate avidity of an aging man who wants to make one final snatch at his departed youth.

"And my sketch," she asked him, the day after Christmas. "It really and truly shows some promise?"

"Your sketch is excellent. Last night I examined it again, and found that you've grasped in some way a trick of Giorgione's. See here, in this head, how you've separated the modeling from the color, and worked on each in turn. Did I teach you that? No, you found it out yourself. When such solid treatment comes by instinct, there is no doubt of the artistic gifts."

"Really?"

"Of course. Come, now, to-day we might do it again. On a white canvas we draw very mildly, spread a flat, transparent stain, lay in the flesh with bluish-black and white—"

"But the model?"

"That species of calf sends her excuses for to-day. No matter. *Tiens!* I have it. To fix the method in our mind, we shall copy my new replica of Giorgione's 'Maltese Knight.'"

He dragged out his latest counterfeit and propped it on a chair beside the easel. Thallie set to work enthusiastically.

As usual, Zolande paced the floor, smoked, wriggled his fingers, twitched at his mustaches. But planting himself beside the easel, he announced unsteadily:

"Princess Tchernitza has returned at last. She has sent me a pupil, another *sacré* Bulgarian! He comes to work to-morrow."

Thallie looked up at him with beaming eyes.

"Well, I'm so glad!"

"Ah, you are glad."

"Certainly. Is n't it good luck for you?"

"Good luck," he cried, in a voice that almost took on the lyric note of youth—"good luck that I must say adieu to all these hours just for you and me?"

A long silence ensued. She sat there staring and staring at her canvas, stunned, aware for the first time of her isolation here, oppressed by a gathering dread.

But her common sense rebelled; it was incredible that this old man was serious. She faltered:

"Why, yes; it has been cozy, has n't it?"

Even that response made him dare to take the plunge.

"You find it so, too! Then he shall not come, that miserable pupil! Ah, heavens, yes; I will do without him now! Just you and I through these delicious mornings! Just you and I, my angel, my little Thallie!"

He was in for it now. Thumping down on his knees beside her chair, he tried to embrace her.

She evaded him with a convulsive spring. The easel fell over. The palette went spinning into a corner. She backed against the wall, panting, wild-eyed, one sleeve in ribbons. She tore off her gingham apron and threw it upon the floor.

"Oh, you old wretch!"

He scrambled to his feet, ran forward, chattered like an imbecile:

"No! no! Listen to me! See, you don't understand!"

And doubtless to show her that she did n't understand, he caught her to his breast.

His leathery countenance, with its yellowish eyeballs and gray bristles, was distorted like a Japanese mask, grotesque, yet displaying the pathetic struggle of a soul that vainly seeks expression. He wanted to utter in one phrase all his loneliness, all his longings, all his adoration. But he could not recognize this girlish face transformed by fury, this vigorous young body that fought him like a wild thing, these pretty hands, astonishingly quick, which struck and scratched at him. Even amid his terrible excitement he realized that the soft maiden of his dreams had been transformed into a vixen. Still clinging in desperation to the stranger, he babbled more frantically than ever:

"No! no! For God's sake, listen! You don't understand!"

At last she planted a blow between his eyes. He staggered back, caught his heels in the easel, sat down with a crash on his counterfeit of Giorgione's "Maltese Knight." His nose was bleeding.

She fled from the room.

On the top staircase the rattle of her feet made one continuous sound; on the second flight her head began to swim; on the third she lost a slipper; on the fourth she tripped, plunged headlong, landed squarely in the arms of a man who had just entered from the street. The shock did not throw him off his balance. Two strong hands held her safe; that pressure, firm, yet gentle, brought her to her senses. Beyond surprise, she recognized John Holland. She sank in a heap upon the steps. She gasped hysterically:

"See, I've taken your advice! I've stopped my lessons up there!" Her hand clutched at her torn sleeve, but that damage could not be concealed. She bowed her tousled head. In a choking voice full of shame, maybe penitent as well, she whispered, "Please don't tell dad!"

"Of course not," John Holland answered gravely. "We'll just tell dad the truth—that I dropped in to see how you were getting on, and that you and I decided you'd make better progress somewhere else."

"Oh, thank you!"

Tears gushed from her eyes. She wiped her cheeks with trembling hands.

He waited, wiser than those who would have offered pity, till the first signs of convalescence—till Thallie began to put her curls to rights. Then he suggested:

"We'll take a little walk before we venture home. You'll need a hat for that."

"My hat! And my hand-bag! And I've lost a slipper, too!"

"Wait here," he admonished her, and climbed the stairs.

He walked into the studio. Zolande stood there shaking, moaning, dapping a gory paint-rag to his nose. But the Frenchman recoiled at sight of this tall, thick-set man, whose dress, in its compromise between fastidiousness and non-chalance, bespoke the natural aristocrat, whose rugged visage expressed calm certitude of mastery in any situation. The painting-teacher raised his arms in a limp gesture of appeal, as if he already felt those large hands round his throat.

John Holland's face was grim. He took a forward step, but just in time he managed to appraise the other with his customary vision, which proceeded from his sympathetic insight into human nature. His keen glance, sweeping round the room, absorbed a life's whole history. In a flash—perhaps by the assistance of another thought—he understood the whole cause of this offense as clearly as if he himself had been Zolande.

Clapping his hand on the Parisian's shoulder, he said:

"My friend, it can't be done."

Zolande, as if his bones had been suddenly removed, collapsed on the tattered divan.

All the way down-stairs a dreadful, strangled sob reëchoed in John Holland's heart—the cry of one who had made a

last desperate snatch at his departed youth.

CHAPTER XI

THALLIE DONS THE PRETTIEST GOWN THAT SHE HAS EVER WORN

WITH the new year, cold rains swept down across Tuscany; the city turned gloomy; the paths of the pension garden were covered with sodden petals. Thallie and Frossie accused John Holland of bringing the winter to Florence.

"Maybe so," he replied, with a smile that puzzled them. "Even though I came from the south!"

He had come from Rome, he said, to check up, in the Archæological Museum, a recent find of Etruscan relics. Once more the sisters thought it strange that so obvious a man of the world should spend his time examining black jars from the tombs of a vanished race. They discovered that he even had a valet concealed at the Hotel Alexandra, two squares away, on the Arno. In fact, he completely upset their conventional ideas of a scholar.

Yet they read in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" that John Holland was among the most brilliant of the younger historians. The word "younger" perplexed them.

"Then a man past forty," Frossie asked, "is considered young?"

"A man past fifty, no doubt," replied Thallie, sarcastically.

And again the sisters, in silent indignation, considered M. Zolande, who had sinned all the more in tarnishing their ideals of love.

They were grateful that Mr. Holland had never mentioned the scene in *Via de' Bardi*. He told Aurelius only that Zolande was not the best teacher for Thallie. The father replied:

"If you say so, sir, then that's the end of it. I bow to your critical judgment, which I know has been formed by the study of art from its first primeval efforts. But what a pity that Thallie's work can't go on, like Frossie's, without the need of instruction!"

Holland looked doubtful.

"Without the need of instruction?"

"What I mean is this. A painter, I suppose, must have studied the essentials of painting for many years; but a novelist, after a sound acquaintance with Hill and Webster, no longer goes to school, except possibly to nature."

John Holland lost no time in putting Frossie through an examination.

He found that all her criticisms unconsciously favored truth. She had an instinctive sense of harmony and proportion, an innate dislike of certain great formless novels accepted by many as masterpieces. Regarding style, she resented the claptrap phrases, the turgid, and the hysterical. Her favorite medium was a simple running prose, graceful, musical, various, distinguished by a discreet distribution of color. At last she showed him some pages of her romance. In her own work Frossie had violated her every artistic conviction!

"You see," he explained, "we climb toward our ideals by a long and arduous road. But possibly your historical setting impedes you. I've never seen but one good attempt in that line, Flaubert's '*Salammô*.' A *tour de force*, a fine curiosity, but not what you're after—a real interpretation of life. Suppose you inspect the present again, which you ought to find quite as thrilling as the past."

Another time he persuaded Thallie to show him her studies in oil.

While setting the canvases round on the parlor chairs, she made some flurried excuses. This one, in the manner of Titian, she meant to do over again; that head, in Raphael's style, she had dashed off in half a day; she knew that the figure after Rubens was all out of drawing. Midway between apprehension and pride, with a breathless laugh, she protested:

"In fact, I'm afraid they're awful. I should n't have shown them to you."

And she fixed her eyes imploringly on Holland, who viewed each sketch with the care of a judge at the Salon.

In his suit of rough gray homespun, his gaiters spotless, his blue cravat set off with a large black pearl, this big, strong-looking, self-possessed man could still be

uncomfortably impressive. So, as he made no comment at once, Thallie hastened to add:

"Besides, I 'm not going on in these lines. The old masters are wonderful, of course, but we moderns should find our own methods. All our twentieth-century revolts should extend to art, don't you think? Individualism, you know. To express oneself, and only oneself, intensely."

He did not smile.

"In that case," he said, "you 'll do what all great artists have tried to do."

"Ah," she exclaimed, as happy as if he had praised her work to the skies—so happy, indeed, that she did not realize his failure to praise it at all.

"And I 'm not going to try for another teacher just yet. I want to be unhampered awhile. Then, too—" she looked away—"then, too, I 've sort of lost my nerve about studios."

"Of course," he responded. "To work alone for a while won't do you the slightest harm."

"I 'm so glad you agree with me!"

Next morning Thallie set up an easel at home, with the door-porter's eldest child as a model.

She now aimed at such swift and decisive painting as some one—George Moore, perhaps—attributed to Manet. She was also obsessed by tales she had read of artists whose fame was founded on tints that nobody had ever discerned before. Squinting hard at the door-porter's daughter, she tried to reduce that puerile, olive-hued face to its component colors. This flesh, she decided, was really composed, in the light, of amethyst, orange, and emerald particles, in the shadows of ultramarine and mauve. Forthwith she smeared in some green and lavender patches with startling effect. No matter; this picture was meant to be seen from a distance.

Thallie, released from all restraint, was turning Impressionist!

Reginald, alas! still stayed in Paris. Encouraged by this apparent defection, Lieutenant Fava redoubled his calls at the pension.

The Sicilian made no more dramatic proposals of marriage. His present game was to twirl his rat-tail mustaches despondently, send worshiping looks from his slanting eyes, shake his long, narrow head, as if at some hopeless dream, and smuggle away, not too secretly, a flower that the adored one had dropped. These sad, subservient manners, this mien of the classic prisoner of love, ended by boring Thallie. Her manner toward Fava grew condescending and careless. For all his boasted experience, he had not perceived that this maiden was meant to find her emotional complement in mastery, not in submission.

Sometimes, at the little restaurant that served the three lieutenants in place of a mess-room, Fava expressed his chagrin.

"Devil take it! when I went at her with horse, foot, and guns, she condescended to pardon me like a queen. And now, when I crawl on my hands and knees and sigh like a bellows, she lifts up her nose all the more. Accidents to that accursed pig of a Reginaldo! Camillo, find out for me if they are really affianced."

"Affianced!" Azeglio exclaimed. "One would think they were married, the way they went out walking alone."

"That 's the American custom," Camillo informed him.

"Ah! ah!" Fava winked, wagged his head, screwed up his face in a hideous grin. "The American this, the American that! I have yet to see an American composed of a face and a pair of little pink wings, like the cherubs in holy pictures!"

Camillo, laying down knife and fork, calmly remarked:

"In discussing that girl, remember she may soon be my sister-in-law."

"Have I said anything derogatory to her? I even accept her American walks with that wretch. I even pass over one time when I saw her and him in Giacinta's—yes, sitting there openly, those two alone, and drinking a cup of tea! Could I offer more proof of my respect for the character of your sister-in-law?"

Azeglio, kicking Camillo under the table, suggested:

"You 'll stop all those American tricks when you 've married her, though?"

"Oh, then, to be sure," declared Fava, "she 'll have to learn a few lessons. But that bird is still in the tree."

"Courage!" Camillo laughed. "Put on a mask and propose at the carnival ball."

"By the way," Azeglio inquired, "when the carnival ball comes along, shall we have to invite them? A box costs a hundred lire, you know."

The faces of the three lieutenants grew long.

That night, in barracks, Camillo counted his savings, shrugged, blew out the lamp, sat down to review his condition.

A light from the troopers' dormitories passed over the courtyard and entered his room, a small white chamber arranged with that neat simplicity which distinguishes the born soldier. Here stood his military chest, there his narrow bed, and, over his varnished boots all precisely alined against the wall, hung his uniforms, helmet, revolver, and long, straight sword. Near the window, beside the shaving-shelf, were tacked some photographs of his parents and sisters. A table covered with books, a lamp, an arm-chair, completed his property.

In the courtyard a trumpet wailed the *silenzio*. The lights, except one in each dormitory, went out. Camillo looked up at the moon, which was struggling, like a soul in the toils of circumstance, to break through the clouds. His face of a young medieval knight grew firm.

"Since I cannot give my children a fortune, they must have honors, honors, and honors. Ah, yes, I 'll have to rise quickly now. If only another war would come!"

Camillo had not been content with learning cavalry tactics and memorizing historic problems of strategy. For years, as if Italy's future depended upon his knowledge, he had studied the regimen, equipment, and field-work of infantry, the transportation of ammunition and food, the latest, most intricate forms of intrenchment, the conduct of sieges, ballistics, powders, projectiles—the whole com-

plicated science of modern warfare. And nothing interested him more than the new coöperation of aëroplanes and artillery.

But a day of battle might come when the aviators had all been disabled, when volunteers would be needed to soar and spy, in order to save a brigade, a division, an army. That would be the chance for him if he knew how to fly.

One day he revisited Baron di Campoformio.

The Villa Campoformio, in the country-side north of Florence, was a white stucco house in a spacious garden of ilex and cypress-trees. High walls, surmounted by large stone urns, inclosed the grounds: one rang a bell in the gate-post, and, after five minutes or so, a man-servant in a green baize apron pushed back the bolts. Camillo, dismounting, left his horse with this servitor. The baron, clad in an old tweed coat, his thin hair blown by the breeze, his boots incrustured with loam, was helping the gardener tie up the rose-bushes with straw.

Campoformio led Camillo into the drawing-room, a large apartment hung in yellow brocade, where a sporting widower's tastes had almost eclipsed the influence of the dead American wife. Another servant brought vermuth and seltzer, cigarettes and cigars. The baron's weather-beaten face wore a quizzical look as he asked:

"Well, Signore Icarus?"

Camillo smiled in turn.

"It 's true," he confessed, "that I came to ask for a little ride in the sky."

"Oh, I knew you would. It was easy to see that you 'd never rest till you 'd driven a biplane yourself. Am I right?"

"I should like to do that, too."

"Good enough! The more of us that can fly, the worse we shall beat the Austrians. I take it you 're not afraid of heights?"

"I was born on a mountain."

"Your nerves are all right in these fatal days of peace?"

Camillo held out his strong brown hands, palms down, with fingers spread, at arm's length. They did not move any

more than if carved out of Pavonazetto marble.

"Bravo! A cavalry officer able to do that in Florence must have a constitution of iron—or be related to all the saints!"

They rode down to the flying-field. A biplane, propelled by mechanics and field-hands, emerged from its hangar.

Campoformio insisted that Camillo also put on a fleece-lined jacket, an aviator's helmet, and gloves. Well muffled, they climbed the frame, the pilot taking the steering-seat, the passenger the perch behind, against the gasolene-tank. The baron raised his hand in the air. A mechanic gave the propeller a whirl and darted away. The engine began a deafening clatter. The biplane moved forward gently, then faster and faster. Camillo realized that the ground was ten, twenty, thirty feet beneath him, and blurred by the speed of this flight.

When had they left the turf?

Suddenly they shot up a steep hill of air, ran level, shot up again. The pressure of wind seemed to flatten Camillo's chest; he could hardly expel his breath. The oxygen that rushed into his lungs made him feel drunk. He wanted to laugh aloud, to shout in triumph, to shake his fist at the clouds. He felt as if he had never really lived till this moment.

With a nod, Campoformio bade him look down.

On every side the earth was unrolling in billows, hills flattening, highways and villages dwindling, forests melting to patches of grayish haze. Far behind, through the brilliant, transparent disk produced by the whirling propellers, Camillo saw Florence shrinking like some magical carpet of brown and silvery mottles, like Balzac's *peau de chagrin*, which diminished at every wish. The Arno became a thread; the heights beyond sank into their valleys, and Mount Cuccioli, slowly crumbling, was lost in the distance.

Camillo looked ahead. Mount Rinaldi, Fiesole, Mount Ceceri were bowing before this miracle, this great bird, ridden by men, that swept over them at the altitude of a thousand feet. The white ham-

lets whirled round and scattered like chickens below the hawk. The hill streams, all their secrets revealed, writhed in their channels and wriggled away to the south. And ahead, the snow-capped mountains, so haughty till now in their supremacy, were beginning to crouch, like ranks of cowardly Titans preparing for flight.

"Now I know how God feels in his heavens!" Camillo thought. "At last man comes into his own! At last our divinity abases the world!" And, to Campoformio, who was looking back at him strangely, he gave an exalted, dazed smile.

"Are you dizzy?" the pilot demanded, his howl no more than a sigh in the roar of engine and wind.

"Go on! go on! go on!" cried Camillo. The words, driven back into his throat, set him to coughing.

The baron put the *aéroplane* round in a banking curve, descended five hundred feet at one swoop, raced homeward. Florence, creeping forth over the rim of the world, expanded from a puddle to a wide, flashing lake of roofs. The hills beyond, as the biplane dipped again, emerged from bluish mists, regained their courage, held up their heads as before. Below appeared pastures that seemed like table-cloths raised to catch the *aéroplane* safe in their folds. And into their folds the machine descended so softly that one could not tell when it left the air and ran on the ground.

A few rods away two hangars appeared. Familiar faces surrounded the biplane—the faces of the baron's mechanics. What, they had skimmed the world and unerringly regained this obscure little spot?

Camillo was further amazed to learn that they had flown only thirteen minutes.

Campoformio gave him another keen glance.

"You were dizzy up there?"

"Not at all. I felt a bit tipsy at first."

"Next time you won't notice that. If, indeed, you wish to go on?"

"Go on! *Per Baccho!* nothing can stop me now!"

"Then look here; while you 're at it,

why not go after the military brevet for aviators? I'll be your teacher, and guaranty that in two months' time you'll pass the tests with flying colors."

"But that is too much to ask of you!"

"Nonsense! I hope we two can engage in a patriotic act."

Camillo, overjoyed, accepted the baron's offer.

He made haste to tell Frossie of his intention. But she, frightened, protested:

"Not aëroplanes, too!"

He laughed indulgently.

"That old omnibus is as safe as a boat. The air is n't a void, after all, but a big, soft cushion, buoyant and strong, like the sea. And to think we humans have been so long in finding it out!"

Mr. Goodchild, at least, understood Camillo's enthusiasm. Long ago Aurelius had thought of inventing the flying-machine himself; but other projects had intervened, and finally some one else had grasped the laurels that might have been his.

"Still," he reflected, his old ardor renewed by Camillo's adventure, "the science of aviation is n't perfected yet. Above all, there's a need of some infallible safety-device. If I went to work on it, devoted my mind entirely to the problem, most likely I could put an end to the accidents. But of course that kind of research would soon require a workshop."

He thought of a certain workshop across the sea, of a little ramshackle house, of Maple Lane, and all the surrounding vistas. The countless friendly aspects of Zenasville rose before him again, their attractiveness intensely enhanced by distance and time. It seemed like many years since he had bade those dear, homely regions good-by.

But now and then letters reached him from home. Dr. Numble, a faithful correspondent, was still at work on the *Magnum Opus*—St. Louis of France was passing into a new incarnation. Ira Inchkin, for all his complaints about the hardware business, found time to describe his wife's latest feat on the town-hall stage. Her portrayal of *Hedda Gabler* "had knocked

the breath right out of the 'Zenasville Recorder's' dramatic critic." Selina Inchkin, for her part, neglected to dwell on that triumph. Perhaps she was too much excited by Aggie's wedding. She wrote:

Would a thousand times that I had been with you at those nuptials! Radiant as the dawn, I see my precious Aglaia descending from the bliss-embowered altar, clinging with fond, shy sweetness to the strong arm of he who henceforth shall be her sturdy oak, her one in all, her soul-mate! How nature must have warbled its hymns of joy in that solemn and beauteous blend, when they who previously mankind had known as twain were united into one, by Heaven's holy ordnance! And so they went forth into life, like unto a symphony of angel's wings, tender and true, as Poe says, "evermore."

Aurelius, as he folded up this rhapsody, mused:

"Good, warm-hearted folks, eager to share our joys, and willing to share our griefs! Old friends are good. Yes, yes, old friends, old places, old habits are hard to lose."

He was then sitting at his favorite table in the Café Hirsch. A cup of coffee smoked before him, and by the table the waiter, Otto, drooped in melancholy rumination. On all sides sat painters, poets, journalists, most of them shabby, many lean and pale, the curious dress and airs of some betraying their essential triviality. Their chatter was unintelligible; they did not glance at Mr. Goodchild; their whole little circle buzzed on, day after day, oblivious to the stranger. Yet there was scarcely one of their enthusiasms that Aurelius could not have shared and understood, if they had given him the chance and he had spoken half a dozen foreign languages.

Even Constantine Farazounis seemed to have deserted him.

"So," said Otto, in the born pessimist's sepulchral tones of satisfaction, "to-day already you feel lonely, Mr. Gootschild, just like me!"

"For the moment I was thinking of my

own home. But, as Epictetus has written, 'When you have lost anything external, keep in mind what you have got instead of it.' And somewhere else he tells us, 'Be pleased with the present, and contented with whatever it's the season for.' No, Otto, to be lonely, or, in other words, discontented, is to be ungrateful, is to reproach Divine Providence, which is wiser than we are, and brings all changes for our ultimate benefit."

And fortified by these thoughts, oblivious to Otto's sour grimace, Aurelius got out his writing-pad and briskly set to work.

That night, from his window, he saw Camillo and Frossie in the garden. The young soldier, in his pearl-gray cavalry cape, the young girl, in a pale satin cloak, stood close together, lost in each other's gaze. Before Aurelius could turn away, Camillo lifted Frossie's pince-nez and reverently kissed her eyelids.

"So soon!"

Presently the father's thoughts went out toward England, to Aglaia.

He strove to see her amid the moors of Devonshire, in the country-house of which she wrote so sparingly, among the Bellegrams, of whom she only said that "They were just what she had expected." Now, as often at night since she had gone away, Mr. Goodchild felt restless, was desolate with more than a fond parent's loneliness, grew apprehensive without cause, unless there came to him through space a faint thrill of travail from the brain he had begotten.

What if Aggie were unhappy at this moment!

She had a new life to learn, new points of view to conform to, new alliances to swear. Henceforth she would belong to her own race no more than to her father. And here, in the garden, another international marriage was in preparation! Thallie, at least, might marry an American, that Reginald Dux. But was her attachment to him really serious?

It seemed serious enough next day, when Reginald unexpectedly appeared in Florence.

He had finally lured the Ghillamoors from sleety Paris down into the Tuscan winter, which, knowing nothing about it, he vowed would afford the very climate to make little Rosalie quite well again. Hector Ghillamoore and his wife came to Florence none too confident of this, but, rather, prepared to take their child still farther south. An hour after their arrival at the Hotel Alexandra, just as a cold, hard rain set in, Reginald escaped them. He slipped away to the Pension Schwandorf. At his voice in the hall, Thallie laid both hands against her breast and closed her eyes.

With their first devouring glance, each found the other more desirable even than the cherished mental image. Their fingers touching, both suddenly felt impulse straining against convention's barrier. It seemed incredible that they had to meet so formally, after all those secret, febrile hours apart, when imagination, undaunted in the solitary watches of the night, had brought to both a sense of intimacy almost as vivid as actual experience. Now to shake hands again as mere acquaintances, to utter ordinary greetings, was like waking outside the closed portals of a place where one had passed ecstatic hours in dreams. For all he said was, "You see, I did come back!" And she, with lips tightened so that they might not tremble, "You did, did n't you, after all?"

"Everything seems the same," he ventured. With a kindling eye he looked round on the homely gewgaws of the hall, which once on a time had been material for his derision.

"The garden has changed," she answered, and through the French windows of the parlor he saw the last rose-petals falling in the rain.

"So it has, by George!"

She watched his profile as a devotee regards the likeness of a saint. Her gaze caressed his crisp blond locks, his high-bridged, rather dictatorial nose, his less-salient, capricious chin. She sighed with satisfaction, as if before a work of art, while observing the rich, dark fabric of his coat, the cravat in such aristocratic

taste, the discreet glimmer of his scarf-pin and his watch-chain. She exulted in his whole look of smartness and superiority. Her heart seemed to melt in its own warmth at realization that this splendid youth had condescended to return to her, and now might any day propose to her!

If only she dared to let him know at once her humble gratitude, her passion for prompt requital! If only she might throw herself into his arms forthwith and cry: "I worship you! To me you are like a god! None but you shall ever have me! In return, I only ask that you never love any one but Thallie!"

"Do they smoke here?" he inquired, in the short-clipped, careless speech that always seemed to her so well-bred, so distinguished. And without waiting for her reply he lighted an Egyptian cigarette.

Next day Lieutenant Fava again had to bear the sight of Thallie and Reginald strolling unchaperoned through Florence.

If it rained, they wandered into museums, where, amid a beautiful profusion, they saw little besides each other. If the wind bit hard, they sauntered into churches. There, beyond groves of pillars, in a diffused effulgence, the sonorous progress of the mass provided a mystic *obligato* to their whispers. Revisiting Giacinta's tea-room, they sat in the very corner where Thallie had regained her wits after finding him in Italy. Sending, as once before, a long look into the mirror, she realized that the bud had finally become the full-blown flower.

From a near-by table, "Moloch's wife," the mountainous woman with the sprouting moles, stopped her gormandizing long enough to beam on them approvingly.

Again in Via Tornabuoni, they saw a shop-window filled with dominoes and masks, red, white, and green.

"A carnival ball!" exclaimed Reginald. "What luck!"

He went in to ask questions, paid for a box, bespoke a red domino. Later, on the street, they encountered the Ghillamoors.

Thallie was presented to the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

Mrs. Ghillamoor was a handsome, graceful person just under thirty years, pale, showing some of that haggardness which comes to those who follow an unnatural regimen in order to keep thin. Her hat, her furs, her gown, the jewel at her neck, were unobtrusive even in their extreme modernity. Her whole manner proclaimed, by the perfection of its amiable restraint, that she had never known a time when she had not been a lady.

Thallie's spirits, a moment ago so high, sank to her heels. She told herself bitterly, "This is the sort of woman he's accustomed to!" She felt that in comparison with this perfected creature all her faults must be revealed to Reginald. In an agony of self-distrust, she wondered what she might say or do that disagreed with Mrs. Ghillamoor's pattern for behavior.

"You've been here long?" asked the latter in a softly modulated voice.

"I'm living here," Thallie replied. "I live quite near to where you're staying, in the Pension Schwandorf." Too late she caught herself up, blushed painfully. No doubt this overpowering stranger would consider that a plea for intimacy!

But Mrs. Ghillamoor did not notice her confusion. Sweetly smiling, she remarked:

"It seems to me that Reggie did n't half describe the charms of Florence in the winter-time."

Hector Ghillamoor, towering beside her in a belted overcoat, showed on his gladiator's face an enigmatical grin. He said to Reginald:

"Want a talk with you to-night."

"Make it seven o'clock," suggested Mrs. Ghillamoor. "And, for goodness' sake! Reggie, be on time for once!" As though from force of habit, she gave the young man a tap on the elbow with the back of her slim gloved hand, a sort of proprietary motion, half disparaging and half affectionate, that Thallie knew was meant for her to see. Next moment the married woman's eyes, good humor disguising the inquisitiveness in their depths,

slipped round to Thallie's face. And the friendliness of Mrs. Ghillamoor's good-by did not alter the young girl's conviction that her secret had been discovered by a trick, that in consequence the other was her antagonist.

So her first intuition, formed at Cherbourg, had been right: there was, or had been, something between Mrs. Ghillamoor and Reginald? Pleading a headache, Thallie escaped the remainder of her walk.

In result, Reginald managed to enter the Ghillamoors' rooms in the Hotel Alexandra at precisely seven o'clock.

By the fire, wrapped in a Roman shawl of knitted silk, sat a little girl of seven, scrawny, colorless, with black ringlets and large, serious eyes.

"*Wie gehts*, Rosalie," cried Reginald, in the hearty tone that young men assume for ailing children.

"*Wie gehts*, Uncle Reggie," the little girl replied, watching him closely, as if expecting him to play some joke on her. "Your buttonhole looks lonely. Have a posy."

"Oh, thanks. And where are the paters and maters and potatoes, what?"

Without the shadow of a smile she answered:

"The paters and maters are dressing. The potatoes are cooking. That is, yours are. Little round bald ones to go with the *sole Marguery*, and long brown hairy ones with the *filets mignons*."

"And what are your potatoes doing? Digesting?"

"I did n't get any. I only had a cereal."

Mrs. Ghillamoor entered the parlor in a saffron-colored evening gown, her hair freshly dressed, a cigarette between her fingers. By some process known only to herself and to her maid she had lost half a dozen years since afternoon.

The little invalid solemnly inspected her mother.

"Mama, your hair is different to-night. It's rather *chic*, I think. Is that the new frock from Poiret? Did you put it on to make poor Uncle Reggie lose an eye?"

"Poor Uncle Reggie has no eyes left to lose, my dear. Nurse is coming now to take your temperature and tuck you in. Let Uncle Reggie have a kiss—unless he's hoarding them these days."

Rosalie expelled her breath in a melancholy way.

"Here you are, then, Uncle Reggie. No, no; you know better than that! My forehead's for papa, my right cheek's for mama, my left cheek's for you."

"How about your lips?"

"You grown-up people all smoke, and tobacco makes my lips burn. Besides, that kind of kissing is n't sanitary. Is it, Nurse?"

The nurse, lifting her in the Roman shawl, bore her away. Mrs. Ghillamoor sat down beside the fire.

She was not, and had never been, in love with Reginald. To her mind, he could no more be compared to Hector Ghillamoor than if he had belonged to an inferior species. She had long since discovered many of his shortcomings, due, as she thought, to the fact that he, unlike her husband and herself, was the product of only a single affluent generation. She discerned beneath his polish, beneath the romanticism that underlay his worldly manner, a weakness on which no heavy strain had yet been put, a flaw that she would have described to Hector as a yellow streak.

But it was not necessary to be in love with him in order to feel jealousy. Mrs. Ghillamoor, though faithful to her husband, was not averse to the attentions of a *cavaliere servente*—a good-humored, presentable young man content to follow in her train and entertain her on demand. The traditional friend of the family, no matter how innocent his status, may sometimes find that a heart-affair arranged outside the long-frequented household affects the amiability of the wife.

As sleet lashed the window-panes, she regarded Reginald with a mocking smile.

"A little of your famous Tuscan weather! By the way, we're leaving for Sicily to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"And none too soon for Rosalie, at that."

He flushed.

"Honestly, Paula, I thought Florence would be all right."

"Never mind. The doctors in Paris warned me. I had no intention of stopping here. Still, I did n't mind staying long enough to learn the reason for all your eloquence. Now I think that the best thing for you, as well as for Rosalie, will be a month or two at Taormina."

His flush deepened. Shrugging his shoulders, he returned, with an attempt at nonchalance:

"Sorry, but that 'll have to wait a bit. I can't possibly get off to-morrow."

Hector Ghillamoor lounged into the room, his big hands crammed in the pockets of his dinner-jacket, his chest already pushing the starched plastron out of his waistcoat. Mrs. Ghillamoor, with a hint of bitterness in her voice, informed him:

"Reggie is n't traveling in the morning."

"Nonsense!"

"It's so, old man. I've tied myself up for some sort of carnival ball."

"What a reason!" was Paula Ghillamoor's comment.

Her husband scowled.

"Bad business, Reggie. Go slow."

"Go slow at what?"

"Don't bluff. We have your number. You're stuck on her all right."

It was on the tip of Reginald's tongue to say, "Kindly mind your own business!" Yet by such a rejoinder he would affront two well-established dwellers in a world that he had not entered till in his teens—a world, indeed, wherein he still felt at times the fallibility of a novice. His respect for these patricians of three generations cowed his spirit. The timidity of the parvenu changed his defiance to a laugh.

"Oh, come, now," he remonstrated. "Hardly as bad as that!"

In Paula Ghillamoor's eyes the flash of triumph was immediately clouded by contempt. Though infatuated, Reginald evaded owning up to it. He was ashamed

not of love, but of loving some one who was neither rich nor fashionable. In his effort to prove his worldly cultivation, his aristocratic tastes, he had even insulted his inamorata with a deprecatory smile. At last the yellow streak was showing. Instantly Reginald Dux became less desirable even as a *cavaliere servente*.

Hector's valet bore in the cocktails.

"It's settled, however, that you won't start with us to-morrow?" asked Paula, casually.

"But how can I, since I've asked a lot of people to that wretched ball?"

Ghillamoor dubiously shook his head.

"Give me your word, at least, that as soon as our backs are turned you won't slop over. You know, if you did, there'd be the very devil to pay at home. Why, your mother would probably hold Paula and me responsible!"

"My dear fellow!" Reginald protested, still with his deprecatory smile.

A waiter, bowing in the doorway, announced that dinner was served. At once Mrs. Ghillamoor swept her saffron-colored train into the adjoining room.

When Thallie learned that Reginald had renounced the Ghillamoors in order to stay in Florence, a flood of triumph washed away all her bitterness.

The carnival ball was imminent. In the Pension Schwandorf there was a merry trying-on of dominoes and masks, a running to and fro of dressmakers' apprentices. It was arranged that on the festive night all should meet at the pension at half-past ten o'clock. The ball was to be held in the opera-house, the Politeama Fiorentino, only a square away, so carriages would not be needed unless it rained. The Magenta Cavalry prayed fervently for clear weather.

Their plea was granted.

As the hour approached, Thallie, standing at the window of her bedroom, imbibed the balmy air that she had ever known in winter. It seemed to her that spring must have returned for this occasion, with all that spring may mean. Looking up at the starry sky, she found the splendor of the world, enhanced by

the tenor of her present thoughts, almost too much to bear. With a sigh of rapture she turned to the looking-glass. She knew that she was beautiful to-night. She saw in her reflection a new alluring quality. Her fresh loveliness seemed more humanly provocative than previously. Perhaps this was due in part to her attire, of white satin trimmed with tiny rose-buds, contrived in the very latest fashion known to Florence, the finest, most sophisticated dress that she had ever worn.

CHAPTER XII

AN OLD GATE-KEEPER IN A RÔLE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

At eleven o'clock the Goodchilds, Reginald, and the three lieutenants set out afoot for the Politeama Fiorentino. Thallie's domino and mask were white; Fros-sie wore green; Aurelius, in order not to put a quietus on the merrymaking, had muffled himself in a robe of red glazed muslin. But Reginald, observing that the officers disdained to hide their uniforms and faces with such frippery, blushed for his lack of savoir-faire, and left his carnival regalia in the pension. Thallie had never seen him in full evening dress before.

Approaching the opera-house, they found a crowd of poor Florentines watching the participants arrive. Vehicles crawled forward in a line; cab-doors kept slamming; between banks of heads, that wore an unearthly pallor in the rays of arc-lamps, a stream of dominoes, red, white, and green, ascended to the doorways. Thallie was nearly crushed by a luxurious motor-car, at the wheel of which Reginald noted Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur.

In the foyer, one mob besieged the cloak-rooms on the left, another, largely composed of rakish-looking fellows in false noses, seethed round the buffets extending to the right. Straight ahead, a third swarm was climbing a staircase to the ball-room. The Americans and the Magenta Cavalry drove upward through this press and gained their box.

Within a great ring of boxes the dancing-floor disappeared beneath promenaders in eccentric costume. A film of dust, produced by these innumerable feet, dimmed the glitter of the military band that filled the stage, befogged the clustered lights and tricolor decorations, gave to the balconies overhead, where small, grotesque figures chased one another amid showers of confetti, a look of unreality.

In the adjoining box Thallie and Fros-sie were surprised to see "Moloch's wife," from Giacinta's tea-room. The lieutenants, bowing to her, introduced the Goodchilds.

She was Princess Tchernitza!

The band burst into a triumphal march; the promenaders scampered in all directions, and there emerged upon the floor a procession of nautch-girls, demons, harlequins, giants with the heads of beasts, among whom, on an artificial camel, rode a handsome woman clad in gauze and rhinestones. The crowd made obeisance. Ribbons of colored paper curled through the air. Amid frenzied applause a Roman general, his classic costume enhanced by spectacles and flowing whiskers, scaled the camel, embraced the Spirit of the Carnival. Mr. Goodchild gave a jump. The victim of this onslaught was the International Star!

"The Tesore!" Azeglio ejaculated. And to Fava, with a mischievous smile, "To-night would be an excellent time to present papa!"

Camillo quelled him with a look.

Thallie, standing at the box-rail, clapped her hands delightedly. To see better she removed her mask. Immediately a group of men gathered on the floor below—clowns, Fiji Islanders, brigands, Arabs, mandarins. Sounds of approval rose; a few of the masqueraders ventured florid compliments, and a little thin fellow, in evening dress, but wearing a pig's head of papier-mâché, made a motion as if of yearning to clasp her to his breast. Lieutenant Fava dashed a glass of champagne into the stranger's eyes. As the latter slunk away to mop his coat, Aurelius let slip an exclamation of dis-

tress. Reginald, however, felt irritation because it was not he who had avenged that insolence.

"Keep your mask on," Camillo Olivuzzi whispered in Thallie's ear.

"I see one has to," she agreed, refastening the elastics with unsteady fingers.

"But naturally," said Fava, "when one has a smile to make the lights seem dim!"

And presently they observed that Princess Tchernitza also had clapped on a mask, bright green to match her gown, and large enough to conceal at least the center of her visage. Through this disguise she fixed her eyes on Mr. Goodchild.

"Well, sir," she demanded of him in her bassoon-like voice.

"I find it stupendous, ma'am. It's like a—kaleidoscope!"

"A kaleido— Ah, to be sure—a *caleidoscopio*, though considerably larger."

"The endless repetition of red, white, and green!"

"Yes, fortunately the regulations permitted a green dress, or I should not have come. I wear only green, purple, and gold, for those are the colors harmonizing with my personality. Before I knew better, I affected gray, and misfortunes heaped themselves upon me. Gray brought me poverty, just as the habitual use of crimson would cause me sooner or later to commit a crime of passion."

"Good heavens! ma'am!"

"Oh, these are established facts. Anybody who ignores them risks a cataclysm. But all are not affected by these colors in the same way. For example, tell me your full name and date of birth."

Receiving his answer, the Bulgarian made a mental calculation.

"The numerical potency of 'Aurelius Goodchild' in relation to this nativity is unfortunate. You must change your name."

"But it seems a little late—"

"Then you must take a secret name, propitious for you, and always identify yourself with it. Let me think. Ha! You could not do better than to call yourself, in your subconscious mind, Augustus

Autocrator, after the Egyptian title of the first Roman emperor, of whom, by the way, a friend of mine happens to be the reincarnation. And you must remember never to wear brown or lavender! Brown would bring you duels, while lavender would produce an appetite insatiable for liquor. In addition to all this, you must be sure to vibrate in the key of C Major!"

Leaning across the partition of the box, oblivious to the racket from the dancing-floor, Princess Tchernitza went on to describe at length the science of numbers and colors as developed by the Florentine theosophists. Her obesity made her curiously imposing; her deep voice issued from behind the mask like the utterance of a pythoness from the curtains of a sanctuary, and in the uproar of the carnival her statements seemed like the rigmorales of an oracle heard in the ancient mysteries. Aurelius, who always swallowed such ideas at a gulp, could hardly deny a feeling that this meeting was predestined, that this monstrous personage had been sent by Providence to show him how to end the incoherencies of his existence. Tense in his robe of red muslin, with shivers running down his spine, he no longer scanned the crowd for that unappreciated comic genius, Nella Tesore, the International Star.

The maskers cavorted on the floor, here jiggling in clusters, there skipping in long strings, or forming an eddy round some acrobat who whirled his partner off her feet. "Look!" cried Azeglio, pointing toward the far curve of the boxes. "Cam-poformio!" But the others could not discern the baron through that brilliant haze.

"No matter; he will come over when he catches sight of us," Camillo told Frossie. "At last you shall see the good fellow who is helping me to win my military brevet."

"I wish he did n't exist," said Frossie.

"But all my efforts toward advancement are on your account."

"I want no honors that you have to risk your life for," she answered. And

pressing his hand, she turned her masked face away.

From below, some dapper officers, anxious to be invited to the box, made gestures to the three lieutenants. Azeglio and Fava motioned them to be off.

"We were right, I hope, Monsieur," Lieutenant Fava asked Reginald, with a smile that seemed to cover a subtle bitterness.

"Perfectly, Monsieur," the other replied, concealing his chagrin. From the first these wretched soldiers had behaved as if the box were theirs! To retrieve his self-respect, Reginald ordered more champagne.

Thallie, with a glance at her father, consented to take another sip—"just a thimbleful." Like most ardent persons who find themselves amid unusual excitement, she began to feel her inhibitions weakening, as if the atmosphere around her were a vast, insidious solvent, replete as it was with fluttering hues and swimming lights, pulsating with melody and laughter, informed with the emanations of a thousand reckless minds. She threw open her domino, which stifled her as if it had been the encumbrance of old humdrum, prudent teachings: and her young form, emerging from that shapeless chrysalis, was charming in the new sophistication of its garniture. Reginald stared at Thallie's throat, milk-white, encircled by the double crease.

"How about that dance?"

Fava objected. "A lady could not go on the floor with all those rascals." His protest dwindled to a curse as Reginald and Thallie slipped out of the box.

In the corridor an odalisk jingled by, an Apache in pursuit. Two masks were squeaking at each other in the disguised falsetto customary at Italian carnivals. A Turk appeared, walking on his hands, followed by shouting friends. Thallie and Reginald, dodging past these zanies, reached the dancing-floor.

The band was playing "Smile of April." Reginald put his arm round Thallie. A shiver passed through her, similar to that which she had felt at her

first swallow of champagne, and she closed her eyes as they glided into a waltz.

The revolving couples engulfed them: they floated through a sea of languorous humanity. A confused fragrance was exhaled from these innumerable corsages, bouquets, and coiffures. From all sides came unsteady bursts of mirth, stifled protestations, murmurs that blended with the softness of the flutes. Here and there, on a countenance from which both the satin and the natural shield had been withdrawn, was visible a look that may have been the epitome of Reginald's and Thallie's own sensations. She, gazing up at him, felt all the sentimental instincts of her life fuse into an immense desire to show her gratitude to this splendid lover. He, glancing down at her, was more deeply stirred by the concealing mask than if he had seen her face.

The music stopped, but still there passed through their temples the rhythm of the waltz, still there coursed through their veins the stimulation of that dance performed so exquisitely in accord, as though these two beings had been commanded by a single impulse. Then they saw far off, through the illusive mist of lights and dust, the box occupied by Mr. Goodchild, Frossie, and the three lieutenants. And that spot was for both of them a dwindled, vague reminder of everything prosaic, to which the expanded heart could not return so soon.

A flight of steps near by ascended to the balconies. The white balustrades, entangled with confetti, resembled the approaches to some submarine palace of an Eastern legend, fashioned of nacre, festooned with such vivid weeds as lie beneath enchanted seas. Thallie and Reginald ran up the stairs like truants from the actual world.

On a landing, in a pillared embrasure which no one else had yet discovered, they found an open window. A mild breeze caressed them, rich with the perfume of this almost vernal night. Thallie lifted the ruffle of her mask. In the starlight her mouth was like a crimson flower.

"How delicious the air is!" she

breathed. "It blows from the park. The Cascine is only a block away from here."

"A queer night," he answered in unsteady tones; for he knew that to-night he was at the first real crisis of his life.

Long ago, in those summer days when he had rediscovered her in Florence, he had been like one who, for lack of livelier occupation, takes out a skiff upon a tranquil little stream. Condescendingly he had drifted between banks of unpretentious verdure, which formed a prospect quite unlike the scenes that his romanticism craved—broad waters which reflected mountain-peaks transfigured by the afterglow, which mirrored, beneath the fading shore, a carved marble terrace surrounded by *Olea fragrans* trees. But, as he went on floating down the stream, he had come to perceive in this naïve retreat a charm not furnished by the landscapes of his dreams. He had said to himself, "There, round that turn ahead, is surely a still prettier view; I can't turn back until I've seen it." Seeing it, he had mused, "Some men would be content to live in such a place." And, as he drifted on, new thoughts, as simple as his surroundings, arrayed themselves against his old, precociously extravagant ideals. Then for a while he had buried in his heart the fact that such scenes as these could please him, as if there were something shameful in appreciating unelaborated beauty. But new vistas kept opening before him, all winsome, all refreshing, as idyllic as a panorama of unspoiled young love. Presently, he no longer reflected, with a smile, "At least this spot would do for the amusement of a day." Instead, with ardor almost triumphant over snobbishness, he wondered, "Even for a lifetime I might be happiest here." And finally, when he heard from far upstream a faint outcry bidding him return, had he not drifted too far, had not the current grown too strong for him to make that long pull back?

To-night all his hesitation had evaporated in this spring-like air, in this embrasure where a bacchanalian uproar melted into the silence of the stars.

Many a youth, at the very height of his infatuation, is not as he was yesterday or as he will be to-morrow. Romance, choosing the moment of unique seductiveness, has whirled him up on flaming wings to regions of unexampled devotion and nobility. Then, indeed, the least worthy lover may become the person that his girl imagines him to be, raised far above all cowardice, all calculation, all his normal flaws. So Reginald, oblivious at last to every thought but this, that the time had come when he must say to her, "Yes, marry me, for somehow I cannot live without you!"

But how could he say that here, in this place where every minute they risked some ribald interruption?

The sweet breeze was still blowing from the park, only a block away. He saw on the opposite footpath, beyond a line of waiting vehicles, a man staring up at the window. It was Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur.

Reginald leaned across the sill.

"Antonio!"

The chauffeur, removing his cap, showed his teeth in a grin of recognition.

"Can you give me half an hour?"

The fellow shrugged uncertainly. Reginald twisted a bank-note round some silver. The packet clinked on the footpath.

The chauffeur ran to crank Campoformio's car.

"Think, Thallie, on a night like this just you and I and the Cascine!"

"Out there!"

"No one need see us. But when we come back perhaps we'll let them know."

She thought, "He means that when we come back we'll be engaged!" She lowered her head, her throat pulsing, her body seeming to thrill, in its shimmering new frock, with the emotions that her mask concealed. Then with a resolute movement she pulled the hood of her domino over her bright curls. Breathless, she said, "All right." And it was Thallie, not Reginald, who led the way.

As they hastened through a corridor behind the balcony, the carnival rout



“Impossible to-night, my little prince. The park is shut.”



again enveloped them. These scampering figures, bizarre and ravishing, these dust-adulterated scents of musk and roses, these sounds of kisses snatched in corners amid scuffings and squeals, distorted like the fumes of a too-dangerous wine the inspiration that one had caught back there from the immaculate stars. Thallie clung fast to Reginald's arm, as if, assailed from every side by a half-comprehended menace, she knew no refuge so safe as the beloved. He, when he felt her warm and yielding pressure, quickened his pace with a swift access of virility. "By George!" he thought, "let one of these monkeys so much as look at her, and I'll knock his head clear off!"

A wide staircase fell away before them, choked with masqueraders. Setting his shoulder to the crowd, he dragged her down the steps. In this press, which gave out a heat of many glowing bodies, the smell of alcohol, sachets, tobacco, and moist flesh was as enervating as the steam of Circe's caldron. A tipsy Greek warrior suspected the charms concealed by Thallie's domino, and risked an amorous whisper. Though she blushed to her forehead, she made no sign of protest, for fear that a brawl might keep them from the park.

At the foot of the staircase she saw the thin little man in the pig's head of papier-mâché, his shirt-bosom stained with the champagne that Fava had thrown over him. Flattened beside the entrance to the foyer, indifferent to the jostling of the mob, he looked at her steadily through his bestial disguise. Now, however, she found him more uncanny than absurd, a sort of symbol posted at the door, a figure, with its brutish head-gear and its foppish evening dress befouled with wine, that seemed to propose an almost sinister riddle.

But Reginald drew her eagerly into the foyer, where Campoformio's chauffeur was waiting for them.

The motor-car stood thrumming at the curb. Half a dozen shabby idlers sprang forward to hold the door. The interior of the limousine was revealed, upholstered

in plum-colored cloth, a yellow plush rug trailing over the tufted cushions, some silver objects gleaming in a rack between the doors. This limousine, once the equipage of the American Baroness di Campoformio, still had the appearance of a dainty little boudoir.

Thallie, her foot already on the step, drew back. The motor-car did not look at all as she had thought it would. And in a flash her intuition told her that this tête-à-tête with Reginald was also liable to exceed her expectations.

"Hurry up!" he urged, his hand insistent on her arm.

"No! no! A stranger's automobile—"

"I tell you he's a friend of mine. I've stayed at his house. It's Campoformio, that I stopped with out by Quarto."

"Then—then—go ask him. Let's go back and ask him if he minds—"

"What nonsense!"

She saw the indignation in his face, quailed, became limp. His hands—or was it terror lest he might hate her otherwise?—drove Thallie forward. She huddled into the farthest corner of the limousine. The plum-colored upholstery dispelled an odor of stale cigarette-smoke which recalled to her the studio in Via de' Bardi.

The door slammed shut. At the lowered window appeared the chauffeur's broad face.

"The Cascine!"

"The Cascine? Ah, Signorino, but the Cascine would be closed."

"Impossible! I mean the Cascine Park."

"Yes, Signorino, the Cascine Park. The gates are shut at night."

Thallie expelled a long breath. But Reginald cried:

"Drive there, anyway! I'll find out for myself."

The chauffeur took his seat. The vagabonds, having received no tips, raised an ironical cheer. The automobile rushed off toward the park. Street lights, sailing by, flashed over the two figures, rigid from suspense.

On each side the house-fronts fell

away; the avenue expanded into a square; ahead loomed the tall stone towers of the Cascine gate. The motor-car glided to a standstill: the rays of its lamps, illuminating a distant mass of ilex-leaves, were strained through iron bars.

"Behold, Signorino!" the chauffeur exclaimed, with a triumphant gesture.

Thallie leaned toward Reginald imploringly.

"You see, it 's really closed."

"You seem far from sorry!"

"Please don't be angry with me!"

"So," he muttered, "I was mistaken in your wishes."

"Ah, if you could understand!"

"Then, if the gates had been open?"

"Yes," she assented, with a febrile eagerness. "Yes, if the gates had been open; but they 're not."

"We 'll take another drive. In ten minutes we can reach San Miniato."

In a stifled voice she protested:

"San Miniato is n't the Cascine. To-morrow we 'll come here. To-morrow afternoon—"

"No doubt!"

And to mock him still more there issued from the park, through the iron bars that reached across his path, the breeze, sweet with leaves and moss, that seemed to blow from regions of eternal spring.

He had opened his mouth to order, "Drive us back," when he saw a figure approaching through the shadows.

Into the glare of the lamps there shambled a senile wreck whose military cap was decked with tattered braid, whose red-rimmed eyes were surrounded with wrinkles like old sword-cuts, whose nose resembled a potato, whose ragged white mustaches concealed his chin. This creature, advancing with assurance, peered into the limousine. When he caught sight of Thallie's shimmering dress and satin mask, the vacuity of his countenance gave place to such a grimace as a ghost might show while contemplating the follies that enamoured him when he was flesh and blood.

"*L'Hascine è chius'!*" he croaked. "The park is shut."

"Who 's this?" demanded Reginald of the chauffeur.

"The gate-keeper, Signorino."

"He has the keys?"

"No! no!" pleaded Thallie, then shrank into the corner.

The chauffeur inquired:

"Hast thou the keys, old one?"

His grimace maliciously expanding, the wraith repeated to Reginald, in the roughest dialect of Florence:

"Impossible to-night, my little prince. The park is shut."

But Reginald produced a fifty-lire note.

The ancient, who had seemed, a moment since, beyond desire of every sort, now showed in his filmy eyes a gleam of cupidity. Yet he only wavered, shaking his head, groaning excuses, mumbling of the danger he would run, until a second bank-note had been added to the first. Then, with a last despairing oath that he was ruined, he snatched the money and hobbled to the bars.

"Make haste!" called the old voice, quickened by greed and fear. "Make haste! Make haste!"

The motor-car, springing through the gateway, was engulfed by the Cascine.

Its windows blank, its panels faintly glistening in the starlight, the limousine pursued a radiant path, as elusive as that which leads to happiness in dreams. Ahead, the nocturnal landscape kept leaping forth in unnatural hues and extraordinary forms. But that foliage, just as the car attained it, faded into obscurity again. And behind, the darkness, swimming together, blotted everything, as if the phantasmal mingling of leaf and light had been a visionary's paradise, which ceases to exist when one attempts to penetrate its borders.

After the automobile had passed by, a vast silence again descended from the heavens and enwrapped the park.

And that progress was noted by other eyes than those of the impelling universe. Here and there, amid denuded thickets pale with statues, from marble benches encircled by the graves of last year's flowers, rose the heads of those who had been

able to evade without a bribe the old gate-keeper's barrier against nature. A white-haired, ruminant priest, who could not sleep at home, reflected, with the worldly wisdom gained from many confessionals, "In that automobile are two persons who may some day repent this hour, but will never quite regret it." Farther on, a poor young poet, who lived for the most part on dreams of art and love, murmured sadly, "She who rides with him in such an equipage must be very beautiful, or at least must be beautified by elegance and the occasion. Yet I doubt if he who rides with her has soul enough to immortalize this moment even with a couplet. Alas! if only I were he!" And, near the far end of the park, a cowherd from the Cascine stables said to his sweetheart, with a hoarse laugh: "Like us two, eh? But for all their fine little house on wheels no happier to-night than you and I!"

Perhaps not so happy.

The motor-car was returning. From the Piazzale del Re, where the trees fell away in a wide circle, one could already see the street-lamps twinkling beyond the gates. The wheels revolved more slowly. The chauffeur, half turning in his seat, called out:

"Signorino, maybe I still have time for one more turn around the park?"

The window dropped open.

"No; drive to the Pension Schwanndorf."

In five minutes they were there.

The young man, stepping out upon the sidewalk, attempted to help her from the limousine. She avoided his hand. Her domino floated loose; her face, at last unmasked, gleamed through the shadows like alabaster as she ran up the steps. The door burst open; the white vestibule received her. The door slammed shut, fell ajar from that impact, once more revealed her fluttering domino, which quickly diminished in the depths of the dim hall. His hand still raised, he stared toward the spot where she had last been visible.

Finally he reëntered the limousine.

"To the opera-house, Signorino?"

"Eh? Why, yes, I suppose so."

As the chauffeur was about to start, Reginald began to fumble with more money.

"Remember, Antonio—"

The Italian, with a look of reproach, laid one hand dramatically on his breast.

"Ah, Signorino," he protested. And when he had stuffed this second fee into his pocket, the faithful Antonio drove back in dashing style to the Politeama Fiorentino.

Now the whole edifice seemed trembling with excitement. Wild laughter and blares of music, the sound of popping corks and smashing glass, merged with a steady roar that issued from the auditorium above a torrent of helmets, garlands, peaked hats, disheveled wigs, and pinchbeck crowns. For an instant Reginald was amazed to find these revels not only still in progress, but more violent than ever. It seemed to him that all this license ought to be spent by now, and superseded by remorse. He felt as alien here as a young Daniel moving through Babylonian orgies.

A girl in the conventional dress of Cleopatra, her gauzy skirts in ribbons, her vulture head-dress awry, barred his way, laid her henna-stained fingers on his shoulder, demanded half indignantly: "Come, now! For me, at least, you will smile?" He pushed by her with a hostile glare. The laughter of the crowd pursued him down a corridor. The door of the box was before him. Recoiling, turning on his heel, he hastened toward the street.

But that would be the act of a fool! It was necessary to go back there to the box, rejoin the people of whom he was still the host, offer some story. "See here, in Heaven's name, a little common sense!"

After a while he was able to retrace his steps.

Mr. Goodchild, in his robe of red glazed muslin, still sat in the shadow of the obese Bulgarian. Camillo and Frossie, oblivious to everything except each other, were whispering together. Azeglio

and Fava stood languidly tossing confetti at the dancers. Here nothing was changed.

"Where 's Thallie?"

He answered:

"You see, I 'd have been here much sooner, but I met some friends. Campoformio—"

"Campoformio was here just now with Mr. Holland."

"Of course. To be sure. So he told me. But before that. One after the other! Or else I 'd have been here instantly."

"Is Thallie with Mr. Holland, then?"

"No, the fact is, she did n't feel well. She asked me to take her home. You see, I 'd have been here much sooner—"

Mr. Goodchild, turning pale, asked quickly:

"What ails her? What is the matter with my daughter?"

Reginald wanted to vault the box-rail and conceal himself among the dancers. Putting on the wretched imitation of a smile, he managed to get out the words:

"The heat and noise—"

"What a pity, Monsieur," said Fava, with a homicidal look, "that you did n't take my advice!"

But Mr. Goodchild's hands were trembling on his knees.

"Young sir, it is not necessary to break bad news to me so slowly."

"Really, on my word of honor, it 's only a touch of vertigo."

"Vertigo!" cried the father, leaping to his feet. "That might be the beginning of anything!"

"No! no! She asked me particularly to tell you it was nothing. She 'd rather you did n't bother. In fact, she wants to be alone."

"Because she does n't want to spoil our pleasure," Frossie retorted, rising. "Come, Dad."

"It may be the beginning of cholera," gasped Aurelius, frozen with horror, staring wildly at them all.

Azeglio burst out laughing.

"Calm yourself, Signore. This year there is no cholera anywhere in Italy."

And Reginald, his shoulders bent in unaccustomed lines, continued to stutter:

"I tell you it 's nothing, absolutely nothing. She won't thank you, you know! A headache! The noise and heat—"

Nevertheless, Frossie was already in the doorway. The Magenta Cavalry, with the resignation of good soldiers to the unexpected, were putting on their pearl-gray capes. Mr. Goodchild was trying to withdraw his fingers from Princess Tchernitza's hand, as fat as a pin-cushion, blazing with sapphires and emeralds too gorgeous to be real.

"My daughter, ma'am! Pardon me, but my daughter 's been taken ill! We don't know yet what it is. We think it 's not cholera—"

"Cholera! Bah! One moment. My day at home is Tuesday. Drop in, and I 'll finish telling you about the astral colors."

"Yes, yes! the astral colors! I implore you, ma'am! My daughter!"

"Bring her along. You 'll meet a friend of mine who does crystal-gazing, a very clairvoyant person. Tuesday, and don't forget, because I feel somehow that you and I are kindred spirits, that we have met elsewhere, if not in a previous existence, at least on the Ripa-banks of Devachân—"

But Aurelius, forgetting his manners for the first time in his life, had rushed into the corridor.

In the street, all scuffling along between a walk and a dog-trot, they passed Campoformio's chauffeur, who doffed his cap respectfully.

Aurelius and Frossie darted into the pension. The lieutenants lighted Toscana cigars and set out for the cavalry barracks. Reginald returned slowly to his hotel.

He locked his bedroom door. He paced the floor. From time to time he stopped before a looking-glass, stared at his face, exclaimed in the tones of one newly roused from intoxication, "What, is it you?"

The stimulations of the evening were

dispelled. Even the charm of all these weeks had been dissolved. The pinions of romance, after lifting him high above himself, had shriveled, at the contact of reality, and let him drop back to earth.

On each side, indeed, there had been a disillusionment and a revulsion so intense that his past expectations of felicity now appeared insane. He saw between himself and Thallie an abyss which had opened in one moment like the fissure of an earthquake, which he took for a gulf eternally impassable.

"No, we were never meant for each other. I must have been crazy to think so. What's more, she knows it now as well as I." And as though she were there before him, he cried accusingly, "You do know it, you ought to have known it from the first, as well as I!" And soon: "They were right, the Ghillamoors. Good Lord! if I'd taken their advice! Or if I were back where I stood before I ever met her!"

Presently the old fancies, that had often come to him before his journey into Italy, returned, in poignant contrast to the mockery of this night. Somewhere, amid the darkness, perhaps in the direction of Lake Como, she existed in the flesh—the sumptuous mistress of his previous ideals, whose image had been dimmed by this blundering infatuation?

And at last a delicious relief pervaded his despondency, with the thought that life might hold out opportunities as tempting as before.

"When we're in wrong, we owe it to ourselves to struggle out." Though he repeated that aloud, he still heard the voice of conscience, whispering of mankind's traditional obligations. Soon, however, lifting his head defiantly, "But she told me with her own lips that she felt she could never lay eyes on me again." And this speech of hers, the true causes of which he did not know enough to fathom, became for him the *open sesame* to liberty.

Next morning, while Florence was still dim, Reginald and his baggage left the Hotel Alexandra. John Holland, glancing down from a window, saw him drive away. For some time the historian's keen gray eyes remained fixed on the summit of Mont' Oliveto, growing the graver as the illumination of the sunrise spread.

At the railroad station Reginald caught a train for Naples. As the engine was puffing out of Florence, he thought:

"After all, decency demands that I send some plausible excuse from Naples—a death or something—a sort of loophole. For if I should want to come back—"

But he knew in his heart that he would not come back.

(To be continued)





" It must have been at some small hour in the morning that I was
aroused and gagged and pinioned "



The Collaborators

By ALBERT KINROSS

Author of "Joan of Garioch," etc

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

I

IT was after the publication of my first book, a historical romance dealing with the life and times of Charles XII of Sweden, that I received a letter in a strange and none too legible hand, addressed to me in the care of Messrs. Nicoll & Prout, the firm whose imprint stood upon my title-page. Such letters, coming from grateful readers, were scarce in those days. I opened it. I flushed with pleasure as I deciphered my unknown friend's warm praises and flattering testimony to the success wherewith I had presented a difficult personality and a barbaric period. He was in a position to judge of both, he said, and his own studies and a recent spell of travel had led him across much of the ground so vividly depicted.

This letter was signed "S. Bellamy," and infolded with it was an ordinary card such as a caller might send in by a servant. "Monsignor Canon Bellamy," it read, "17 Fairview Crescent, Claverton." Claverton I knew by repute as a fashionable watering-place in the southwest of England.

To the letter was added a postscript:

Call on me one afternoon. I am an old man, and you, I judge, are a young one. I am often in London, and you will find me at Wexford House in St. James's Place. I should be delighted to make the acquaintance of a writer who has given me so much pleasure, and hear something of his plans for the future; and, moreover, I have a proposal to make which I think will interest you. I shall be in town all next week.

Perhaps you can let me know on what afternoon I may expect you.

He had touched my vanity, he had roused my sense of adventure. Picture me as I was, a poor young man of our sober middle class who had starved himself in order to write a book. It was, in its way, a successful book. A second impression had been called for, a pirate had seized upon it in America, and my net profit was close on sixty pounds. For a beginner I had not done so badly.

I wander from the point. Let us get back to it. Here was a high personage who desired my acquaintance, a notable of the Roman Catholic Church, with quarters in St. James's Place. I did not know Wexford House, but I knew St. James's Place. Prying round London, as was my constant habit in those days, I had acquired a familiarity with the exteriors of many famous houses, with the lay and atmosphere of most of the great squares and of all the royal palaces. I wondered over that hidden life, I speculated and wove romances; and when a gentlewoman issued from one of those noble mansions, affording me a glimpse of the hall and powdered servants, I experienced a thrill which she, stepping into her carriage or limousine, might have envied. I was a prowler and a nobody, with a high, romantic passion for the unknown, and, living in London as I did on the hazardous earnings of a bookish hack, was I not altogether surrounded by the mysterious and inaccessible? It is a city the wealth and power and splendor of which would leave such a one as I was then gasping and ever.

open-mouthed. Of its squalor, rascality, and evil I saw much and yet saw nothing. Youth has that knack, and middle age mourns the loss of it.

I return once more to Wexford House in St. James's Place. It must be, I fancied, one of the five large mansions which make an inclosure of the park end of that aristocratic back-water. In a public house I consulted the London Directory. Wexford House, I soon discovered, lay between the residences of the Duke of Mells and the Earl of Templehaven, the latter of which has no special name, but only a number. I found that number in St. James's Place, and so to Wexford House.

In the directory the present tenant was inscribed as plain Hugh Janvier. The name meant nothing to me then. He must be a rich man, and possibly the friend or patron of monsignor, if one so highly placed could suffer such protection. Hugh Janvier, I decided, was his friend. I had no means of ascertaining the actual facts, for I was too poor and too obscure to belong to clubs, and I had no acquaintance among the well informed who conduct our newspapers. I was a solitary student, with a turn for the historical romance, a precarious income, and an attic in the dingier part of Bloomsbury. My library was the one at the British Museum. There I browsed, there I raised my facts and fancies, there I wandered off into foreign lands, and made those visionary friendships with the illustrious dead to which, all said and done, I owe my present enviable position.

Before replying to my unknown correspondent I took the liberty of marking down Wexford House. So much has already been hinted. Like a pointer, or, better still, a detective, I gathered such information as its exterior could offer, and even looked in at the lower windows. These were separated by an iron railing from the street, and at that distance afforded no serious clue to the pomp and magnificence of Mr. Janvier. The house itself was spacious and plain-fronted, designed, no doubt, by one of those Georgian architects who aped the classic and ad-

mired the smooth, mellifluous artifices of Mr. Pope. A neglected house, it seemed, without much life in it. None at all, if I except a tabby-cat that brooded on the door-step.

So much for the front of Wexford House. My next course was to take it in the rear. I found the narrow outlet which connects St. James's Place with St. James's Park, and discovered that the mansion possessed a garden of its own and rose to five sheer stories. A score of windows overlooked the park, and the little garden had its gate of entry. For London this was luxury indeed. I thought of my own penurious quarters and my hemmed-in view. Roofs and chimney-stacks were all I saw with the bodily eye, and at night I often rose to deal with cats. Here one could look out and observe the courtships of true lovers. A couple sat on a bench just now. He was earnest and silk-hatted; she was tender, and her gray shoes matched her stockings. Oh, heart, dear heart of me, how lonely and friendless and unloved I felt in this great city! I went away from there and mounted to my attic. I wrote in haste and agitation:

Monsignor, I will come to you on Tuesday afternoon next at five o'clock. I am, as you supposed, a young man, a very young man. Pray do not expect too much of me. I am grateful for the praises you bestowed on my poor book, and my future plans depend on inspiration.

I inscribed myself his "obedient servant," and put my name in full, "John Stacey Cornwallis Loughborough." It is a grand name, and I was proud of it.

II

ON the Tuesday I was punctual and more than punctual. It was an afternoon of mid-December, a black fog in the air, the streets doubly dark, and all the elements against me. I was not to be deterred, however. At a quarter to the hour I arrived in St. James's Place; and there, cooling my heels, inhaling the fog, and colliding with lamp-posts, I marked time and waited for the appointed moment. The

hour struck, at last it struck, and I was free to ring the bell of Wexford House.

I stood in the porch of that great mansion, expecting a lobby full of footmen, a hall of dazzling splendor, and, beyond these, Monsignor Canon Bellamy, with cassock and skull-cap, seated in a deep chair before the blazing fire that cunning hands had laid in the big library. It was an interior by Fortuny. Actually, the face of Wexford House was dark and blind, with only a single muffled light burning below-stairs, and presenting that aspect of desertion which great houses show in the dead season.

The door swung back, and I discerned a hall and only a single man-servant. Both were dimmed by the intruding fog. Still, it was a fine hall, and more brilliantly occupied and illuminated—

"Mr. Loughborough?" The man-servant had recalled my wits from their wool-gathering; and without waiting for a reply, "This way," he added, examining me with all the odious insolence of his class. He felt and made me feel my shabbiness.

I followed him, and scorned him in return. He was a big fellow, and would have made two of me. He led me up a wide and enshrouded staircase,—that whole house seemed deathly and enshrouded,—we passed into a corridor, then up more stairs, and so to a small study. Within this cozy chamber sat monsignor.

I had expected a stout, benignant priest, shrewd, able, and pink-jowled with good living, or else a lean and ardent-eyed ascetic. Monsignor was neither. He possessed a watery quality which I have since learned to associate with the more scholarly among our aristocracy. A wisp of a man, thin, bald, ancient, with a lamentable nose and vague, blue eyes, he stood up to receive me. His courtesy contrasted well with that of the disdainful man-servant. He did his best to put me at my ease. Breeding is breeding, and no matter how lamentable the personage, it is the last thing to decay.

He offered me a chair, and a large cigar similar to the one he himself was smoking.

The fire was a gas-stove; we sat together and looked at it. His costume was something like that of an ordinary parson, and included legs and trousers. His head, I have before remarked, was bare and bald.

"It was good of you to come," he began; "I feared you might not care to face this dreadful weather."

"Not at all, not at all," said I, puffing away at the large cigar.

"It occurred to me after I had sent my letter that possibly you did not live in London. A lucky chance," he added.

Naturally, I agreed with him.

"Mr. Janvier will be in presently," he pursued. "This is his house; but of course you know it."

Again I assented, omitting, however, to state the precise circumstances in which I had acquired my information.

"Do you know why I wrote to you?" he inquired, after these preliminaries.

"You liked my book," I began.

"Certainly, I liked your book; but I want you to write another one, I want you to collaborate."

"Collaborate?" It was the first I had heard of it.

"The last ten years," he pursued, "I have devoted myself to a task which the historian has neglected. There exists no life, there has been no memoir, of the greatest adventurer who ever lived."

I pricked up my ears at this.

"The greatest adventurer who ever lived," he repeated, and then added: "I am no hand at a novel, but with your magic pen—the pen of a wizard, if I may say so—we might do something considerable. I have all the materials; the research work is done; it only remains for you to write the story."

"What story?" I interrupted.

"We are coming to that," said he, rising from his chair and crossing over to a side-table.

He returned with a bulky pile of manuscript, typed and all ready for the publishers, which he dumped down before me. It looked as though it had traveled overmuch, and had been rudely treated in the process.

"This is my 'Life of Perkin Warbeck,'" he resumed. "The publishers to whom I have submitted it decline it. They have used it badly, have they not? One has even gone so far as to spill coffee upon chapter eleven. They say—their letters, at least, are very courteous—they say that as an historical work my book stands no chance of success; that, despite its unique interest, there exists no public demand for such a biography. Their letters are virtually of one mind, and maybe the public does adopt this attitude. I have, however, spent ten years of my life and as many hundred pounds on the bare collection of my materials. Is all this labor and expenditure to run to waste?"

He eyed me, and I quailed before the sudden ferocity wherewith he put the question. The matter of his frustrate toil had moved him, and he was now as nearly plebeian and human as myself. More so, perhaps; for when your true aristocrat once begins, he runs to an extremity.

"I read your novel," he continued, rising and striding to and fro before me. "If this young man can do so much with Charles XII," I said, "what would he not make of Perkin Warbeck?" Reshaped into a historical romance,—for that is what the fickle public asks of us,—my book would make the lasting fame of any writer. There is a fortune in this scheme, and there is fame as well. As to the money, I ask no more than the bare return of what I have expended; the fame we will share alike. Its glory must cover both our names and hand them down."

I was moved. Eloquence, sincerity, had then more weight with me; nor had I counted on anything so savage and determined from this watery old gentleman.

"I am afraid that I know next to nothing of Perkin Warbeck," I replied, as soon as ever he gave me an opportunity. "Apart from Dr. Gairdner and what we learned at school—"

"He was the greatest adventurer who ever lived," monsignor had interrupted me, and then and there, in so far as he had fathomed it, he told me the story of Perkin's life from beginning to end.

We started at Tournai, and finished on the scaffold, and this story, no less than the manner of its telling, wearied me as nothing has ever wearied me before or since. Though monsignor might have spent ten years and as many hundred pounds on research work and the collecting of materials, it seemed to me that there were no materials to collect. He had only a bare and unconvincing outline, plentifully provided with gaps, with guesswork. The motive force and the psychology alike were incomplete; he had no clear, inevitable picture of his hero, and no more have I. To this day I fail to see him, despite all that was to follow, and the ridiculous chain of accident which links my name and fame with this "feigned boy."

Monsignor had set himself down again and told this story. He told it as a succession of craven episodes, and it was never explained why one episode rose out of the other. So do schoolmasters inflict their lessons on the defenseless young. I had looked for more sense in a monsignor, a more genuine culture in Wexford House, St. James's Place. I was at that time young enough to be honest, so I told him exactly what I felt about it.

"This Perkin Warbeck," I said, "as you describe him, and as no doubt he is depicted by your leaky chroniclers, is nothing more than a driveling, base-born coward, as passive as a Hindu, yet without the Hindu's deep philosophy. His adventures seem to be forced on him; they arise from no inner need or impulse. When they become at all dangerous, he runs away, and leaves his followers in the lurch; when at last he is caught, he is as abject as a worm. He is supposed to be a pretender to the throne of England, and to win that throne he tries on five separate occasions, with more or less success, to raise the country against Henry VII. In reality, or, rather, as you have described him to me, he is ever the tool of greater men, the weakling, the cat's-paw, ready to their hand, the victim of their policy or their ambitions. He is entirely negative, and even his one romance was

with a woman who took and buried four husbands! How can one make a hero of an adventurer who never struck or received a blow, a heroine of a lady so impartial? His adventures leave me cold. What could I do with him? He became an impostor because he was bullied into it, and finding here an easy means of escaping honest work, he stuck to the job, and courts and princes used him. He is ever a pawn, and you cannot build a historical romance about a pawn. Give me a king or queen, a knight or bishop! I want life, blood, the joy and fire of passion, the surge of great events; I want the clash of weapons, a dazzling, fated, or romantic figure—"

What else I might have said to that poor man I do not know, for at this particular juncture he leaped up from his seat.

"But I have spent ten years over it!" he cried in desperation. "And Perkin Warbeck was the greatest adventurer—ah, here is Mr. Janvier."

The reader will guess the cause of this diversion: we had been interrupted by no less a personage than the lord and master of Wexford House himself.

He had come in breezily, and was still wearing his hunting-dress—pink coat, white breeches, and topped boots. Yet it was his face which most impressed me at that moment. Swarthy and brigandlike, clean-shaved, and with a jaw of steel, he looked as though here, indeed, was the arch-adventurer so coveted by monsignor.

"This is the Mr. Loughborough of whom I told you," said that venerable biographer.

"Mr. Loughborough—pleased to meet you, sir," remarked the new-comer. I judged by his accent and this cordial turn that he was an American; and, as the event proved, I was right.

He was not at all concerned with Perkin Warbeck.

"There was no fog in the country," he announced. "Had a great run. Met at Detling Forstal, found two foxes and killed one; other one got away. All over by three. Motored back, and caught the

fog outside Hayes. Ever go fox-hunting, Mr. Loughborough?"

"I'm afraid not," was my reply.

His dark gaze rested for a moment on my face, then passed into a smile.

"Neither does our friend here," he said. Then, looking me over more intently still, he added: "You and monsignor are going to collaborate. It will be the opportunity of a lifetime."

"But there is nothing in the story that I could seize on," I began.

"If monsignor says there is, there is." He laughed.

Again I protested.

"Of course—of course you will. What are your terms? I see we must make terms."

I looked from one to the other.

"I have already spent a thousand pounds in travel and the collection of materials," chimed in monsignor.

"Leave Mr. Loughborough to me," interposed our host; and, taking me by the shoulder, added, "I am monsignor's man of business. Monsignor is a child when it comes to business. Rewritten as a historical novel, he feels that his 'Life of Perkin Warbeck' would be the novel of the year. He tells me that he is unable to write a novel, but that, helped by your brilliant pen—"

"Really," I interrupted, "I am afraid that monsignor is mistaken. Warbeck, as he has been explained to me, is one of those shadowy figures of whom one knows next to nothing, and apart from a few curious facts that have been rescued, I fear one cares very little about him."

"But we are not going to disappoint monsignor. Bettina and I are very fond of him."

"Well, why don't *you* collaborate? And there are other writers—"

"But he wants you—particularly you. Come, now, is it a question of money?"

I rose, and recovered my hat and overcoat.

"It is a question of conscience," I thundered, sick and tired of the pair of them. "It is a question of my artistic honesty, of everything that I hold sacred. I take no

interest in Perkin Warbeck. He is a lay-figure and a poltroon. Give me one of the great figures of history—"

"You won't do it?" interposed Hugh Janvier.

"Certainly not," said I. "Neither for money nor any consideration whatsoever."

"I guess you will. If monsignor wants it done, it will be done."

"But, Hugh—" protested monsignor.

"You have set your heart on this, have n't you?" asked Janvier.

Monsignor admitted that such was the case.

"This young fool here is not going to break your heart."

"My heart will not be broken."

"I say it will." Hugh Janvier touched the bell.

The man-servant who had let me in returned.

"Put this gentleman into one of the top attics," said Hugh Janvier, "and lock him in and feed him."

"Yes, sir," said the domestic.

"He had better have this bundle to browse on," added Janvier, indicating the pile of manuscript.

"Yes, sir."

I was staring aghast at all three of them.

"By what right—" I began. But Hugh Janvier laughed at me.

"Off with him, George!" he cried, turning to the man-servant, and though I struggled prodigiously, that muscular fellow, using some cunning grip, hoisted me to his shoulders as if I were a child. He walked up-stairs with me, up flight after flight, and flung me at last into a little room on the top floor. There was electric light in it, a bed, and the usual furniture. He put a match to the fire, turned the key in the door, and went down-stairs again. A few minutes later he came back and thrust upon me the type-written copy of monsignor's "Life of Perkin Warbeck," which the publishers had refused with good reason. I was left alone with that ill-omened work.

I went to the window. The fog had cleared a little, and far below me I could

see the lights of the green park, and, beyond these, like mystic flowers, the golden globes that burn in clusters outside Buckingham Palace. Thus, from my prison, I could see the stronghold of my king without being able to call on him for aid or succor.

III

It must have been at some small hour in the morning that I was aroused and gagged and pinioned. The sturdy manservant saw to this, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. Hugh Janvier, in evening dress and a fur coat, stood over us and issued his directions.

"We are motoring into the country," said he. "London in the winter months is more than I can stand." And into the country we went.

I was carried down-stairs, bundled into the waiting car, and off we started. The man-servant sat on the box beside the driver; within the limousine were Janvier and I. St. James's Place was fast asleep and took no notice.

Once outside London—and it was swift and easy going at this hour—my companion untied me, and I was free to speak and move.

"I have a particular affection for monsignor," he said, offering me one of his large cigars, "and there are so few things he will accept from me. Now, you be a sensible young fellow and get busy. You can go back to where you came from as soon as monsignor gives the word. I often wonder what the dear old boy can see in me. I don't know why he should like me, but he does." These concluding sentences were spoken more to himself than to a listener.

"Extremes meet," I ventured, "and you two are so utterly different."

"That 's it, I reckon," he answered pensively. "Say, you 're no fool, though you behave like one."

"Your own behavior, judged by ordinary civilized standards—" I began; but he had interrupted me, and I was unable to finish.

"By the way," he had said, "I 've got

your box and paid the woman at your lodgings; you 'll be our guest for several months."

For a reply I snorted, and that wretched car rushed forward in the dark.

He dried up after this, and gave no heed to my indignant questions. "You keep still," was all he said; and soon I lay back in a doze from which I woke every now and then to look out of the window. The fog had disappeared; it was a fine, clear winter's night, with a moon and drifting clouds. A wind had sprung up, and the air was fresh and good to breathe.

Our true direction I could not say, for I had lost all count of the four quarters and even of time. A recent crisis had dispossessed me of my watch, and I only knew that twice we had crossed the Thames, and might be going south or west.

At length—and the dawn had not yet broken—we entered the gates of a private park, ran down a dim avenue of naked trees, and then kept to a winding road that went through woodland and came out on a stretch which took us to the front of a great house.

"Here we are!" cried Janvier, springing to his feet.

"Where are we?" I answered, very limp and drowsy.

"That 's none of your business. You 've got to set about that book. George will look after you till the morning. I may see you at lunch or I may not."

He left me, and somehow I found myself within that darkened mansion, following on the heels of George, who led me to my room. It was no use quarrelling with my manifest destiny, I thought. I would stay here till the morning, and then I would take stock of the situation and see what could be done.

Through that sleeping palace we went, George in front and I a little way behind, until we reached a large and spacious bedroom looking out upon the park. It was all ready for me, with a fire still burning, fresh pajamas invitingly displayed, and enough electric light to satisfy a lady at her mirror.

George stood in the doorway, and his lips curved cynically as he surveyed me.

"I lay you are n't used to this," was what that look implied, though, as ever, he said nothing in so many words; yet the fellow's face was an open book, and I could read.

There was no key to my bedroom door, nor any bolt. I was too tired to care now, too tired to think of anything but sleep. When I had undressed and was all ready for bed, George paid me a good-night visit. Calmly, deliberately, he went through my clothes, and took away the eighteenpence that I had thrown upon the dressing-table.

"Mr. Janvier's orders," he said laconically.

"Damn Mr. Janvier!" said I, and jumped into bed.

He went out silently, first putting a key into the keyhole, and extinguishing all the lights save one, which I could reach from where I lay.

IV

I SLEPT, and slept till noon. Then I awoke and was very happy. I looked out of the window and loved the landscape; I flung the casement wide and breathed the fresh, clean air. I was young and hearty despite my predicament. A worse fate might befall a man than to be an unconsulted guest in a great house away from town.

"Suppose I ring the bell," I thought; and the action went with the idea.

George found me singing.

"Good morning, George!" I cried as he came in.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" he answered, and I plumped for tea.

There was a bath-room adjoining, and he turned the taps and spread the towels.

"It is n't the first time I 've had a bath," I shouted, answering his ironic grin.

"Luncheon is at one-thirty, sir," was his reply. "Miss Bettina is expecting you."

I could get no more from him than that, if I except my old tin trunk, which miraculously had arrived from Blooms-

bury. It was not a very heavy trunk, and, as I dressed, I began to wish it had been. Still, my razor was in it, with my brushes and a comb.

I was for putting on my blue serge, the suit I wore on state occasions. It had grown sleek and shiny, and of my three shirts the best was a much-frayed affair. But I had reckoned without George. He put his foot down heavily, or, rather, he carried off my things. "Mr. Janvier's orders," was all he said, and at once replaced what he had confiscated with something more suitable and quite as well-fitting.

"All right," said I—"all right." By now I had ceased to care or wonder. Below, where I next ventured, I found a hall, a library, a ball-room, and a winter-garden, and there was every conceivable kind of servant. They let me roam and gape at them until luncheon.

To-day I can hardly recover the full effect of that first impression. I refer, of course, to my initial meeting with Bettina Janvier. I had never spoken to a beautiful and high-born girl before, nor been in the same room with one, and as for sitting alone at the same table—I leave the situation to the imaginative reader. He or she may do it justice; I cannot.

She was awaiting me in a room on the ground floor; a table there was arranged for two, and I was to be the other.

"Mr. Loughborough?" she said, giving me her hand.

I stammered something, and I made her smile. Her smile was not at all like that of the disdainful man-servant. I felt no worse for it; the better, rather. That meal was one of my dreams come down to earth.

I do not know what she said, I do not know what I said. There was a something inside of me which purred; that is the sole word for it. Or, perhaps, I was like a kettle on the hob, making some blissful noise which could hardly be classed as conversation. And yet I know that every word I spoke came from the central heart of me, where all one's hot thoughts sleep and mutter until some such

hour as this. I forgot my awkwardness, I forgot that strange environment. She drew me out, and I made music, and we two, like the morning stars, were singing together half-way through that meal.

I remember one passage only.

"You are going to write monsignor's book for him," she said. "It is so kind of you to do it for him. My brother has told me all about it."

"And me as well," said I; "but I did n't reckon on this." The last was a foolish remark, but probably the rest was just as bad.

I learned that Hugh Janvier was out shooting with some neighbors, and that he was an ardent sportsman. It was the reason why they lived so much in England. He hunted, he kept a racing-stable, he fished, he shot, he stalked in Scotland. But what did I care about Hugh! There was this wonderful creature sitting opposite me. I am sure I lunched off her more than off what I made pretense to eat that day.

"And, Mr. Loughborough," she ended, "Hugh says you are my prisoner. I seem to be in charge of you. He has an idea that you may not want to write monsignor's book, and that you may try to run away from us. I am responsible for you—at least, that's what Hugh says. Will you promise me one thing," she ran on: "you will tell me first before you try to escape? It'll be easier for us that way, won't it? Give me your hand on it."

Hers was held out, and what could I answer?

"Escape!" I cried. "You will have to drive me away with guns and beaters."

"And what about monsignor's book?" she asked, clear-headed.

"Ah, monsignor—I owe him anything he demands."

"You'll do your best for him?"

"I will do my best."

And then she was gone, and there was no one in the room with me but George. I would see her again, perhaps that very evening. I lighted one of the large cigars, and made my way into the park.

At the north lodge there was a gate,

which opened on the outer world. Absently, I made for it. A man barred my progress.

"Mr. Loughborough?" he asked.

I nodded.

"I'm afraid you can't go on; sir," he said. "Mr. Janvier's orders."

He was civil, yet firmly and squarely he turned me back.

"I was n't going on," was my lame reply, and I wheeled, and continued my walk within the limits of the park.

v

DURING the next weeks I began to understand things. First of all there was Hugh Janvier. He was American and immensely wealthy, and he lived over here because he enjoyed the easy gentleman's life which England offered, and, more still, because America had of late years become too hot to hold him. He had done something in connection with a railroad, and something else in connection with a bank, and then there was a trust which he had controlled, and an insurance company into the pockets of which he had dipped, and come out smiling. But America was not smiling any longer; the days of such adventurers were past. They had developed a tenderer conscience over there, and this had made matters rather trying for the Hugh Janviers. And, further, I discovered that he was of an old Southern family, so poor, so proud, that, as a boy, he had determined to go a different way. Poverty disagreed with him, and as for pride—he had hastened to escape the pair of them.

I hardly know how I divined these matters. Possibly by intuition; yet Hugh Janvier was never reticent, and he called a spade a spade. There were, however, other and nobler sides to this outrageous brigand, this modern bucaneer; for such, indeed, he was, rather than a peaceful gentleman or man of business.

His attachment to so feeble a creature as monsignor was a leading instance, and I could multiply examples of this nature. Where Janvier liked, he liked whole-heartedly; and where he hated, he hated. A second and more natural affec-

tion was the man's devotion to his sister. A good many years lay between them, and Janvier's pride in her was almost fatherly. She had held on to her fine breeding, and viewed his haste and fierce impulsiveness with a whimsical humor which I soon learned to share. They were the most loyal of friends, however, and at Sanborne Park, where we were wintering, or at Wexford House in town, his will was law with her. She did not question it: it was just Hugh's way.

At first I had no over-great intercourse with either of them. I was there for a certain purpose; I must not disgrace the house. When I had done what Janvier required of me, I would be free to go, and, if I wished, claim any reasonable sum as a reward. They saw to it that I was suitably dressed, and I had no hesitation in accepting so much from them, especially as I was curious about the society they kept, and, without an evening suit, I do not suppose I would have ventured to their table.

It was my first experience of the life I had spied upon in treading the London streets. We were in a different theater, but the parts were filled by the same actors, and I at last was allowed to come inside. Hugh Janvier had them all at his command, these fine ladies who followed his hounds so bravely, who ate his dinners, and won his money at the card-table; these ruddy men who shot over his coverts, backed his steeple-chasers, and made light of ancient names and titles. I was permitted to mix with them all and listen.

I remember the day when Bettina Janvier told me that she had stayed up till a small hour over my book, and reveled in the camps and battle-fields of Charles XII of Sweden. She had not been able to put it down, she said, eying me with a new interest, as though she had suddenly realized that there was a something in me beyond the ordinary.

"Would you like to hear a little of the book I am writing now?" I answered her.

"So you have begun? Oh, won't monsignor be pleased!" was her reply.

Most certainly I had begun, and that very afternoon I read her my opening chapters. And every day after this there was an instalment waiting her pleasure if she would listen. She rarely failed me. Once free of the tea-table, she came down to the library, where I worked, and asked me to go on.

Hugh Janvier smiled broadly when he heard the news.

"I said he 'd get busy. People always do what I tell them to do," he cried; and he telegraphed an exclamatory despatch to monsignor. That watery biographer had ceased to trouble me. He was now somewhere in Italy, making a long stay with his cousin, the Earl of Chart.

VI

THE public is familiar with my story of Perkin Warbeck; the public welcomed it, raved about it, and one can hardly discuss it as a book, for during the best part of a year it was more an epidemic.

It is a dishonest book from beginning to end; yet viewed solely as romance, as what might have been, but never was, I take it to be the sincerest thing that I have done. It springs right out of the heart of youth. It is a bath of youth, if I may quote old fogies whose praises fell about me like a shower. How could it have been otherwise, given the conditions? Yet the story of its writing is a better story still, and certainly more honest.

During those winter mornings I had gone down-stairs to the library with monsignor's ill-fated manuscript, which I was learning to know by heart. It had pursued me here; I seemed never to be rid of it. And then on one morning I began to write something, and on the next morning to add to it, and the same the day after. There was little else to do. I had forgotten all about monsignor and most about Perkin Warbeck, for I was writing about myself rather than of that hero.

I was writing of myself, poor, lonely, and obscure, adventuring here among the powerful, much as he had adventured at the French, the Burgundian, and Scottish courts. There was a remote resemblance.

It extended to Hugh Janvier; who became each king in turn; it embraced even George the man-servant. My Perkin became a hero. I let chance play with him at first, just as it had played with me; but once that mile-stone passed, he grew into a man. The adventure had produced the arch-adventurer. Henceforth he was to run his own race and win or lose as destiny decreed. I led his enterprises, his hazardous descents and landings on a foreign coast; I claimed the English crown for him with a brazen hardihood. I was the true, unmurdered prince who had escaped cold Crookback's treachery in the Tower, and at my word the crafty Henry trembled. There was fighting, combat on combat, I ever in the van and princely in swordsmanship. I was beaten, wounded, and cast down, never outgeneraled, always outnumbered. I fell to rise again. My hairbreadth 'scapes made Bettina Janvier's heart stand in her mouth. Can you not hear her exclaiming, her words of wonder and encouragement?

And about the house I had become heroic, too, all aware of my power; so that now I looked with a royal gaze upon beings as lowly as George, the trusted man-servant, nor did I quail before the dark and eagle glance of Hugh Janvier. True, I wore his clothes, slept in his bed, and ate his dinners. It was the man's privilege so to entertain me, I discovered, the one outstanding act of his life that would surely survive.

And Bettina Janvier, who was following where I led—what of Bettina Janvier? I wrote that book to her, and she had become its heroine. The *Lady Katherine Gordon*, Perkin's wife, instead of espousing four successive husbands, looked only to me; and, moreover, it was I who encouraged her cousin the *King of Scotland*, I who planned the invasion from the north, and, when he failed me,—of course, in reality, it was *Perkin* who failed *him*,—set out alone for Ireland, and thence for Cornwall, where I put all to the test. I say "alone," yet Bettina came with me. We called her *Katherine* in the book, but, inside of us, we knew better. She would



“I see Bettina weeping as we reached the end”



not stay behind; my fortunes were her fortunes.

I was taken. The crafty *Henry*, summoning all his might, the full resources of a kingdom, had cornered me at last. I was taken, red with battle, and yielding only when the rest had died or melted away in ignominious flight. I had never deserted my wretched followers; it was they who had forsaken me. Nor did I cry for mercy and make abject confession, as monsignor had stated, copying the passage verbatim from Hall's chronicle. A captive, I dared *Henry* to do his worst, and, when I mounted the scaffold, Bettina wept. She was not alone in this, apart from the weeping thousands in the book. Many people since have told me how they were shaken.

Yet Bettina was the first to weep over that ending. I had been granted permission to say good-by to her before I left my dungeon. That, too, was another memorable scene. "The rest of my life will be devoted to your memory," cried sobbing *Katherine*, and instead of four husbands, she vowed herself to espouse religion until the hour when we, so faithful on earth, should find reunion. My humble birth,—for I was still the Flemish boatman's son,—my hazardous imposture, were all long since wiped out by a true grandeur. I may have sinned, but the great sins, once acknowledged, are counted for righteousness in such as I. There had at least been no concealment from the woman I loved.

I see Bettina weeping as we reached the end. It was a day in spring; for once begun, I had worked passionately, and these few months were all we had required. It was a day of blossoming orchards and the promise of new life. A different landscape spread outside the window, a prospect soft with all the season's bloom. And Bettina

was still weeping, and I, for sheer happiness, had tears to match.

We were alone in the great library, now lighted by the gold of westering suns. She sat there in such radiance—I close my eyes and see her in that light. I open them, and kiss her tears away. We seemed like two who had gone a long and splendid journey, and learned to love each other on the road. There was no need to speak of it; our youth did all that was required. Slim hands that lay in mine, white throat which held the flower that was her face, brown hair softening to gold—you are here with me as in that late afternoon.

The next day I was gone. It would have been cruel to linger. Janvier had the book he wanted of me, and it could not have been in better hands. In England and in America he worked for it as though it had been some pet scheme of his own. He was audacious, he was magnificent. Somehow I managed to live till it came out with monsignor's name added to mine upon the title-page. He did not quarrel with my history; I fancy he regards it as his own. He took his thousand pounds, however, and his share, and more than his share, of glory. Still, there were other thousands, and now I needed no Hugh Janvier to bolster me and fit me out.

My next meeting with Bettina was in the vast saloons of Wexford House. There had been nothing but letters in between—the stupidest, dearest letters! She was expecting me, and I felt pleased that in these crowded rooms I held my own. It was a vanity, a selfish thought; but "Love yourself because I love you," she had once written to me. I had obeyed her. Our secret swam in her dear eyes; she was proud of her tame lion. Monsignor himself conducted our marriage ceremony. He managed that better than he managed biography.





Alibi

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

LET it be understood that every stranger at Warwick is presumed innocent until he steps out on the turf. It is only when he accepts a starting-card from the caddy-master that he becomes an object of suspicion and interest. No fairway was ever seriously injured by club-house conversation, so that an alien's claim of eighty-five rests undisputed up to the point of trial; but statistics show that the man who in the grill-room prophesies eighty-five or better for his first round at Warwick generally scores one hundred and ten or worse; and this average includes

both the golfer who can excavate more rapidly with a spoon than a longshoreman with a shovel and the experienced man who ordinarily could proceed from one strategic position to another, chosen carefully in advance. They may know golf, but they don't know Warwick; and as they lag wearily to the players' entrance, they are mentally competent to appreciate the fugitive verse painted in small letters above the door. The underlying thought is one which a circuit judge is said to have conceived with respect to Miss Muller. It is n't humorous.

Seen from the elevation of the veranda, the course is beautiful rather than suggestive of good golf; it presents the cultivated appearance of a millionaire's lawn, landscaped by the king of expert gardeners. Trees by Corot and brooks by Inness lie in a background of charming composition; vast reaches of lawn in the middle distance temper the glare of sunlight; far to the east a Maxfield Parrish harbor sleeps peacefully beneath a blanket of clouds by Elmer Garnsey. The sheer sweep of turf is nowhere marred by unsightly sand-pits; the ungainly cop-bunker is visible not at all. Save for an occasional oasis for a putting-green, an occasional direction-flag whipping in the breeze, the course might be a deer-park or a national reservation. Obviously, to the stranger on the veranda, it is too well manicured to offer sport. It is too refined. It lacks the complications without which no true golfer can be content. It should be maintained exclusively for poets and artists; surely it is n't a test course for a red-blooded human being equipped with a dreadnought driver and a heavy mashy which scars the ground at every shot. Why, for a man to take turf at Warwick would be equivalent to mayhem!

But the professional who supervised the engineering was by birth a seer and a bushwhacker by education. To judge from the craftiness displayed in his handiwork, he could probably have ambushed an Apache in broad daylight in the middle of a field as level and unobstructed as a billiard-table. Not merely against par does one compete at Warwick; not against the decrepit and outlawed colonel; not even against an opponent in the flesh: the game is played against the fiendish imagination and ingenuity of Donald Ross. Witness the unexpected, hanging side-hill lies; witness the undulating greens of almost impossible keenness; witness the paucity of hazards, the infrequency of rough, the astonishing presence of both whenever a shot wanders fitfully from the line of geometrical progress. The dainty brook by Inness, the trees by Corot, so stand that to avoid them the study of triangulation

is utterly essential. That soft strip of grass, which seemed the most inconsequential species of rough, proves to be the falsest of beards concealing the identity of swale and swamp. An impenetrable morass masquerades, from the club-house, as a Japanese garden. Neither bunker nor trap impedes the player in his journey from tee to green; everywhere his gaze falls upon the natural coloring of a lawn, but in some places the blades rise three inches higher than they do in other places. So the amateur record is still seventy-five.

ON a certain particularly attractive morning in July, Mr. Robert Corbett, President, and Mr. Samuel Bowker, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, met in the New York office of a real-estate corporation. Five minutes later they were staring first at each other, then at the diffident gentleman who temporarily controlled their golfing destinies. This was a gentleman of tremendous ideas; one could easily discern the fact from the frown which he wore as a business adjunct, and from the ineffable forward thrust of his shoulders, which brought his chest into deserved prominence.

"Unfortunately—for you," said Mr. Farwell, again breaking the silence, "our purpose in conducting this company is to sell real property. The Warwick Estates is n't an eleemosynary institution in any sense of the word. Already we've renewed the lease of the golf club two years beyond the limit we originally set; we can't renew it further. Of course, if you care to *buy*—"

"What I can't understand," mused Corbett, "is what prevented you from giving us a little notice."

Mr. Farwell spread his hands, intentionally expressive.

"It may have been an oversight, but you should have realized the conditions. As I said before, our business is n't to publish notices; it's to sell real property—"

"What's the price?" demanded Bowker, compressing his jaws.

"The price is five hundred thousand dollars."

"What!"

"The exact amount," said Mr. Farwell, complacently, "that we should expect to receive, gross, after developing the property and selling it at acreage figures."

"And you won't take into consideration the desirability of having the club in Warwick? You've still got three or four hundred acres. Won't the club help you sell them? Is n't it worth *something* to your company to keep the club alive?"

"Not a nickel," denied Mr. Farwell. "Land is land. The only price I can make is the one I quoted, and the very best I can do is to give you an option until the first of September."

"Mortgage?" asked Corbett.

"Two hundred thousand, the balance in cash."

"But, look here, you must know the status of the club tract. In the market it is n't worth more than sixty per cent. of what you ask for it. We could n't get a second mortgage of any size; you're virtually demanding three hundred and fifty thousand *cash!*"

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Farwell, without enthusiasm.

Bowker reflected upon the terms.

"Out of the question," he stated flatly. "The club is n't a bank, Mr. Farwell. We've very few wealthy members. We want men who play golf; it's been something of a strain to pay the overhead as it is. Even so, I think we might come to some agreement on the basis of an increased rental—"

"No," said Mr. Farwell, yawning slightly; "we're selling the property. It's immaterial whether you or some one else takes it off our hands; but we're selling. If you want a little leeway, if you want to put it up to your members, we'll arrange for a formal option. Unless you decide to buy, we shall have to make arrangements to begin developing in the near future. Just one thing more: please don't come to us with counter-propositions, because we can't entertain them. We'll take a first mortgage at two hun-

dred thousand, and four hundred thousand cash. If you like, we'll undertake to secure a second mortgage for you on commission, but we can't carry it ourselves. That, I think, covers it."

Corbett drew a long, long breath.

"It seems so. I suppose you want real money for your option, too?"

Mr. Farwell was pained.

"My dear Mr. Corbett, you misunderstand me completely. This is nothing but a straightforward business plan to sell land which we own; you're taking it as a personal matter. On the contrary, you can have your option at the minimum legal consideration—one dollar, technical, nominal."

"Have it drawn," said Bowker.

"Now? Why sha'n't I mail it to you?"

"We'd better take it with us," said Bowker. "We'd better show it to the governing board. If we told 'em your price, and had nothing in the way of proof, they'd think we were joking."

"Just as you like," conceded Mr. Farwell, smiling faintly. "If you'll wait perhaps ten minutes—" He summoned a stenographer; Corbett looked at Bowker, Bowker glared at Corbett.

"I *was* going out to play," said the president under his breath. "Wonder if we ought to go down town and see the banks?"

"Wait until it rains," advised Bowker. "Too good a day to see bankers. Are you made up for the afternoon?"

"Not yet."

"We need a man. Want to come in?"

"Gladly. What are you doing?"

"Oh, around eighty-five."

"Really?"

"Fairly regularly."

"I have n't had a club in my hand for two weeks, but I'll do about ninety."

"Bet you the caddy hire you don't."

"No-o," declined the president, cautiously; "I have n't touched a club for so long. But I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll bet the caddy hire you are n't under a hundred."

"No," said Bowker. "You see, I just bought a new mid-iron; I'm likely to be



“ ‘The price is five hundred thousand dollars’ ”

a bit off this afternoon. Oh, are you ready for us?”

“Sign here, please,” said Mr. Farwell, cheerfully.

By the first of August the Warwick Club was gloomily contemplating the prospect of dissolution. Committees and subcommittees were appointed and disbanded with the celerity which obtains in Balkan politics; money was subscribed, pledges were taken, promises were made, and the total amount involved was n’t a quarter of the amount required. Bowker had toured the banks, and returned in discomfiture.

“They all admit,” he said savagely, “that in a few years the land *will* be worth that much, but they can’t see it *now*. I’m through, fellows. I’ve done everything I can. It’s no use. The best thing for us to do is to get our names up for some other club as soon as we can.”

“I’m afraid so,” granted Horton, the club champion. “There really was n’t much use trying; you can’t raise four hundred thousand among four hundred members in a club of *this* kind.”

“When you’re all through talking,” said Corbett, “I’ll tell you something I’ve been holding back. I know one man—a person—who *might* finance the whole thing for us; he has the money.”

“Don’t wake me up,” said Bowker, softly.

“Perfectly true,” insisted Corbett. “And the reason I’m waiting is because I don’t know what to do.”

“It ought to be easy,” said Horton. “Simply go in and ask him for a loan of four hundred thousand for a few years. What’s simpler than that?”

“Sarcasm aside,” reprimanded the president, “nothing *could* be simpler than that.”

“You mean you know a possible way out of this mess, and you have n’t even begun to negotiate?”

“That’s exactly what I mean. The man happens to be a sort of relative of my wife. Nine or ten million, I suppose—retired a few years ago. He was in steel. Incidentally, he’s buying nothing but real-estate just now.”

Bowker sat up.

“Well, what *have* you been doing?”

"Thinking," said Corbett. "I don't doubt for a minute that if I could get my man out here, let him look over the land, investigate values, and all that, he 'd help us out—at a profit to himself. Of course I can't say what he *would* do, but I think he 'd be willing to give us cash and take a bond and mortgage. Perhaps he 'd even buy the property outright and keep on leasing it to us. It 's only a chance—"

"Then *why* have n't you done something about it?"

Corbett grinned in deprecation.

"He plays golf."

"Well, is n't that all the *better*?"

"Hardly. Let me explain. Cuyler—that 's the man's name—Cuyler 's sixty-seven years old. He took up the game ten years ago. Up to that time he could n't even talk about it intelligently; to-day his improvement is inconceivable."

"Plays well, does he?"

"No," said Corbett; "*talks*. Honestly, he could give Jerry Travers two adjectives a hole, and beat him without half trying. You listen to him before he goes out or after he comes back, and you 'll think he broke the course record. But in the meantime—"

"Yes?"

"I 've played this game for a good many years," said Corbett, "and I 've seen some wonderful exhibitions. I 've seen men lose their tempers, and I 've seen them break their clubs. I 've heard some alibis that would have given Ananias material for another couple of centuries. But when John Cuyler gets up to the tee—well, it 's a new chapter."

"*Still*, I don't see your argument."

"If I brought him out here," explained Corbett, patiently, "he 'd have to be entertained. He 's been a big man, an important man; he 's always had attention, and he loves it. There 'd have to be a luncheon before the game—incidentally, he never plays in the morning. If he were n't entertained, he 'd never forget it; so that it would n't do to prejudice him unfavorably before the start. All right. During luncheon he 'd begin to talk. He 'd talk some of the best golf you ever heard in

your life; and he 's so constituted that he sees the events of last month through a golden haze. If he made a certain hole in seven, he 'll estimate that if he 'd putted another inch to the right, he 'd have been down in six. Morally he 's sure it *was* six. Fine! Then a little later he 'll remember that his drive was a few yards in the rough, and it cost him a stroke to get out. If his drive had been straight, he 'd have saved the stroke. Good! He knows he could have made a five instead of a six if he 'd tried a little harder. Morally at least a five. Then if his approach had been thirty yards farther—you ought to get the idea by this time. I 've played Montclair with him when he made a hundred and twenty-one; two weeks afterward it was ninety-nine; about *this* time he 'll say he did Montclair in eighty-three, and he 'll describe every stroke in detail!"

"He 's on the road to be a regular player," said Bowker.

"To continue. He recites these things and then goes out, and for three or four holes he 'll put in a string of alibis that 'll stagger you. Then when he sees that it won't do—sky-high! What he 'll say or what he 'll do is beyond me to imagine. I 'll tell you this much: he invests in a good many schemes, he plays a good deal of golf, but there is n't a case on record when he was *sold* on the links. It can't be done. Furthermore, he 's never yet done business with a man he played with beforehand. He 's too much chagrined and mortified and full of conscience. And certainly he would n't consider buying this golf property without playing here. If he does, and if he plays his best game, he won't better a hundred and twenty, because this is the stiffest course in the district. During the round he 'll say some things that 'll stop business right there. I *know*. Why, we were playing Montclair with a man who thought he was persuading Cuyler to come in with him on a scheme which would, and eventually *did*, net three hundred per cent. Before we got off, Cuyler talked in the low eighties. He was twenty-nine for four holes. On the fifth he accused the other man of sneezing so as to spoil a

putt, and it was all over. Now, that 's the only chance *I* have. Remember, we 're not asking for a loan of personalty; we want cash. If you want to risk your peace of mind, I 'll risk mine, and we 'll have him out here—"

"If he happened to have some luck," said Horton, slowly, "it would n't hurt us, would it?"

"We might use the ladies' tees," added Bowker. "That would cut ten strokes off his score."

"What 's the best he 's ever done?"

"Why, a hundred and four or five."

"That 's at *least* a hundred and twenty on *this* course," said Horton.

"A hundred and ten from the short tees, though," persisted Bowker.

Corbett, who had been drumming on the table with his fountain-pen, suddenly ceased.

"Wait a second."

"A mortal thought, is it?"

"Possibly. I wonder—"

"Don't disturb him!" said Horton.

Corbett brought his hand in startling contact with the champion's knee.

"*I 've* got it!"

"I realize that; you did n't need to flatten it out entirely."

"No, listen! All we need is a thousand dollars and three weeks' time—"

"I 'll contribute the time," said Bowker.

The president beamed beatifically upon them.

"Both of you be here at nine o'clock Monday morning without fail. By the way, how much confidence do you think the club has in me?"

"All there is. Why?"

"Because on Sunday night," stated Corbett, "the club-house and the links close up tight for three weeks by virtue of the authority vested in me—for the good of the people and all that sort of thing. The club-house and course will close for three solid weeks, and I don't intend to give anybody any reasons."

FROM the moment that they sat down to lunch with Mr. Cuyler both Horton and

Bowker recognized the truth of the president's description of him. He was a short, stout man, forceful and incisive; his manner invited, and yet defied, contradiction.

"A pretty course—a pretty course from up here," he began. "Looks too easy, though; not enough trouble. Par seventy-two? That 's fair enough. Suppose you young fellows crack eighty right along. I 'm not in *your* class; *I* 'm satisfied with eighty-five or so. Bob, did you hear I 've got to quit?"

"Not *golf*?" inquired Corbett.

"Yes, sir; doctors say so. Say it 's hurting me. *I* can't see it, but I look at it this way: what do they *gain* by making me quit? Answer, nothing at all. Can't be mercenary. Next reason, I 'm not fool enough to pay a doctor—best doctor in the world—thirteen or fourteen hundred a year for advice, and then not take it. So pretty soon I 'll have to stop."

Bowker kicked Horton under the table.

"Er—you 'll be glad to have played Warwick," said Horton, desperately.

"I dare say, sir. Heard a lot about it; very hard, they say. Long carries."

"Corbett tells us you 're a long driver, though," remarked Bowker.

"Very long at times, very long indeed. Out at Montclair I was driving well—remember it, Bob?"

"You surely were," said Corbett.

"What was it I made? Eighty-nine, I think. It was a bad day, extremely bad. It 's an easy course; ought to have been eighty-one or two. I 'm likely to play very well or very badly, gentlemen. Don't be alarmed whatever happens. If I 'm on my game, I may give you a rub."

"A great many good players do poorly the first time around Warwick," said Corbett, gravely. "There 's no doubt that it 's the hardest course in the East, anyway."

"Let 's be at it!" said Cuyler, impatiently.

As the quartet emerged from the club-house, the capitalist paused.

"How much of this is yours?" he queried.

"Over two hundred acres. The land

across the road is held at three thousand an acre, but of course that 's developed."

"Looks like a good buy. We 'll talk business later, Bob. It 's better than I expected. Would n't mind having it in my own family. Well, where do we begin?"

"The first hole," said Horton, "is just over the brow of the first hill. You have a card, have n't you?"

"Thanks. Three hundred and ninety yards. How far does that rough go?"

"A hundred and eighty. It is n't the sort of rough you 're probably used to; it 's simply good grass about four inches high," cautioned Horton.

"Shoot!" said Mr. Cuyler.

The champion drove prettily; Corbett and Bowker followed; the capitalist stood on the tee and waved his driver threateningly.

"I have n't had a club in my hands for nineteen days," he said, "and my hands are cold. Never mind; I 'll scratch along somehow." He drove clear across the taller grass, and was delighted to find his ball within twenty yards of Horton's.

"Beautiful drive, Mr. Cuyler," said Bowker in his ear. "Horton 's champion of the club,—handicapped four in the national,—and he hit his ball perfectly, too."

"Oh, I get 'em off now and then. Brassy, boy!" He topped it badly, but the ball rolled to the summit of the little hill, and dipped toward the hollow.

"On!" called Horton. "Good shot!"

They all made fours; as they proceeded to the second tee, Mr. Cuyler was moved to eloquence.

"Any man who takes more than four on that hole," he said, "ought to be put off the course. Three hundred and ninety yards is a short hole. I could have made it with a drive and a mashy. Can't expect to use the right clubs when I don't know where the flag is." He imbedded his ball in an immense cone of sand. "Don't suppose any of you brought a pair of gloves? Well, never mind; only it ends *me*. Can't hold on to a club without 'em; it turns right over in my hand." He lunged powerfully, and surveyed the result for several

seconds. "Well, that 's a shot any lady 'd be proud of."

"Lady!" said Bowker. "You 're half-way to the green!"

"No!"

"Look at it! It did n't carry far, but it must have rolled a hundred and fifty yards."

"I don't know what it is," said Mr. Cuyler, speaking gently, in order that Corbett would not overhear him, "but usually I get an enormous roll on the ball. Have n't the least idea what does it. Something I do to it, I suppose."

"You keep on hitting 'em the same way," said Horton, sagely, "and you 'll make a good score."

"It 's a fearful handicap; I don't know the distances," said Mr. Cuyler. "Play to left or right of the green?"

"Left, by all means, and well to the left."

Mr. Cuyler sliced thirty degrees to the right.

"I knew it," he said bitterly. "The caddy stood just where I could see him out of the tail of my eye. Boy, are you on exhibition? Did you mark that ball? Know where it is?" He went forward, elucidating the caddy's pedigree to him as he went. The others played up to the green; Mr. Cuyler found himself hole high, in grass to his shoe-tops. "If I only had a mashy-niblick," he accused the caddy. "This thing is n't balanced right. Still—" He chipped out to the green, and took two putts; and overcome by the realization that his score was good, he regarded the ball for several seconds and stole furtive glances at his partners. Once he made as though to speak to Corbett, but chose the part of discretion, and endeavored to look diffident.

"Did you see him play his third?" said Horton to Bowker, very loudly. "He talks about playing in the eighties. I don't believe he ever made an eighty in his life; he makes seventies." The capitalist, who had started angrily, became calmer at the conclusion of the last sentence.

"I should have been on in two," he asserted, still holding Corbett with his eye.



"He went forward, elucidating the caddy's pedigree to him as he went"

"Absolutely threw away a stroke. My regular game, though—throw away one stroke every hole. Well, I got a five; should have been a four. I was saying, if I had a mashy-niblick I'd have *had* a

four. Well, I'm one over four for two holes. Where's the next one?"

They showed it to him. On the right, parallel with the line, ran a row of trees cunningly planted in echelon; on the left,

a boundary wall of jagged stones. Curling delicately around the green, a brook offered lodging to any transient ball which left the straightest route or overran. Between this and the tee lay luxuriant grass that was evidently meant to be retentive.

"Not having had a club in my hands for nineteen days," said Mr. Cuyler, "I *may* not make it. I see you've got to land on the green, and stick. I may not do it; probably I won't." He did n't; but the ball bobbed and bobbed until at last it trickled within a dozen feet of the hole and came to rest. He looked at the divot he had slashed; he examined critically the head of his driver. "Little muscular strain in my shoulder," he confessed. "Had a touch of neuritis last night. It's a wonder I can get 'em off the ground."

"If there had n't been power behind it," said Bowker, "you would n't have. That's what got you through." He pitched squarely on the flag; the ball bounded into the brook.

"You hesitate at the top of your swing," said Mr. Cuyler. "You'll pardon me for saying so, but it's very noticeable." He marched dignifiedly down to his ball, and took three skittish putts. "One over four for *three* holes," he stated, fighting down his pride. "If your course has correct architecture, the next hole ought to be a long one."

"Five hundred and thirty yards," said Corbett. "You want to clear the brook on your drive, that's all."

"He'd better play safe," objected Bowker.

Mr. Cuyler addressed his ball gingerly. His hands trembled, and his shoulders sagged limply. His mouth was firmly set; his eyes showed indomitable resolution, mixed with unholy fear.

"If you gentlemen will stop talking," he mumbled. "It throws me off; it *always* throws me off." In his anxiety he touched the ball, so that it toppled from its nest of sand. "There!" he snapped. "That's what I get for it! Took my mind off it! Enough to rattle *anybody*. It makes you stiffen up—and—" Here he drove with admirable precision into the

second brook. There was a silver splash in the sunshine, a dot of white on the fairway ahead.

"*Out*, by George!" breathed Bowker.

"You hit that hard," said Horton.

"Right on your drive to-day," said Corbett.

The capitalist faced them frowningly.

"I don't know what it is," he admitted; "it's beyond me. No matter how I hit 'em, they *go*! I must put something on the ball." He clipped the heads from a pair of misplaced daisies. "It was the follow through that saved me," he reported. "The shot was rotten—all but the follow through. That saved it. That always comes when I need it. And it's funny, because I don't feel like playing golf to-day. I don't believe I slept three hours last night." He followed the flight of Horton's ball, a perfectly straight, clean drive which escaped the water hazard by the barest of margins. "How far do you estimate that shot?" he demanded.

"He averaged two hundred and thirty off the tee in the championship," said Corbett.

"My reason for asking," said Mr. Cuyler, smiling a trifle cynically as Bowker pulled into trouble, "is that I wondered how far mine went. I think I could do better if my shoulders were n't so stiff with neuritis." He topped savagely, and analyzed the effort with a wealth of imagery. His third attempt was successful enough to justify a putter on the fourth. "Down in five," he announced, beaming rapturously and breathing hard.

"Four," said Horton.

"Four," said Corbett.

"Six," said Bowker.

"I am almost sorry," proclaimed the capitalist, drying the moisture from his clammy hands, "that I'm starting so well. Of course it's nothing extraordinary, but I seem to be one over par for four holes. It's too good; it distresses me. Ought not to keep medal scores at all—that's *my* theory. Now I'll probably press; natural for anybody. I wish I had n't lost a stroke on the second; I'd be even with par."

"Steady as a church," said Corbett.

"Only one mistake in four holes," said Bowker.

"I thought I was a long driver," said Horton, aggrievedly, "but you 're right with me every shot."

Mr. Cuyler stared at the lofty hill which confronted him.

"There 's one thing about it," he proclaimed through chattering teeth. "I—I 've got nerve enough, but against this wind, with a heavy ball—well, it 's all in the day's work. What difference does it make?"

"Not the least," Bowker assured him heartily. "We all play for the fun of it."

Here Mr. Cuyler hooked viciously; almost before the club-head had passed the ball he was scrutinizing it with every symptom of apoplexy.

"Oh, the idiots!" he rasped. "The miserable, lying, cheating, swindling idiots! Look! Look at that! Feel of that club! It 's new; just had it made. Took it out of the bag to-day for the first time. Feel where the balance is! There 's *two ounces* too much lead back there. Feel it turn over of its own weight at the top of the swing! The idea of trying to play golf with a stuffed mallet like that! Now I 'm mad! I 'll tell you exactly what 'll happen: I 'll dub every shot from here to the finish. Watch me!"

Accordingly, they watched him dub two of them, and run down an approach putt for a par four.

"That 's the principle of it," praised Bowker.

"Good recovery, Mr. Cuyler!" said Horton.

"You can't beat him," declared Corbett.

But the capitalist was shaking from head to foot. Despite his theory, he had requisitioned a card from his caddy, and recorded his own score; twice, as he was making the entries, the pasteboard fluttered from his palsied fingers.

"Four," he whispered. "One over four, one over four, two over four, two over four. I 'm two over four for five holes."

"Your shot, Mr. Cuyler."

"Where?" he inquired weakly. They indicated a yellow flag which, to his disordered fancy, marked a hill at least a mile and a half to westward. "My wrists have gone back on me," he muttered. "Broke one of 'em a few years ago. They 've gone back; afraid to *hit* a ball any more. If I try to spare it, I 'll fluff it. Hardest shot for anybody in the world 's a spared shot." The mere weight of the club carried the ball out in soaring flight; Mr. Cuyler sat down on the tee-box and mopped his glistening countenance. His expression, as he looked at Corbett, was the harbinger of speech, but he thought better of it, and kept silence, although the effort must have tortured him.

"Bully!" said Bowker. "You 'll be under forty for nine holes!"

"Oh, no I won't. You don't know me. You 're a *young* man. I can't climb around these hills; all out of breath when I come to my second shot. I 'll miss it *sure*."

He topped it, but it rolled miraculously to the green. He putted, and the ball sank with a gratifying tinkle.

"Three for me," he said, fumbling for the card and dropping his pencil. "Three, and it 's a par four! It 's three hundred and sixty yards; it 's uphill—a birdie three. I 'm one over four for six holes." He stretched his arms wide, and inhaled deeply. "Gad! what a wonderful course!" he said. "A *wonderful* course! It 's the hardest in the metropolitan district,—everybody says so,—and I 'm one over four for six holes! Did n't expect me to be going so strong, did you? Where 's the next? Where 's the seventh?"

"Foot of the hill," Bowker told him. "Long, but very easy. All you have to do is swipe it; she 'll roll indefinitely."

Obediently, Mr. Cuyler swiped it. He caught the ball on the toe of the club; it glanced to the right, found the slope, and leaped amazingly downward. Mr. Cuyler, posing rigidly in the attitude in which all experts are photographed, waited until his muscles ached.

"Foundered," he said, "but it rolled. I don't know what it is, but I put some

stuff on 'em. They certainly do roll for me."

The other three all outdrove him, but his soul was beyond envy. He found his ball in a hanging lie. Wild-eyed and panting, he sclafted badly; but it was beyond his power to nullify the influence of a twenty-per-cent. grade, and he had a short putt for a three. The ball hung on the lip of the cup; Mr. Cuyler whirled toward his caddy.

"There you go again!" he roared. "You coughed! You do that once more—"

"In!" cried Bowker behind him.

"What? Did it go down?"

"It fiddled around and then dropped. Look in the cup!"

"A three for Mr. Cuyler," said Horton, noting it.

"Even fours to here," commented Corbett. "That 's remarkable, especially for a man who never saw the place before to-day."

"But I 'm so sore at that caddy," growled Mr. Cuyler, "I 'm likely to go all to pieces any minute. Just my luck, anyway. Wish I 'd had some gloves. Well, now for a short slice and a merry one! Take me ten strokes now, I suppose; lucky if I get around under fifty."

As a matter of fact, he finished the first nine holes in thirty-seven, and took stimulants more from necessity than from inclination.

It was an hour before they could persuade him back to the course.

"I 'm satisfied," he said. "You gentlemen go ahead. I 'm tired now; I 'd probably hold you back. I 'm tired. Nine holes is plenty for an old man, anyway."

"Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination," said Horton, gallantly, "can a man be considered old when he can go out in thirty-seven at Warwick!"

Eventually they led him out, and again he paused to admire the landscape.

"What rent do you pay?" he asked.

"Twenty thousand," said Corbett.

"I should want thirty; that 's six per cent. on the investment. Where 's the next hole?"

Joyously they chorused directions for reaching the tenth, which was guarded by another of the Inness brooks and by a semicircle of trees.

"Almost wish I had n't said I 'd play," the man of money told them. "Sat too long in the house; got cold." Thus armed with a reasonable excuse, he drove almost at right angles to the course.

"Too bad!" said Horton, sorrowfully.

"You bet it 's too bad," murmured Corbett.

"Just cold—nothing but cold," explained Mr. Cuyler. "Serves me right; ought to have had more sense. Now I can't relax in the swing." He took four shots in the rough, gouged four tremendous clots of sod, approached execrably, putted miserably, and was down in nine. His subsequent monologue was illuminating. The three conspirators stole covert glances at one another as they walked to the eleventh tee.

"We think we 're extravagant if we play for a ball a hole," whispered Corbett to Bowker. "It 's possible that we played the tenth for half a million—and lost!"

"Give him a chance!" said Bowker, mirthlessly.

The eleventh was rated on the card as a par five; Mr. Cuyler, assisted by a flat stone at the root of a tree, accomplished it in seven, broke his putter over his knee, and kicked his tweed hat into the brook.

"Now I 've strained my thumb!" he said pathetically. "Never mind; come ahead! Everything breaks against me. I don't care; I play for the fun of it. It keeps me out in the open air. If that caddy eats another apple as loudly as he did the last one, I 'll brain him."

The twelfth was a simple iron shot; he played it perfectly, got his three, and smiled wearily.

"Nineteen for three holes," he observed. "Great golf! One over six! And now I 've got to putt with a cleik!"

"Lend you my putter," said three voices in unison.

He shook his head.

"Oh, no. No use, anyway. I 'm done. My nerves are all shot to pieces. First



“ ‘Do you *want* to throw me off my game?’ ”

time in my life I ever had a stimulant between rounds. No chance now. Is this a long one?”

“Straight out,” said Horton, and a moment later he added: “That ’s absolutely perfect. Two degrees off that line, and you ’d have been either out of bounds or in the rough.”

“But—but that was a hook!”

“Exactly. Placed perfectly.”

“But I was playing off to the right more!”

“You were standing just as I ’m going to. I ’d have told you if you were n’t.”

“It may be all right,” said Mr. Cuyler, mournfully, “but if I ’ve got to play these holes without even knowing where I ’m to shoot, I ’ll be so muddled I can’t hit a

balloon.” Nevertheless, he brought off another shot which Horton characterized as perfect. An approach and two putts gave him his five.

The fourteenth tee was on the edge of a sickening swamp, inhabited by bullfrogs that croaked malevolently. Once more a battery of trees was placed to penalize a slice; on the left an artistic rockery glinted in the sun.

“If those darned frogs would keep quiet,” said Mr. Cuyler, warmly, “perhaps I could give some attention to this ball. How far is it across the Gulf of Mexico?”

“A good, full shot.”

“And a good, full shot is something a man of seventy—I ’m nearly seventy—

could n't make to save his life. Well, here goes. If I miss it, somebody 'll have to lend me a dredge!" He drove neatly across the swamp; the ball rolled easily to the green. One after the other, Corbett, Bowker, Horton topped among the frogs.

"Twenty-seven for five holes," said Mr. Cuyler, tremulously, "and I beat all three of you! Are there any more Everglades, or do you play the rest of the way on dry land? Say, I 'm shivering! This place is n't malarial, is it?"

"We go right back across it," said Corbett; "but this time it 's shorter. Don't take any chances. Use a high tee, and slam it."

Mr. Cuyler annihilated him with a single glance.

"If there 's anything that puts me off my game quicker than anything else," he lectured, "it 's to have a man advise me. I wish you had n't said that. From my friends I want friendship only; when I need advice, I go to a professional." While the trio stood motionless, agonized, he drove a dead, high ball, which missed the water by an eyelash, and permitted him to make his four even with a poor second shot. "You pretty nearly made me spoil that hole," he said severely. "I beg of you, don't do it again."

Bowker and Corbett were shaking hands when the capitalist, in the act of driving, turned quickly upon them.

"Confound it!" he said wrathfully. "What are you two trying to do? Do you *want* to throw me off my game? Can't anybody in this whole crowd stand still when I 'm going to shoot?"

"I 'm sorry," said Corbett, hastily.

"You ought to be!" He returned to the ball. "Confound it!" he repeated. "Something 's wrong every hole. First it 's a caddy, and then it is n't. You 've got me shaking like a convict. Look at me!"

Indeed, his hands were strikingly unsteady.

"There 's no hurry," soothed Horton. "Take your time, Mr. Cuyler."

"Oh, another counselor!" He breathed hard, and swung his club. "If I were n't

a guest here—" Choking incontinently, he slashed at the ball, and saw it disappear over a near-by ridge. "Is it safe?" he asked anxiously.

"Could n't be better."

"You really should n't disturb a man who 's driving, you know."

"We 're very sorry, Mr. Cuyler."

"I 'm going badly enough as it is without being disturbed."

"You 're doing excellently."

"I 'm glad you think so—"

"All you need is a four to be even fives for this round."

"Yes, but the way to have a man get fours is n't to touch up his nerves until they 're all on edge." In evident irritation he topped two brassy shots; the second was a yard from the green.

"Play it safe!" said Corbett, unthinkingly.

Mr. Cuyler, gritting his teeth, struck blindly with his mashy, and the ball ran unerringly to the cup and dropped. He looked at the cup, looked at Corbett, opened his mouth, closed it again, and said nothing.

"Fives!" said Horton, jubilantly. "You need two fours for an eighty!"

The capitalist went through the motions of addressing, but his legs shook, and in the waggle he could n't bring the face of his driver within six inches of the ball.

"How—how far is it?" he faltered.

"Four hundred and twenty-five—a good four."

His face was ashen, and his mouth was working grotesquely as he swung. He heeled the ball; it wandered casually down a gentle slope, and found a cozy seat in a boot-mark.

"All over," he said. "I 'm all through. Did the best I could; too much for me. I don't believe I can even lift the club."

"Try!" begged Horton. "You can make it up—"

"No, it 's too late! I wasted two strokes in the first nine; they 'd have helped me here! It 's too late now." He swung half-heartedly.

"Only one more!" urged Bowker at his elbow. "Just an ordinary iron. Get a

five here and a three on the home hole, and you 'll still have your eighty."

"No, I never have any luck." He could hardly hold the club the caddy gave him; he stared at it stupidly; when he finally used it, the stroke was feeble, unorthodox, clumsy, and yet effective. It left him so close to the hole that he went down in two putts, one of a foot, the other of two inches; and he remained crouching until Corbett took him tenderly by the arm and escorted him to the last tee.

"Lots of nerve, Mr. Cuyler," he encouraged. "It 's only a hundred and sixty yards. Just hit it cleanly; that 's all you need. Don't bother about the brook or anything else. Just one more hole, *please!* You 've done magnificently. I know you 're tired, but you 'll want to remember this. Take a few practice swings."

Bowker, who had been talking violently to Horton, joined them, and stepped on Corbett's toe.

"They 've changed the hole, Mr. Cuyler," he said. "It 's only about a hundred yards. Take a wooden club, and merely tap it. You *can't* fall down now."

"Never mind about the practice swings; let him *drive!*" warned Horton. "Hurry up! *Speed!* Make him shoot, or he 'll faint!"

Mr. Cuyler regarded his driver dispassionately.

"You know," he said almost inaudibly, "I 'm an old man—little bit of vertigo. If I 'd had my gloves with me—and my regular putter—"

There was a click of wood against rubber; three men shaded their eyes. Horton emitted a yell of triumph, and without delaying to play his own ball, dashed for the green. Corbett and Bowker had the capitalist between them; they guided him carefully over the tiny foot-bridge, set him firmly in position, gave him a club—any club!

"Two putts, Mr. Cuyler!"

"Don't try to sink it; get near the hole."

"Play it right for here—where my hand is now. Easy!"

"Not too hard, whatever you do! It 's a fast green!"

"Don't hurry! Lots of time!"

"Get his club in line, Corbett!"

"It 's in line now."

"For Heaven's sake! that 's a deep-faced mashy he 's got!"

"That 's fair enough; let it alone!"

"Don't let him hit it too hard!"

"No; just easy, Mr. Cuyler! Take two for it!"

"*Now* putt!"

Mr. Cuyler putted with a potent shove. The ball, traveling swiftly, struck the back of the tin, hopped nimbly upward, and was abruptly swallowed by the metallic haven of victory.

"Seventy-nine!" gasped Horton, falling recumbent upon the turf. That made it unanimous.

It was eight o'clock before the guest of honor had recovered sufficiently to be helped into the private dining-room; and it was ten o'clock before he was able to return thanks for the initial toast.

"Boys," he said, "it was a fine day. I 'm glad it was, because it 's my last. I guess the doctors were right. My heart won't stand it. I 'm sorry, because if I had time to practise, I might be pretty good. It is n't usual to drag business into pleasure, but I 'm going to this time. Bob Corbett here has been trying to get me interested in the club property. It looks good to me—as an investment, I mean. I understand you 've been in danger of losing your club. That won't happen. It 's a lovely club; it 's the best and the hardest course I ever played over. I made my best score on it, and I had a couple of bad holes, too. Some of your holes are too short, but you 've got to play 'em with deadly accuracy. That 's how I made my score to-day—I was deadly accurate. Well, it 's too lovely a club to let go by default. So I 'm going to take it over, and lease it to you for a term of years. All I ask from you, to please an old man's vanity, is your affidavits about my card. You 'll do that, won't you?"

"Certainly we will," said Bowker, clearing his throat. "Is it—is it absolutely definite that you 're through with golf?"

"Absolutely."

"He gave all his clubs to the caddy," said Corbett to Bowker.

"And never," said Mr. Cuyler, impressively—"never in my life did I ever give anything away until I was mighty sure I was all through with it."

Bowker made for the door.

"I 'll be with you in a couple of minutes. I 'm going to telephone the papers."

"Not about this purchase!" snapped Mr. Cuyler.

"No, sir; about your record."

The capitalist actually blushed.

"Well, in that case you might hint—only *hint*, of course—that—ah—I had n't played Warwick before, and that—ah—unfortunately, I was suffering somewhat from rheumatism."

"I 'll have a paragraph on it," said Bowker, vanishing.

They took the financier to the station for the last train. After it had gone, the three sat on a baggage-truck and laughed themselves into hysteria.

"Obtaining money under false pretenses," said Horton, when he had recovered a fraction of his poise. "And there 'll be murder if he ever finds it out."

"He can't. For *two* reasons; the other one is—sentimental."

"That 's so," said Bowker, sobering. "You know, I really think he cried a little—from pure joy."

"No harm to anybody; it 's a good investment, really."

"When 'll the course be ready, Bob?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Corbett.

"All we 've got to do is to cover up our tracks, put those temporary tees out of

commission, change the flags back, change all the cups, and that sort of thing."

"If he ever comes out again—"

"Tell him we 've rebuilt the links. That 's simple."

"Has any one the least idea how long that course was?"

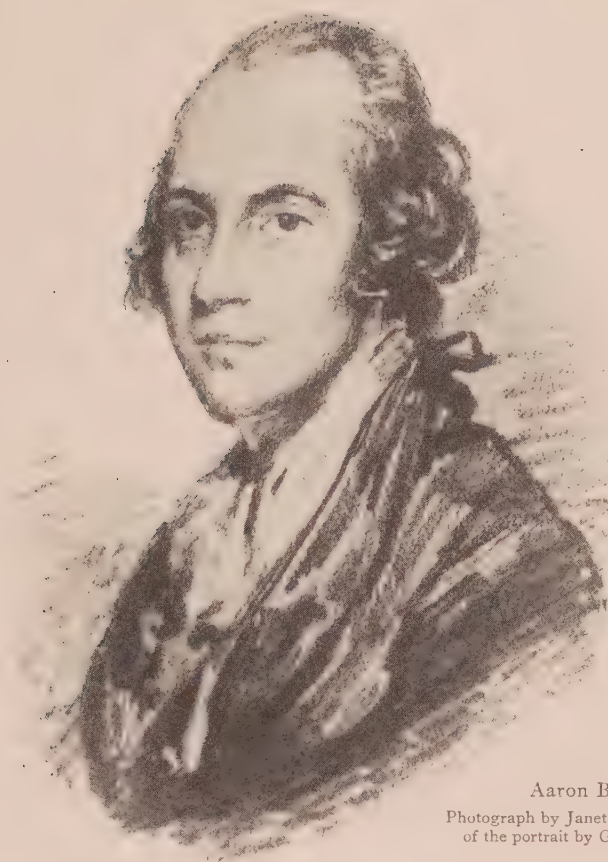
"I don't know how long it was," said Horton, "but I played it in sixty-one the day before yesterday, and fifty-nine yesterday. A stranger would n't suspect the card; those hills and water hazards are too deceptive. The only thing I was afraid of was that he 'd spot the cups. Good Lord! they were as big as bushel-baskets! An extra half-inch in diameter! Why, they were n't cups; they were craters!"

"What got *me*," chuckled Bowker, "was the way you could take a perfectly free, natural swing at that ball, and not get more than a hundred and forty yards with it!"

"Why not?" said Horton, surprisedly. "I had every one of those darned clubs built specially for this afternoon; there was n't one of them that weighed more than eight ounces!"

PERHAPS it was best for Mr. Cuyler's peace of mind that after buying the Warwick property and leasing it to the club he never saw it again. Undoubtedly it was best for him that he never played around the regular course. Because if he had done that, he would certainly have been in a frame of mind to appreciate the verse painted in small letters above the players' entrance to the club-house. As has been said before, it is n't humorous.





Aaron Burr

Photograph by Janet M. Cummings
of the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part III

CHAPTER IV

A BALEFUL DON QUIXOTE

PRESIDENTIAL elections were a serious matter. The Constitution originally provided that the man receiving the highest number of electoral votes should be President, and the one receiving the next highest number, Vice-President. This was ideal, but it did not serve the purpose. The first election after Washington retired was a disappointment; in the opinion of many the second narrowly escaped be-

ing a disaster. While the fright over this election was still upon the country, Congress proposed, and the States ratified, a constitutional amendment obliging Presidential electors to vote distinctly and unmistakably, upon separate ballots, for one man for President and another for Vice-President. Jefferson's second election was conducted under the amended law, and this time there was no uncertainty either in the vote or in the character of George Clinton, the man chosen to succeed Jefferson in case he should not round out his

term of office. The country shuddered even yet over what might have happened had death removed Jefferson while Burr was Vice-President.

Personality counted for more in American politics than it can to-day, after the leveling effects of free schools and free criticism have been at work for a century pulling down heroes and exalting the rank and file of the voters. Every member of that earlier group of leaders—Washington, with his unfailing rectitude; Adams, learned and hotly partizan; Jefferson, with his many interests; Franklin, of broad charity and homely epigram; John Marshall, "master in the common sense of Constitutional law"; Randolph of Roanoke, body and fine intellect alike wrecked by drugs and self-esteem; and all the rest of them—stand out individual and distinct against a blurred background of "the people." But of all the political characters of that day, or, indeed, from that day to this, there is no one quite so mysterious, so elusive, so apparently useless as Burr, weaving the dark pattern of his ambition into the country's history.

And because no man can live exclusively to himself either for good or evil, with every mention of Burr's name the figure of Hamilton rises, an avenging ghost. Even before that precocious young native of the West Indies walked into our military history at Princeton, a lad only nineteen, lost in thought, a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes while his hand rested upon a cannon that he patted absent-mindedly as if it were a favorite horse, he had done valiant work for American liberty with his pen. From the time he touched our shores to the July morning more than thirty years later when Burr's bullet laid him low he was a force to be reckoned with. And his was one of those natures, keenly alive on many sides, whose astonishing maturity of intellect did not snuff out the zest of life. He became "my boy" to Washington very early in his service; worked willingly at headquarters day in and day out, with a sober application equal to Washington's own, yet contrived to snatch from such never-ending drudg-

ery youth's dear and fleeting joys. He brought gaiety even to Washington's mess-table, courted black-eyed Elizabeth Schuyler under the muzzles of British guns, and in the years of their married life together managed with all his prodigious labors to bend social graces as well as the solid qualities of his mind to enriching their days and nights. Besides being a great statesman, he was "an enjoying gentleman," to use the quaint old phrase. Talleyrand, corrupt and appreciative, looked upon him with amazement. "Il avait diviné l'Europe," he said, which, from a European of that day, about an American, was near the highest praise. Hamilton's management of the treasury, without breath of scandal or self-seeking, filled the Frenchman with even greater astonishment. "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world," he exclaimed—"a man who has made a nation rich laboring all night to provide his family with bread."

To Americans such clean devotion to country was a matter of course, commendable, but no more than duty. But all acknowledged Hamilton's remarkable ability. Some even of his own party feared him. Adams's dread of him amounted to obsession. Many who absolved Washington from leanings toward monarchy charged Hamilton with deliberate intent to change the form of government. Jefferson, who opposed him politically and clashed with him personally, fully appreciated his power. When an old man at Monticello, looking back over the past, he used to say that the Republicans had done so and so; but if he spoke of the Federalists, he was apt to say that Hamilton took this or that ground. Taxed with this, he admitted, smiling, that it was quite true. He had fallen into the habit, he supposed, because he regarded Hamilton as the "master-spirit of his party."

Burr also was a master-spirit, a name to conjure with—in black magic. About the same age as Hamilton, he was, like him, slender of frame, delicate of feature, and refined in all small matters of taste. In his blood were warring elements: German aristocracy on his father's side; on

his mother's, uncompromising Puritanism. Death deprived him of both parents when he was very young. His unusually quick wit conspired with the fact of a considerable inheritance to render his childhood less disciplined than it should have been. One is tempted to believe that his early trend toward evil was at the outset only the revolt of childish, untrained logic against shams as he saw them in his elders and guardians. Being misunderstood, it quickly became the bravado of proud youth, and in manhood grew to larger villainies threatening to involve a continent.

At the age of sixteen he was leaving Princeton equipped with his diploma, disillusionment concerning his professors, and a precocious knowledge of dissipation. In some directions all he craved of the latter was knowledge. For instance, he never gambled after an early success at billiards. At seventeen he was deep in the study of theology, from which he soon emerged with the conviction that "the road to heaven is open to all alike," and thereafter shelved the matter as unprofitable for discussion.

His youthful ambition was military. The excitement, the sudden changes of fortune, and the opportunity it gave for indulging that bent toward mystery which he possessed—all this attracted him. Despite his refusal to follow up that first success at billiards, the game of war offered gambling on a scale grand enough to compel his interest. In his first campaign—with Arnold to Quebec in 1775—he showed both audacity and bravery. He played the spy in priest's robes during the advance, and it was he who rescued Montgomery's body where it fell.

Like Hamilton, he became military aide to Washington, but the sober atmosphere of headquarters was not to his taste. The slow-moving rectitude of his chief's mind reproached and irritated this descendant of Jonathan Edwards, whose rapier-like intellect was already turning to devious ways. The general was coldly unresponsive to the questions about military science that thronged to the younger man's lips,

and on his part he had no mind to remain a mere drudging clerk, as Washington seemed to expect. The relation soon came to an end, with resentment on the part of Burr, and on Washington's a distrust that after events failed to remove. Three times while he was President, Washington was waited upon by committees of Congress to urge Burr for the French mission, a suggestion he put aside with the remark that he had no confidence in the young man.

Burr's undeniable military genius was for small matters and sharp emergencies. He was blessed with a body needing little food and little sleep, while able to endure immense fatigue. He was a strict disciplinarian, had a power of detecting wrongdoers that bordered upon the miraculous, and in a crisis he could exercise an almost serpent-like fascination over untrained men, bringing them under perfect, if temporary, control.

His resignation from the army appears to mark the time when he definitely broke with the established code of morals. Until then he seemed, intermittently at least, to follow St. Paul's injunction to prove all things in a half-hearted hope of finding somewhere one "good" enough to claim and hold his loyalty. But he made his choice and cast adrift, with no rudder save ambition. "The adventure is the best of it all," he told a young acquaintance, speaking of life in general, and that came to be his guiding motto.

He established himself as a lawyer in New York State, where Hamilton was also practising; but his real interest was politics, law being only a tool to that end. Hamilton was diffuse and eloquent in argument; Burr chose to be concise and conversational. Hamilton was the heart and brains of Federalism; Burr aimed to become the leader of the Jeffersonian Republicans.

He saw the chances for political combinations latent in our form of government, and set himself to use them. An instrument lay ready to his hand in the benevolent and patriotic society started by Hamilton some years before to offset General Knox's well-meant blunder, the So-

ciety of the Cincinnati, whose "aristocratic" tendency had set the country by the ears at the end of the Revolution. This younger organization had mouth-filling titles, Wiskenkee lodges, and sachems, grand, high, and plain, that fitted into his plans ideally. Its sub-title also, "The Columbian Order," suited him to perfection. To it and to politics he applied army principles, demanding perfect obedience from the rank and file, adding company drill in the form of committee rule, thus lodging power in a few capable, if not always scrupulous, hands, and started Tammany on its long and vigorous career. That Hamilton himself had been the founder made its deflection to Democratic uses all the more delightful.

By adroit management, by refusing to admit failure even when party fortunes were low, and by his hypnotic power over men, he became one of the most skilful, as he was one of the earliest, New York politicians in the unenviable sense of that word. He reached to within one vote of the Presidency, helping himself in the final climb by use of the injudicious pamphlet Hamilton wrote attacking John Adams. Hamilton thought Jefferson "an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics," but of the two he vastly preferred him for President. Aside from personal prejudices, he pointed out that if Jefferson were elected, all responsibility for bad measures would rest with his party, while if the Federalists interfered and effected Burr's election, the whole responsibility would rest upon them.

Jefferson, on his part, was little drawn toward Burr. Hamilton, watching them, thought that there was "a most serious schism between the chief and his heir-apparent." Yet they never quarreled. Burr dined at the White House when etiquette demanded, and also at the tables of the cabinet. His daughter became a general favorite in society; but on the whole he was a disturbing element in Washington, and more than one of the many duels of the period can be traced to his door, and he continued to lose in popularity. As the time for the next Presi-

dential election approached he went to the President to learn his intentions. Jefferson replied coldly that he had not interfered in 1800 and did not mean to do so now.

Months before the election Burr's evil genius settled the matter beyond recall. He and Hamilton had been singled out for antagonists from the beginning, and the story of their duel is too familiar to bear repetition. Hamilton's opinion that Burr was "in every sense a profligate" had been often repeated with details and amplifications. It is only astonishing that in a period of high feeling and strict adherence to "the code" their final encounter was so long delayed. Yet when Hamilton fell mortally wounded on that early July morning, his death seemed nothing short of a national calamity and Burr's act wilful murder. Men forgot the bitterness with which they had assailed Hamilton as a monarchist and an abettor of South American revolution. They remembered only his charming personality, the immense services he had rendered the country, and his magician's success in making a sound financial credit for the nation out of doubts and debts and an unexplored wilderness. "No one wished to get rid of Hamilton *that way!*" John Adams declared, shocked into sincere and regretful speech.

Burr returned to his home after the duel apparently unmoved. A kinsman arriving from a distance to breakfast with him had no inkling of what had occurred, and on resuming his journey could not credit the news, so sure was he from evidence of his own senses that it was a lie.

"The subject in dispute is, which shall have the honor of hanging the Vice-President?" Burr wrote his daughter, after the grand juries of both New York and New Jersey found indictments against him. Seeing that the storm of denunciation continued unabated, he left his house at night by water and disappeared for a time. But with the reopening of Congress he was on hand, took his seat as presiding officer of the Senate, and discharged his duties throughout the winter, though a

fugitive from justice and under indictment for a capital offense.

The fantastic situation reached its climax when it fell to his lot to conduct the impeachment trial of a justice of the Supreme Court before the Senate. The spectacle of this malefactor thus engaged must have caused laughter among the immortals. Mortals, however, were impressed, he bore himself with such dignity and composure. A reaction set in, and for a time the duel was almost forgotten in admiration of his conduct of the trial "with the impartiality of an angel and the vigor of a devil." For a moment this admiration changed to emotion, even to tears, when, two days before his term as Vice-President ended, he took leave of the Senate in a short speech grave to the point of coldness. "It was the solemnity, the anxiety, the expectation and the interest which I saw strongly painted on the countenances of the auditors that inspired whatever was said," he explained. "I neither shed tears nor assumed tenderness; but tears did flow abundantly."

Jefferson was undoubtedly glad to have him out of his official family. A Vice-President hanged for murder would not have been an edifying spectacle to present to the nations, but a Vice-President guilty and going unpunished was an object-lesson even less desirable.

A month later Burr went into the South. His errand is even yet a subject of doubt. In that day of slow and difficult communication his projects and his progress were shrouded in eloquent mystery. Yet he traveled in a state befitting one who had held high office. "My boat," he wrote his daughter, "is a floating house." And when he reached the rich and settled regions of the lower Mississippi, he chose his society with the regal assumption that he would be welcome. "During the residue of my voyage to New Orleans, about 300 miles, I shall take breakfast and dinner each day at the house of some gentleman on shore. . . . I take no letters of introduction; but whenever I hear of any gentleman whose acquaintance or hospitality I should desire, I send word that I am

coming to see him, and have always met a most cordial reception."

To all these people he told variations of one story. To an angular major-general of Tennessee militia named Andrew Jackson, whom he visited at Nashville, he talked about Spanish aggression in the Southwest. For the benefit of Harman Blennerhasset, an excitable Irishman who lived with his young wife in a fool's paradise on an island near Marietta, Ohio, he hinted at interesting conspiracy. To others he explained that his sole intention was to buy and colonize a large tract known as the Bastop lands on the Washita River. To General Wilkinson, the highest military officer of the United States, and incidentally in the pay of Spain, he unfolded a scheme of a new Western empire made up of Mexico and the dissatisfied Southwestern States. He had known Wilkinson of old and did not overestimate his loyalty. To no one, however, did he commit himself definitely. Perhaps he had not mapped out, even in his own mind, the limit of his desires. He was an opportunist, with a leaning toward surprising coups, and in this first trip he may have been merely taking soundings, trusting to chance to determine the final outcome.

The throne of Montezuma is believed to have gleamed as his ultimate goal, and there are indications that his plottings began even before he left the Vice-Presidency—in fact, at the very time when he was impressing the country by his dignity in trying circumstances. If these suppositions be true, the scheme included such spectacular events as the capture of Washington, the kidnapping of President Jefferson, and tampering with the United States navy. The British minister at Washington averred that he dangled part of such a plot before his eyes, offering to put the new empire under protection of the British flag in return for help in taking New Orleans. But finding that his Majesty's home office refused to be dazzled, he turned with characteristic effrontery to Spain, attempting to get money with which to rob her of her own colonies.

With such unlikely foreign help, the aid of young and wealthy adventurers in the East and West, the active coöperation of General Wilkinson, the credit of the rich Allston family of South Carolina, into which his daughter had married, and last, but not least, assistance from the priests of Texas and Mexico, he would take his seat upon the throne, make his daughter chief lady of the empire, his son-in-law heir presumptive, Wilkinson general-in-chief, and Blennerhasset minister to England. The scheme is as grotesque as any nightmare, and this final touch encourages the suspicion that Burr was playing upon personal vanity and enjoying his own sardonic joke. He was a knave, but no fool, and the idea of the gullible Blennerhasset in the rôle of ambassador to anything could never have entered a sane man's plans. But there was no harm in raising hopes; and he went his charming, insinuating way, scattering his poison and relishing the antics of his victims.

His desire for the help of the priests made necessary marked attentions to the Catholics of New Orleans. Always alive to the dramatic contrasts of his position, he set himself to win their favor with a keen delight in the situation. In view of his reputation as a libertine and his late prominence as a murderer, it especially pleased him to visit the chaste ladies of the Ursuline convent in company with the reverend bishop. He wrote his daughter a detailed and lively account of the visit.

We conversed at first through the gates; but presently I was admitted within, and I passed an hour with them, greatly to my satisfaction. None of that calm monotony which I expected. All was gaiety, wit, and sprightliness. Saint A. is a very accomplished lady. . . . All except two appear to be past thirty. They were dressed with perfect neatness, their veils thrown back. We had a repast of wine, fruit, and cakes. I was conducted to every part of the building. . . . At parting I asked them to remember me in their prayers, which they all promised with great promptness and courtesy—Saint A. with earnestness. . . . I will

ask Saint A. to pray for thee too. I believe much in the efficacy of her prayers.

Burr's vague hints met with astonishingly cordial response. One resident of New Orleans promised \$50,000 toward the enterprise. But to rail at conditions in the exaggerated and sometimes profane manner of the Southwest was one thing; it was quite another to follow words with action. The American privilege of free speech, bought and paid for, was easy to exercise while Burr sat opposite, listening with the absorbed interest that was his subtlest flattery. But after the fumes of wine had passed and the hypnotic charm of Burr's presence was removed, it was a more serious matter to count the cost of treason.

Burr returned to the East, very possibly duped by the dupes he had made, a not uncommon form of auto-suggestion. August, 1806, saw him again journeying westward, this time accompanied by his daughter. But sane and loyal men had had time to rally, and seeing the connection between Burr's plot and old jealousies of East and West, as well as old border resentments still smoldering against France and Spain, they denounced him in the newspapers. A few of his partizans were active. Blennerhasset set about a noisy attempt to raise a force of Ohioans, and Jackson, who should have seen under the tempter's mask by this time, called out the militia of western Tennessee, ready to invade either Florida or Mexico, though the United States was at peace with Spain. But even his impetuous eagerness could not overlook certain dark hints, and he demanded assurance of Burr's loyalty.

Society in the Southwest made much of the Burrs, but the authorities began to deal blow after blow. In Kentucky, Burr's name was twice presented to the grand jury for treason. Henry Clay, a young and already distinguished lawyer, acted as his counsel. Though successful in this case, a doubt lingered in Clay's own mind, and he, like Jackson, demanded a statement of intentions, which Burr cheerfully furnished. One after another

the men Burr had counted upon as supporters ranged themselves against him. General Wilkinson, having sounded his subordinate officers and found them hopelessly loyal, took the next logical step for a man of his caliber and turned informer. Jefferson, deeming the time ripe at last for Federal interference, issued a proclamation for Burr's arrest. He had been in possession of some facts and many suspicions as early as January, 1806, but thought the enterprise too fantastic for government action. "It is," he wrote, "the most extraordinary since the days of Don Quixote," "so extravagant that those who know his understanding would not believe it if the proofs admitted doubt." At that time he was inclined to leave it to be dealt with by the state authorities.

The President's proclamation was answered from all parts of the country by military organizations offering their services. The document itself, traveling westward from post to post, overtook Burr near Natchez as he was dropping down the Mississippi with the flotilla Blennerhasset had collected for him. These boats were supposed to contain settlers and supplies for the Bastop lands. Burr slipped his chests of arms overboard, surrendered gracefully to the acting governor of Mississippi, gave bonds, then vanished in disguise into the Indian country. A reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his capture, and a month later he was taken into custody near the Spanish border in Alabama.

On his arrival in Richmond, where the trial took place, he found himself overburdened with social attentions. He invited his daughter to visit him in jail.

I have three rooms in the third story of the penitentiary, making an extent of 100 feet. My jailor is quite a polite and civil man . . . you would have laughed to have heard the compliments the first evening. . . . While I have been writing different servants have arrived with messages, notes and inquiries, bringing oranges, lemons, pine-apples, raspberries, apricots, cream, butter, ice, and some ordinary articles. . . . My

friends and acquaintances of both sexes are permitted to visit me without interruption, without inquiring their business, and without the presence of a spy. It is well I have an antechamber or I should often be *gêné* with visitors. If you come I can give you a bedroom and parlor on this floor. The bedroom has three large closets and is a much more commodious one than you ever had in your life.

Released on bail, he accepted hospitality outside his hundred-foot suite, and Chief-Justice Marshall, who was to preside at the trial, found himself one day at the same dinner-table, to his manifest great embarrassment and the prisoner's covert glee.

The attention of the whole country centered upon Richmond, and the nation's most famous men crowded the courtroom; the younger aspirants to political honor eager to see and take note, the older men bringing with them their burden of experience and their personal liking or distrust. Witnesses were summoned from far and near, for, as Jefferson picturesquely expressed it, Burr's crimes had been "sown from Maine through the whole line of western waters to New Orleans." Andrew Jackson was one of these witnesses. If Chief-Justice Marshall had had his way, President Jefferson would have been another; but he refused to do more than send his papers. The right of a President of the United States to the custody of his own executive papers was a by-subject of discussion. Clad in black, with queue and powder, Burr was once more a model of correct dignity, and conducted his own case with consummate skill, the four eminent counsel he had retained being thrust quite into the background. The verdict of not guilty was reached after a trial lasting two weeks. It was proved that Burr had not waged war against the United States or adhered to its enemies, and that the levying of men that actually occurred had not taken place in the State where the trial was held. Politics, of course, entered into it at every turn. It was claimed that the Federalists

made Burr's cause their own and did everything to shield him. He had never been a Federalist; but this shifty soldier of fortune had a way of enlisting the sympathies of every party in turn. Jefferson took a deep, some thought a vindictive, interest in the trial; but if personal dislike entered into it, he did not let it interfere to the hurt of others. "Remove the major!" he exclaimed, when urged to retaliate upon an officer at Richmond who opened his house to Burr's friends. "Remove the major! I would sooner divide my last hoe-cake with him."

Again at liberty, Burr went to Baltimore; but, feeling the chill of public sentiment against him, made a hurried departure for England. The story of his wanderings abroad, of his return to America and of his existence in ostracized poverty until death released him at the age of eighty, reads like some grim masterpiece of fiction. Whatever the portion of malefactors beyond the tomb, that thirty years' martyrdom in the flesh, within sight of those he had hoodwinked and those he had envied, ought to count as no small part of his final expiation. Success, had it been possible, would have made him Emperor of Mexico; death as a traitor would still have been attended with some splendor and renown: but the sordid existence to which he was condemned for more than a quarter of a century had in it not one drop of balm.

Yet he bore his reverses, as he had his success, with a malevolent grace all his own. One cannot help admiring his courage after all zest had died out of "the adventure." For at first there was zest in the game. He cut an attractive figure abroad in society, sometimes under a borrowed name, sometimes under his own. Invited at last to leave London, he had the audacity to claim that he was a British subject, which so puzzled the cabinet that they referred it to the law officers, thereby granting him a respite of some months. Afterward he wandered through Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, always asked to move on, growing daily poorer. Learning that Napoleon had given his

consent to the independence of Mexico, he hurried to Paris, to meet with studied coldness and have his passports refused at the instigation of the American minister. It was here that he received that oft-quoted message from Talleyrand, "Say to Colonel Burr that I will receive him tomorrow; but tell him also that General Hamilton's likeness always hangs over my mantel," and even Burr's effrontery was not enough to carry him to the interview.

Americans living in Paris would have nothing to do with him. One of them, however, lent him a little money upon which to live through the chill of a Parisian winter. His letters to his daughter, infrequent for lack of wherewithal to pay postage, mocked at want. "How sedate and sage one is with only three sous!" he wrote, recounting gaily the subterfuges by which he sought to outwit poverty. When remittances came he indulged in all sorts of speculation in the hope of recouping his fortune, invading for this purpose the opening fields of science and mechanics. His restless mind was as eager in these directions as that of Jefferson, with this important difference: Burr thought of them with himself as the center and beneficiary, while Jefferson's interest was philosophic and personal.

In one of his rare moments of affluence Burr ordered a new set of false teeth, became intimate with the operator, watched the process closely, and when permission was finally given him to sail for America, bought and carried with him a thousand artificial teeth as a speculation. But the French ship on which he sailed had the bad luck to be captured by the British, and he found himself in London instead of America, with this strange luggage as his only asset. He placed his newly acquired knowledge at the disposal of his hosts, but they patriotically spurned the idea of having anything to do with French teeth.

Reaching America at last under a name not his own, he made his way in wig and ill-fitting coat to the custom-house to get permission to land his effects. The official

on duty proved to be the son of an old enemy who would gladly have reported his arrival; and when his books were opened, all bore the name of Burr, instead of the Arnot he had just signed. But there was no need for his elaborate precautions; he and his misdeeds were forgotten. War had just been declared against England; even his two largest creditors had no eyes for his return. It was humiliating, but convenient. He slipped into an unimportant law practice in New York City. Clay, meeting him, refused his proffered hand; and as such rebuffs were repeated, he drew more and more into himself.

Then came the great sorrow of his life. His daughter, sailing from Charleston to join him, fell a victim to one of the unexplained tragedies of the ocean. There were weeks of suspense; but when the last slender thread of hope was broken, he put away everything that could remind him of the one being he had really loved, and bore his grief in silence. He sank lower and lower in the professional scale into mere pettifogging practice. Women took care of him out of pity, as they had before out of love. He could make love even yet. In a last effort to mend his fortune he persuaded a rich widow to marry him. They soon parted, and when paralysis claimed him three years before his death, it was in the home of a humble and kindly matron that he awaited the final summons.

It is a sordid story, and morally quite

what he deserved; but it is a sad story, too, with enough of doubt in it to indulge the hope that the blackest charge against his name is false—that he did not deliberately plot to break up the Union for his own personal glory. He denied this at his trial, and in old age in the very presence of death. He admitted plotting revolution in Mexico, but as for the other, he asserted hotly that he would as soon have thought of dividing the moon among his friends.

Feeling against Mexico was in the air. Jackson's eagerness to cross the border never called forth serious reproach. The time came when the feeling could no longer be restrained. Burr's biographer described him lying a paralytic, eyes blazing, newspaper in hand, when war was finally declared. "There! You see," he exclaimed, "I was right. I was only thirty years too soon. What was treason in me is patriotism now."

The final estimate of a man may not agree with even his honest opinion of himself, and it is possible that this being of strangely warped and gifted nature was sincere in his own villainies, the victim of his own talents and eccentricities. Since the Almighty works with what to the finite mind seem such very poor tools, it ill becomes fellow-mortals to usurp day of judgment power; but it seems strange indeed that Destiny could not have used his youthful military talents and spared a bullet for him in some brilliant brush with the enemy.

(The next paper in this series will be published in April. Thereafter, for a while, fairly long instalments will appear every other month)



CURRENT COMMENT

Preparedness: a Letter and an Answer

November 27, 1915.

Dear Sir:

I have just laid down the Christmas CENTURY, containing an article by you entitled "Army Reform," which is my excuse for addressing you.

I, like many hundreds of thousands of Americans, am very much interested in the question of preparedness. Probably no question which ever came before the public of these United States has excited so much real interest as that has, and men of intelligence all over the country are giving careful thought to it. Nevertheless, crying "Wolf! wolf!" is not going to help the thing along, and your article contains so many absurdities that I cannot leave it unchallenged.

In the first place, you make the assertion that either England or Germany could land an army of four hundred thousand men on our coasts in two weeks, admitting, of course, that our navy was out of the way.

By what train of reasoning can you consider these two nations on a parity? What is the first requisite of conducting an invasion? Is n't it having bottoms to carry troops, arms, animals, and supplies? Transports are drawn from the merchant marine. Then how could Germany, with one fourth of England's merchant ships, expect to be able to transport as many troops?

As a matter of fact, at the outbreak of the present war Germany had a tonnage of 2,350,000 tons of ocean-going ships. On the basis of ten tons of bottom to each man, this would mean that in case she had her army mobilized at Cuxhaven and every merchant ship flying her flag in harbor there, she could at most load up 235,000 men. As the speed of a fleet of transports, like that of any other fleet, is governed by its slowest unit, the time in crossing would be nearer three weeks than two.

Having the men standing on the sea-

shore in Europe all ready to invade us is a very different thing from having them on board ships ready to get off on the Long Island coast. With good railroad communications Germany has found it impossible to maintain an army in Russia three hundred miles from her own frontier, and maintaining one three thousand miles across the water is a greater problem still. You may rest assured that if it were not for this difficulty the kaiser would have had at us long ago, and before he undertook to clean up Europe.

We are going to have a larger army and a much larger navy before long, but we are not going to have a million men under arms or in training. We certainly need army reform, but not in the sense you use the term. We want to get rid of political generals like Gen. Wood and have men educated at West Point in charge, and we want to cut out the "Lizzyboyism" at West Point and get down to business. Do not blame Congress and do not blame the people for all the faults of the army. Congress has made liberal appropriations, and where has the money gone? Why did West Point have to be rebuilt? Why does a captain or a first lieutenant on duty there have to have quarters like those in a high-grade apartment-building on Riverside Drive?

The surest way to kill a good idea is to dress it up in the apparel of ridiculousness, and such articles as yours go a long way toward accomplishing that end. The people of this country are practical and are not easily scared. They see the need of being ready for eventualities at the close of the war in Europe, but they are not going to be stampeded by the self-seeking army and navy league or by those who are investing their money in munition plants and have visions of that business growing into a permanent institution.

When the army reform comes, the comfortably situated cabal which has held forth in Washington since the Spanish

War will wonder whether reform is altogether what it wanted. There will be more saddle galls and less fatty degeneration of the heart.

We want an army of 150,000 regulars and 200,000 reservists, all fit and well trained, and a navy second in numbers to none but England's and superior to *all* in efficiency, composed largely of coast-defense vessels. Then we need fear no invasion from either Europe or Asia.

Very truly yours,

JAMES B. LATIMER.

Mr. Eric Fisher Wood.

December 7, 1915.

My dear Mr. Latimer:

I acknowledge your letter of November 27, which is easily the most sensible among several scores that I have recently received from anti-preparationists.

I find that the vast majority of those who, like yourself, oppose the attainment by the United States of adequate military preparedness do so only because they have not yet given the matter careful thought, and have not taken pains to examine the facts and statistics bearing upon the subject. Nine anti-preparationists out of ten abandon their cause and become firm advocates of adequate preparedness as soon as they have put aside sentimental prejudices and dispassionately considered the facts. To-day thousands are preparationists who yesterday were anti-preparationists. I myself am one of the converted. I hope that you also will modify your conclusions when I have proved to you that every one of the premises stated in your letter is incorrect.

I have never intimated that England or Germany are on a parity as regards either number of ships or total tonnage of merchant marine. I am quite aware that Great Britain has four times the ship capacity that Germany possesses. I did state that either nation would be able to land 450,000 troops on our Atlantic seaboard within two weeks' time, using only half its merchant ships. This is true, as will be seen below. Great Britain could perhaps do better than that, or, on the

other hand, her larger number of ships might not more than balance Germany's more thorough preparation and her well-known efficiency in the movement of troops.

You state that at the outbreak of the present war Germany possessed only 2,350,000 tons of ocean-going ships. Lloyd's Register for 1914-15 credits her with 5,090,331 tons of steel merchant ships. The regulations of the German army do not, however, permit the use of steamers of less than 2000 tons for the transportation of troops; of such ships Germany possesses, according to Lloyd's Register for 1914, 4,018,185 tons.

The Japanese Field Service Regulations specify that three gross tons are sufficient to transport a man and all necessary equipment and supplies, no matter what the size of the ship. In the United States Field Service Regulations for 1914, page 208, we find the following:

Paragraph 14:

Estimating transport capacity of ships: Allow 3 to 14 gross tons per man¹ . . . for ships of more than 5000 tons, and 4 to 5 per man and 10 to 12 per animal for smaller ships. This allowance includes rations, water, forage, etc., for the voyage and a margin for reserve supplies. The gross tonnage of a ship is her total internal space capacity, which is completely closed in and protected from sea and weather, measured in register tons.

On this basis it is plainly seen that half of Germany's marine ships of over 2000 tons displacement could easily accommodate 450,000 men.

Before the present war there were many theories as to how long it would take Germany to mobilize after she had declared war on France. In point of fact, inside the German border and ranged parallel with the boundary of Belgium a large German army was marking time before any declaration of war, and at that moment needed only to be given the word to step across the border. It is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that Germany

¹ According to the exigencies of the situation

might embark her men before she chose to declare war against America.

The speed of a transport fleet is not controlled by the slowest unit, since transports travel in groups according to their speed. Moreover, Lloyd's Register for 1914-15 shows that there is *not a single ship* of over 2000 tons in the *entire German merchant marine* which does not possess speed enough to cross the Atlantic Ocean in twelve days.

You state that Germany has found it impossible to maintain an army in Russia three hundred miles from her own frontier. Even the daily newspapers show that she has not only done so for three months past, but continues to do so at present.

It is interesting to note that you imply that three thousand miles of water was all that has kept the kaiser from "having at us." Five times three thousand miles of water did not keep him from "having at" China.

I cannot agree with you that General Wood is a political general. He has been for twenty-nine years an army-officer, having received his commission in 1886, at which time he was made lieutenant in the medical corps. He showed great ability during campaigns against the Indians, and for his services in the Apache campaign was awarded the medal of honor, which is an equivalent of the British Victoria Cross and is the highest military award in the gift of the United States. In 1898 he had reached the grade of captain, the same rank which Ulysses Grant held at the beginning of the Civil War. Officers in the medical corps of the army have in war-time the same right to win promotion to the higher ranks as have officers in other branches of the service. At the beginning of the Spanish War, General Wood was by President McKinley appointed colonel of volunteers. He won promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers while in the field in Cuba. Five months after he was made major-general of volunteers by President McKinley for efficient and meritorious service. Later President McKinley made

him brigadier-general in the regular army, and in 1903 he was made major-general of regulars by President Roosevelt. He is considered by fellow-members of his profession to be the most capable general officer in America.

A large part of the liberal appropriations made by Congress has been spent by congressmen and civil secretaries on useless pork-barrel army-posts and useless pork-barrel navy-yards. West Point was not rebuilt; it was enlarged. Lord Kitchener says that West Point is the greatest military school in the world.

As to the quarters of the captains and first lieutenants serving at West Point, it is incomprehensible that any one who has ever seen them should compare them to "a high-grade apartment-building on Riverside Drive." Last Saturday, when I went to West Point to lecture to the officers and cadets on the Battle of the Marne, I was a guest in the quarters of First Lieutenant R. E. Lee. His quarters are typical of those occupied by the bachelor officers, and consist of a small sitting-room, bedroom, and bath, together with a small office. I have Lieutenant Lee's permission to be explicit. His bedroom is 10 by 11 feet; his sitting-room 10 by 17 feet; his office 10 by 9 feet; the bath-room 7 feet wide. The finish of all the rooms is simple to the point of severity.

So called coast-defense vessels are now obsolete. One reason for this is that the super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers possess greater speed and heavier guns. An enemy attacking our coast would with their more powerful guns be able to out-range those of our smaller coast-defense vessels, and with their greater speed they could easily choose and maintain a range outside of the latter's fire-zone. The battle-ships could then, without danger to themselves, pound to pieces the coast-defense vessels, which do not even possess the requisite speed to escape.

I do not know a single army-officer who has fatty degeneration of the heart. Nor do you.

Very sincerely yours,

ERIC FISHER WOOD.

“The Hopes of the Hyphenated”

IN “The Hopes of the Hyphenated,” which appeared in the January number, Mr. Creel undoubtedly points out that which would be ideal both from the point of view of the alien coming to this country and from that of the Government. The article blames the Government, however, for the failure to work out these ideals without allowing that a part of the failure may be due to the age and character of the immigrant.

The point is made that the immigrant is discouraged in his first reception, and delayed and discomfited beyond reason, but the fact must not be lost sight of that it is neither economical nor good management to provide quarters and an inspection force sufficient to handle in a few hours the widely separated rushes, when these same quarters and men will be idle for months between the chance arrival of several ships at the same time.

It is true that a very large percentage of the uneducated aliens crowd into colonies of their own race. Those who come here for the first time generally come alone for the purpose of making enough money to repay their borrowed passage-money, to support those left at home, to provide a little capital, and finally to pay for bringing their families to them. That is the primary reason why so much of the alien's money is sent abroad, and why they go to the community where they can exist at the least expense. If our millions go abroad, we receive full value in labor here, and that labor is to a great extent of the sort that our own people are not physically or mentally fitted to do.

For years, while superintending construction-gangs of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and Bohemians, I was admitted to their friendship and a knowledge of their troubles. Among other things, they came to me to send their remittances home, and in few cases was it sent out of this country for other than the reasons given above. I often asked the older men why they came to our work instead of go-

ing to the farms, and their answers were always the same. They were too far along in life to learn a new language quickly, and if one must be away from home, why be entirely alone on a farm when one can make more and spend less, and have many friends who speak your tongue and think your thoughts, by living in the colonies or camps? And the work with shovel and a hoe was much the same whether in a foundation or a field.

Many go back to the old country in the end, but they are the older men who have no families or children with them. It is the nature of all of us to want to spend our old age in the place we remember with the most pleasure, and the alien of more than middle age naturally thinks back to the scene of his younger days as the best place to pass his final years. It is the young and the second generation who will take up citizenship; but those who come to prepare the way for the rest of the family cannot be hurried into this advance either by law or outside effort. If, as Mr. Creel suggests, the Federal Government will adopt a system by which a large number of one race may be given land in the same locality and monetary help, there are thousands who may be benefited, and the land will be in the hands of some of the best intensive farmers on earth.

With the German and English races it is quite different. Few of them come to us who are of the peasant class or are uneducated. They make good citizens in that they are sober and industrious, but comparatively few of them have become citizens, and such a crisis as the present quickly shows that the welfare of their adopted country is a secondary consideration when compared with the interests of the country of their birth.

If our Government fails to make over aliens into good citizens, the failure is not with the poor and uneducated, but with the well-to-do and well-educated foreigner who comes into our business world, taking all and giving nothing.

IN LIGHTER VEIN
Misdirected Valentines

By JAMES K. JONES

With pictures by Oliver Herford



Henry Ford to the *Dove of Peace*

EXCELLENT bird, though most have called you "Honey!"
And flirted with your charms, and bought you wine,
I am a business man, and I 've the money.
Say you 'll be mine!

I cannot bear to see a bayonet glisten,
I loathe this talk of "National Defense";
A business man should make mad Europe listen
To common sensé.

Don't you agree? I 've galloped through the matter
And think the whole affair is awful rot.
Where I was bred we called it "silly chatter,"
Though some do not.

My frank sincerity should make you dimple.
None of them know what they are fighting for.
What will I do for you? Why, that 's quite simple.
I 'll stop the war!



Theodore Roosevelt to the *Ballot-box*

RECEPTACLE omnivorous,
A bovine and herbivorous
Administration 's risen from your prison of the vote.
I think it is a platitude
To say I 've little gratitude
Toward Washington pacific. Nay, horrific is my gloat.

Ha! ha! I 'll take a crabbin'-net,
And go for Wilson's cabinet.
I 'm hampered by my Moose, for I 've small use for what 's passé.
But still, though time grows tenuous,
I 'm really just as strenuous
And clever as I ever was. I 'll have another day!

So, excellent receptacle,
Pray spare thy glances skeptical.
Athwart my mental vistas Carranzistas bite the dust.
What violets from Parma meant,
I symbolize by armament,
And cast my fate before you. I adore you. And *you must!*





The King of Greece to *his* *Neutrality*

SWEETHEART, my position 's really sinister.
 I 'm distressed by a hot prime minister.
 Although I have been wavering
 And wondering and quavering,
 The truth is, I am married. *Do you get me?*
 My wife? Well, her brother is bewitchin' her.
 And then, on the other hand, there 's Kitchener!
 The kaiser 's so sky-high a
 World-figure with Sophia,
 She does her very best to fuss and fret me.

Yes, once when I stood in perturbation
 She rather recommended this flirtation,
 But now the situation
 Is increasing her vexation,
 And opposite advisers will upset me.
 So, if you believe that I am making you
 A mock, and, like a recreant, forsaking you,
 Bear in mind, though I 'd be true,
 There are other factors too:
Venizelos and my wife won't let me!







Portrait of Ethel Barrymore
By James Montgomery Flagg